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Collier's

15c

December 3, 1949

NEW CROWELL-COLLIER BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Get Off Route 25, Young Man BY Charles

And a New Novel By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Dec. 3, 1949

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½-ton 6½-foot pick-up—¾-ton and 1-ton 8-foot pick-ups are available

A Studebaker truck is a stand-out in looks and solid money's worth!

Sensational gas and oil economy! Wear-resisting craftsmanship!

The rig'st truck for your needs is available in the comprehensive Studebaker line—streamlined half-ton, three-quarter-ton and one-ton trucks with Econ-o-miser engine. One-and-one-half and two-ton Studebaker series 16A and 17A trucks in four wheelbases with Studebaker's amazing "Power Plus" engine.

AMERICA'S truck buyers are exacting buyers. They know value when they see it.

That's the reason the nation's streets and highways are growing more and more alive with new Studebaker trucks day by day.

In this most competitive truck-selling year since the war, Studebaker's percentage of the nation's total new-truck business has increased impressively.

America has bought thousands more new Studebaker trucks so far this year than in any like period of any previous year.

Put your new-truck money on a winner. Get a Studebaker truck and get stand-out modern design. Get the amazing pulling power and staying power, the superb performance, of a great Studebaker Econ-o-miser or "Power Plus" truck engine...exceptionally thrifty with oil as well as gasoline.

Get a Studebaker truck and benefit from the new comfort and convenience of America's most modern truck cab. Get Studebaker's wear-resisting craftsmanship. Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom at your first opportunity.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

NOTED FOR LOW COST OPERATION

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HE BRINGS AN ARMFUL OF COURTESY, TOO

The man who comes to install or repair your telephone brings something more to your home than equipment, tools and efficiency.

He brings courtesy and consideration and a genuine desire to please. He treats your home and the things in it as carefully as though they were his own—cleans up and puts everything back in place when he's finished.

He brings along the realization that he is the representative of thousands of telephone men and women you may never see—all working together to give you friendly, constantly improving telephone service at reasonable cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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2-SPEED MAGIC on your bike!

Shift gears as in a car

EASY does it when you have a New Departure "Speed Changer."

It works like the gear shift on a car—LOW SPEED for quicker getaway, easier pedaling on the hills, better control in traffic; HIGH SPEED for making time on level stretches.

Your bicycle dealer can fit the 2-speed drive right into the New Departure Coaster Brake on your bike.

Ask him about it today!

On your new bike insist on America's favorite

New Departure
COASTER BRAKES

FREE! Have fun mystifying your friends! Guess their ages, read their minds! Send a postcard for Magic Packet C5 Address:

NEW DEPARTURE • DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS
Bristol, Connecticut

1868

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December 3, 1949

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Crowell-Collier's new 18-story building (with twin flags) on New York's world-famed Fifth Avenue (No. 640) at 51st Street (No. 1 West). To avoid a possible Macy's-Gimbel feud, the plug for Best & Company is balanced by the fact that the artist, Thomas Fransioli, Jr., sat in the window of Saks Fifth Avenue, looking north from 50th Street, while he was painting the cover. In right foreground is part of St. Patrick's Cathedral. In left foreground is the International Building of Rockefeller Center. For more details and pictures, see page 28.

Week's Mail

How Much?

EDITOR: Senator Taft's thought-provoking article, How Much Government Can Free Enterprise Stand? (Oct. 22d), will probably leave most small businessmen with a frustrated feeling, and rightly so.

They remember the past period of economic history when they were squeezed, busted and regulated by governmental regulations, bureaus and taxes.

On top of that they don't know whether to throw their lot in with labor, which is doing its share of squeezing and regulating by strikes and demands for higher wages, or with "unorganized business."

It's one heck of a mess, now, isn't it?

D. L. STONE, San Jose, Cal.

. . . If Senator Taft believes that he can scare the common man into giving this country back to the spoilers and money barons of yesteryear by crying Socialism, he is in for a tremendously rude awakening. May I call his attention to the words of a more famous fellow Republican—"You can fool some of the people all the time, etc."? Good old Honest Abe!

ALAN J. DIXON, Young People's Democratic Club, Belleville, Ill.

. . . One of the greatest of Collier's many great contributions to American contemporary thought is Senator Taft's powerful and timely article on How Much Government Can Free Enterprise Stand?

F. J. BOLENDER, JR., Madison, Wis.

Those Grinning Cops

EDITOR: Three times now, from three different publications, I have beheld the face of the grinning jerk who ran down and fatally injured Margaret Mitchell (The Senseless Killing of Margaret Mitchell, Oct. 22d).

Three times, and each time I've wondered what he and the two policemen were getting such a large charge out of.

Twenty-one traffic violations and one fatality (that we know of). And this clown leans nonchalantly against the cell block and grins like a grade-A moron.

N. H. SMITH, Hamburg, N. Y.

. . . Regarding your article on poor Margaret Mitchell—I can't understand why the

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4 out of 5 State Farm Mutual policyholders are receiving premium reductions in 1949 . . . savings total $10,000,000!

The good news is getting around. State Farm policyholders everywhere are telling friends about their greatly reduced automobile insurance rates.

Some policyholders are saving 10% . . . 15% . . . even up to 37%—with no reduction in the amount of protection! These drastic cuts apply to 4 out of 5 members of State Farm Mutual—world's largest automobile insurance company. Total savings in 1949 amount to $10,000,000!

Amount of reduction varies in different parts of the country because rates are based on the driving record of State Farm Mutual drivers in each community. The record has been so good that all but a few communities are benefiting.

New policyholders in State Farm benefit immediately in all localities where lowered rates apply.

Three basic operating principles have made it possible for State Farm to offer *more insurance protection for the money* during the 27 years since the company was founded:

1. State Farm policies are written for a six-month period rather than the usual twelve-month period. Therefore it is possible to adjust rates at more frequent intervals.
2. It is State Farm's aim to insure only careful drivers. This reduces the number of accidents among State Farm policyholders—keeps our cost of operation down to the minimum.
3. State Farm is a *mutual* company. Savings always immediately benefit the policyholders.

For your protection, State Farm provides at least twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you complete information. He will be glad to confer with you on your automobile, life and fire insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

He rates high in helping lower rates

Ross W. Conley, Spencer, West Virginia, is one of State Farm's 6,200 licensed agents from coast to coast. Part of Mr. Conley's responsibility is making sure his company insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, the company is able to announce greatly reduced automobile insurance rates in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent in your community and learn about these new rates.

Get details today.
Look up "State Farm" in your telephone book.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Home Office

Western Office:
Berkeley, California

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

North Central Office:
St. Paul, Minnesota

West Central Office:
Lincoln, Nebraska

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It even has Santa braiding his beard!

So great is the streamlined beauty of Hickok's new Profile Initial Tie Bar that suits without vests may become the style of tomorrow. Any three initials in a custom-jeweler design that looks many times its modest $2.50, plus Fed. Tax. With Hickok's exclusive "Crocodile Grip."

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN
ACCESSORIES MAKE THE CLOTHES

HICKOK

MAKES THE FINEST ACCESSORIES

BELTS • BUCKLES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • SUSPENDERS

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two police officers shown with Killer Gravitt are grinning. Gravitt's expression is understandable, but the smiling faces of the two would-be law enforcers are hard to understand—or to take.

Perhaps that's why there are such people as Gravitt.

There is no one to stop him in Atlanta, Georgia. Apparently.

ANN HOLT, Bronx, N. Y.

Ben's Quick, Too

EDITOR: Following up your interesting article on cowboy Ben Johnson (Bashful Ben of the Bang-Bangs, Oct. 22d), you might be interested to know that he made the fastest time ever made in the calf roping at Pendleton, Oregon. Ben tied his calf in 12.5 seconds this year, setting a new all-time record for Pendleton, one of the fastest, largest and best rodeos in the country.

BUCK JONES, Portland, Ore.

Required Reading

EDITOR: Confessions of a Congressman's Son (Oct. 15th) is the hardest-hitting, most needed article that has appeared in your or any other magazine. Every voter in the country ought to read it, especially every person connected with the functioning of our government.

A million copies of that moving story-article in pamphlet form sent to selected persons and organizations might wake us all up before it is too late to save our world-needed democratic government.

LILIAN H. WISTRAND, Albuquerque, N. M.

For Despairing Pedants

EDITOR: The editorial Foggery (Oct. 22d) is so to the point I cannot help but paraphrase Winston Churchill and say to you, "Never before has so important a lesson been emphasized with so few words."

Would that Collier's could reprint this time and time again and we could all hope that it would eventually reach every student and despairing pedant in our country.

H. HAYES LANDON, Longmeadow, Mass.

. . . This is in reference to your editorial Foggery. Give us more of same. We must eliminate the *cynics, wise guys* and *debunks* and replace them with genuine sincere patriotic teachers and leaders.

JOSH LEE, Civil Aeronautics Board, Washington, D. C.

Sound & Calm

EDITOR: The soundest and calmest bit of advice on America's military strategy is put forth by General H. H. Arnold in his article, Tradition Can't Win Wars (Oct. 15th). He's dead right on the need for civilian control of military policies.

A year ago the New York Wing of the Air Force Association adopted a resolution calling upon the President "to appoint a five-man commission of the nation's most distinguished civilian citizens to inquire into and report to the President, the Congress and the people, on the current defense requirements of the United States, and the appropriate roles of the various components of the armed services in meeting these current defense requirements."

JOHN H. CALDWELL, New York, N. Y.

. . . I would suggest expanding General Arnold's idea to provide that persons considered for appointment to the "War Advisory and Planning Board" be nominated by their trade or professional organizations; that education and agriculture be represented, and that membership be a full-time job. W. H. SNYDER, Florence, Ala.

Son's Also Funny

EDITOR: I thoroughly enjoyed It's Ed Wynn Again—in Video (Oct. 15th) and anticipate seeing this grand comedian via television.

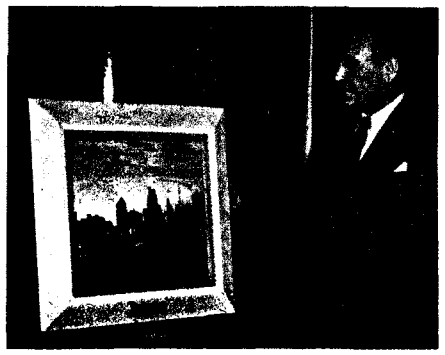
But, upon my word, how could you fail to include mention of his wonderful, famous, magnificent son, Keenan Wynn? In my estimation, he's tops as a funnyman on the screen. I wouldn't miss a picture of his for anything. MRS. RICHARD W. TYNER, Lynchburg, Va.

His Honor Admires

EDITOR: Many, many thanks for the beautiful painting of the St. Louis river front which arrived yesterday. It is even lovelier than we had expected, and I am happy that you and Mr. Fransioli so graciously made it available to the City of St. Louis.

I am enclosing herewith a photograph showing the writer admiring the painting.

JOSEPH M. DARST, Mayor, St. Louis, Mo.



Fransioli's St. Louis and St. Louis' mayor

A Donoran Approves

EDITOR: I wish to commend Collier's for your excellent article, Donora: The Case of the Poisoned Air, by Bill Davidson (Oct. 22d). It is complete and accurate, covering details of what happened in Donora and the follow-up by local, state and federal authorities to prevent, if possible, another such disaster here or elsewhere in the United States. ROMAN E. KOEHLER, Donora Historical Society, Donora, Pa.

Three Cheers

EDITOR: Stalin wants 'em all red; Walter White would bleach 'em all white, and Collier's thinks they should all be blue (editorial Let's All Be Blue, Oct. 22d). Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

F. A. CALLARMAN, Seattle, Wash.

Which Commandment?

EDITOR: How many people have taken the trouble to inform you that the Sixth Commandment, and not the Seventh, is "Thou shalt not commit adultery" (Keep Up with the World, Oct. 15th)?

EDWARD E. MCCALL, Baltimore, Md.

The numbering is a matter of church tradition and practice. Catholic usage combines what Protestants consider the first two commandments into one, and divides what Protestants call the Tenth Commandment into the Ninth and Tenth. Thus, while both the Douay and King James Bibles have ten commandments, the one in question is called Sixth by Catholics and Seventh by Protestants.

Still in There Pitching

EDITOR: In going through my files of Collier's, I came upon an item of interest in the July 8, 1911, issue:

"Collier's Weekly has got the League for Medical Freedom stirred up about as well as it had the friends of Ballinger a while back. . . . The league denies the charge, but Collier's brings forth some pretty convincing facts in justifying the position it has taken. This magazine has more friends and also more enemies than any other magazine published in the country."—Hollywood (Cal.) Citizen.

Here is actual printed proof that your policy has been the same throughout the years. As a collector and avid reader of Collier's I admire the diversified selection of all types of reading for the subscriber.

JAMES E. NORRIS, Terre Haute, Ind.

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Lilly Daché makes an occasion of bridge!

Everything she does—whether creating a new fashion or hostessing an informal party—shows the famous Daché touch, her famous knack for having every detail just right!

. . . in this fascinating room

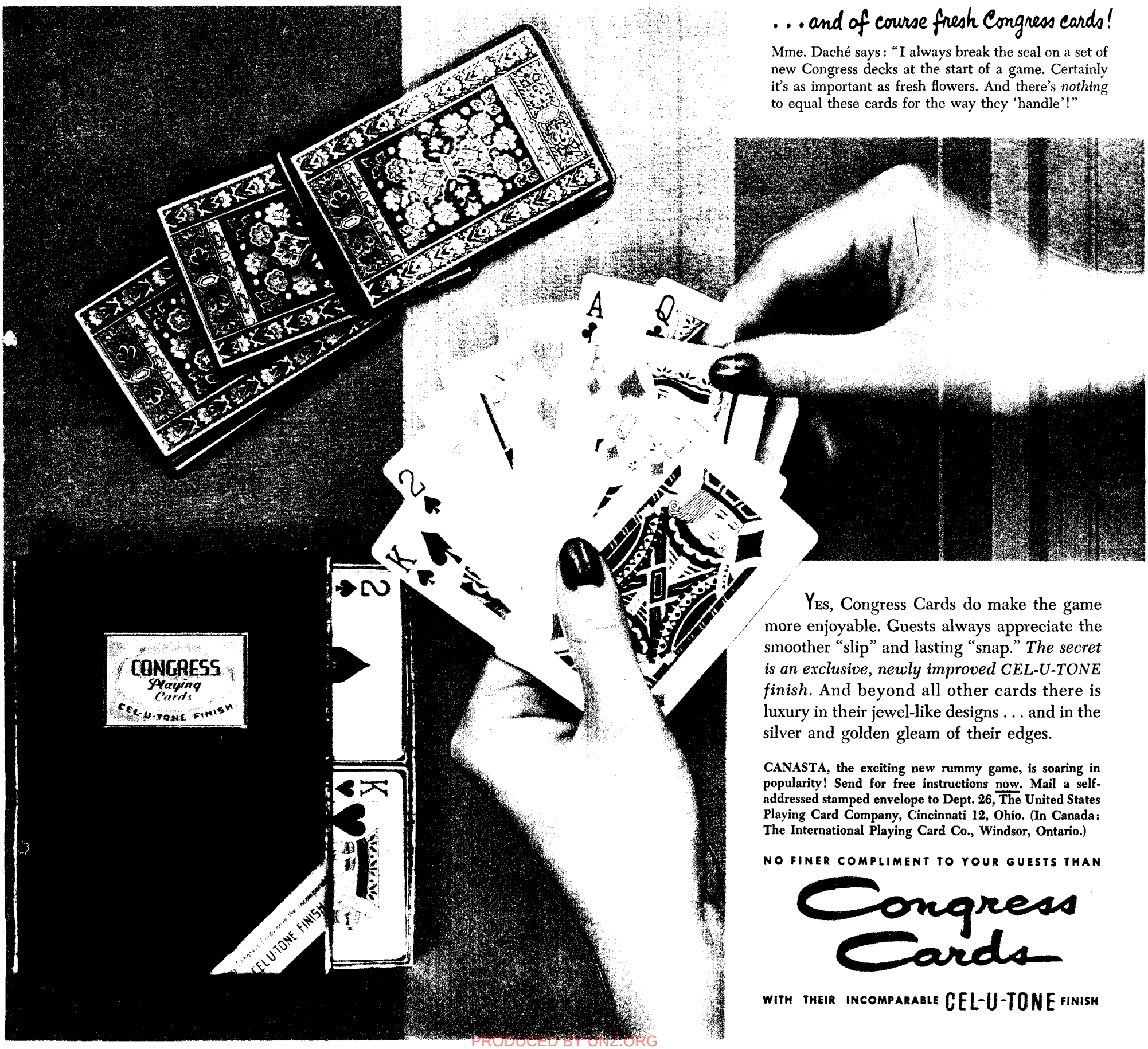
The "card corner" of Mme. Daché's oriental living room glows with an antique painted Chinese paper and highlights of jade—a charming setting for bridge.

. . . with an exciting buffet

This accomplished hostess likes the smart informality of a buffet . . . finds that her guests prefer it *early*, for a refreshing lift in mid-game.

. . . and of course fresh Congress cards!

Mme. Daché says: "I always break the seal on a set of new Congress decks at the start of a game. Certainly it's as important as fresh flowers. And there's *nothing* to equal these cards for the way they 'handle'!"



YES, Congress Cards do make the game more enjoyable. Guests always appreciate the smoother "slip" and lasting "snap." *The secret is an exclusive, newly improved CEL-U-TONE finish.* And beyond all other cards there is luxury in their jewel-like designs . . . and in the silver and golden gleam of their edges.

CANASTA, the exciting new rummy game, is soaring in popularity! Send for free instructions now. Mail a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dept. 26, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. (In Canada: The International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ontario.)

NO FINER COMPLIMENT TO YOUR GUESTS THAN

Congress Cards

WITH THEIR INCOMPARABLE CEL-U-TONE FINISH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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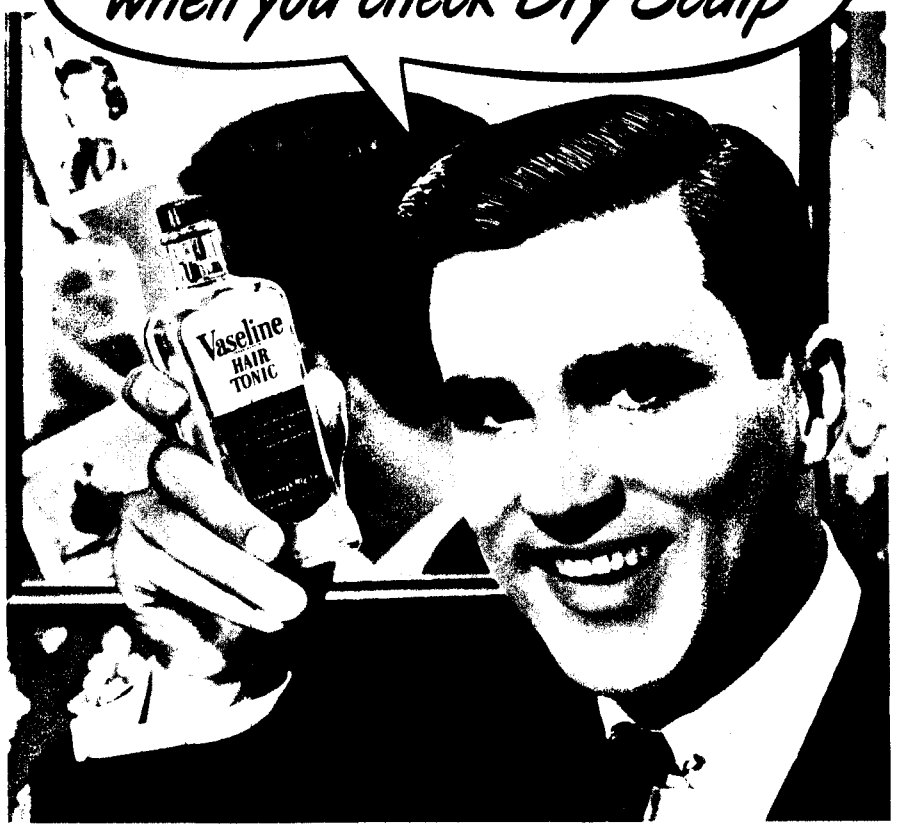
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **TED'S A SWELL DANCER,** but I wish he'd hop to—and do something about his hair! Just look at it! Dull . . . tousled . . . and full of loose dandruff, too. It must be a job to comb. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ought to be on his program . . ."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



TRY IT JUST ONCE! Then you'll want to use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. Checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp . . . works wonders in the good looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Gives double care to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.
VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

In this special truck, six policemen and their mounts can be rushed to a riot

As a cop on horseback is more effective in controlling a crowd than a dozen on foot, the Police Department of New York City still keeps over 300 horses on active duty. The force also has a motor truck in which six horses and six officers, if urgently needed, can be rushed to a distant point to quell a disturbance.

A unique error occurred in judging a race at the Goodwood track in England on July 27, 1949. The two leading horses had not only finished side by side near the rail, but they were nearly identical in size and appearance. Therefore, the judge withheld his decision until he had examined the photo-finish picture. But in the print, a tricky light-and-shadow effect had made the head of the near horse (No. 3) appear to be the one whose nose touched the finish line. So No. 3 was announced as the winner. When the picture was posted later that day, a spectator who looked at it chanced to discover the mistake. Seeing that the nose on the finish line was black, he knew that No. 3 had *not* won because *its* nose was white. The next morning the track stewards admitted the error, but the judge did not rectify it.

Among every 100 Americans, there are 37 who have blue eyes, 26 gray eyes, 18 hazel eyes, 17 brown eyes, and the remaining two have eyes that cannot be classified for color.

One of the most amazing acts of bravery in naval history was performed by three officers and 20 seamen of the British cruiser Highflyer in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the morning of December 6, 1917. They knew that the freighter Mont Blanc carried 3,000 tons of TNT and they had watched as it was rammed in a collision, set afire and then abandoned hastily by its entire crew. Yet these 23 men, believing they could extinguish the blaze before it reached the explosive cargo, lowered a boat, rowed over and boarded the burning vessel. In less than a minute, the TNT went off, in the greatest single accidental explosion of all time. It killed 1,500, injured 2,000, destroyed the homes of 20,000 and caused a property damage of $50,000,000.

In a tent show called "Shuffe's Super Exhibition," which has been a feature of England's country fairs for 25 years, the entire performance consists of a demonstration of skill by an expert marksman. He is assisted by three young ladies who hold small objects for him to shatter with rifle fire and who stand against a board while he hurls knives into it. The girls serve in turn, each working one day at the nerve-racking job, then resting two. During the shows given in a single day, the one on duty must remain still and appear at ease as a total of 160 bullets, 120 tomahawks and 480 knives whiz past her.

In television, illusions have been created by blending two different scenes taken simultaneously by two cameras. For example, a telecast act which showed a man and woman dancing in flames as high as their shoulders was produced by having one camera photograph the couple from a distance of 20 feet while another photographed the flames of oil-soaked waste from a distance of two feet. Another act, produced in a similar manner, showed a man playing a grand piano with a girl dancing on it, the girl having been televised from such a distance that she appeared to be only 18 inches tall.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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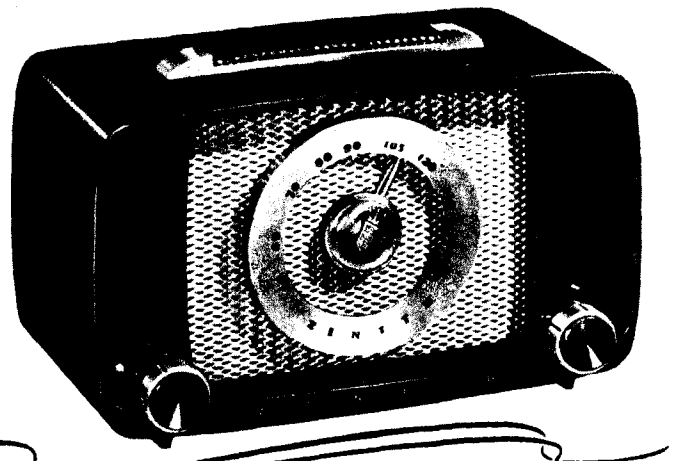
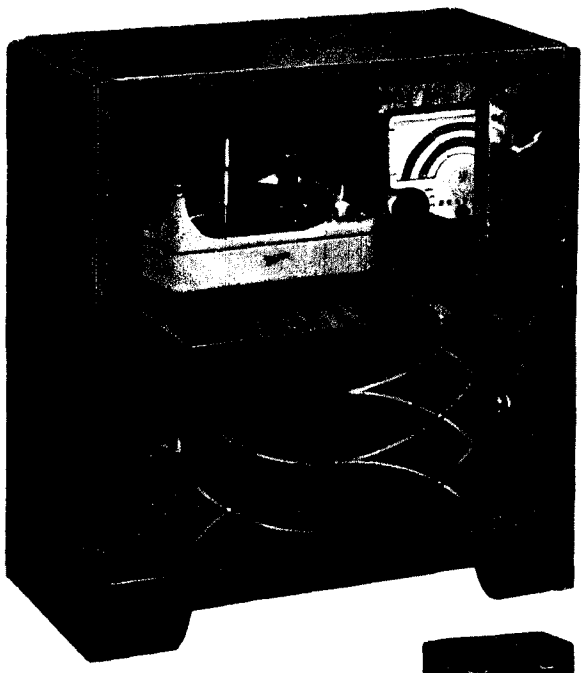


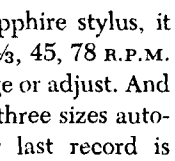
New Zenith "ZEPHYR"†—AC-DC table radio. Exclusive DialSpeaker design permits extra-large speaker for "big set" CONSOL-TONE†. Super-powered for famous Long-Distance reception. Rich ebony or Swirl Walnut plastic and "Roman Gold" cabinet with "Flexo-Grip" handle for easy carrying. **$34.95***

*Also available in Ivory plastic, $36.95**

The King of the Season *Recommends* The Royalty of Radio

WHAT WISE AND SENSIBLE GIVERS—these smart people who give more than just gifts. When *you* give any one of these Zeniths—the Royalty of Radio—you give years of lasting pleasure. Masterpieces of unequalled quality and beauty in radio and record reproduction. Treasured lifetime possessions from the world's leader in Radionics† Exclusively. And remember too—to *give* a Zenith† is to *know* the supreme pleasure of Christmas giving.





New Zenith "BRADBURY"—FM-AM Radio-Phonograph with revolutionary 3-Speed Cobra† Tone Arm. With a single permanent sapphire stylus, it plays 7, 10, 12 inch records . . . 33⅓, 45, 78 R.P.M. No needles or center posts to change or adjust. And the changer handles records of all three sizes automatically . . . turns itself off after last record is played! The radio has new super-sensitive FM and famous Long-Distance AM. Stunning period cabinet of figured walnut-finished hardwoods. **$239.95***

New Zenith "DARTMOUTH"—with new "Twin 7" changer and Micro Cobra Tone Arm that plays up to twelve 7-inch records . . . 33⅓ or 45 R.P.M. . . . automatically! No counter-balances to adjust, no gadgets to fuss with. Plus super-sensitive FM that brings you static-free programs even in "fringe" areas where ordinary sets are almost useless. And Long-Distance† AM for powerful Standard Broadcast reception. Rich, figured walnut-finished cabinet with unique open-shelf record storage. **$189.95***

ZENITH †®
LONG DISTANCE RADIO and TELEVISION
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION ®

*West Coast prices slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.

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Over 30 years of "Know-How" in Radionics Exclusively • Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill. • Also makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids

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SUPER-EQUIPPED

FIVE STAR SUPERB MOTOBIKE

OF COURSE every boy and girl wants a bike . . . and Christmas is the time of times!

Why not give your youngster the kick-of-his-teens, this year—a big, handsome Super-Equipped Bicycle by Columbia? With a brilliant Duo-Tone finish and plenty of chrome, it has all the flash that anyone could want.

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SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S *FIRST* BICYCLE

Just to be Different

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Some items you aren't likely to read in the newspapers

Eight-year-old grabs father's shotgun

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21.—Billie Jugg, eight, of 6141 Woodland Avenue, found his father's shotgun in a closet yesterday morning and took it out to the back yard where his brother Fred, five, was stuffing leaves into a birdhouse.

"Stick 'em up!" Billie ordered, leveling the gun at Fred. His brother refused to comply, and Billie pulled both triggers at the very instant his horrified mother rushed from the house to stop him. There was a double click. There were no shells in the gun.

"I didn't know it was unloaded," sobbed Billie as his mother whaled the tar out of him.

LENINGRAD, Nov. 22.—Claims that Russian inventor Dimitri Koffkov invented the telephone were squelched today by Volga Oidevski in a talk before the Russian Academy of Science.

"Everyone knows that the American, Alexander Graham Bell, perfected the telephone," Oidevski said. "It is ridiculous for us to continue to take credit for American inventions and I think it is high time we closed our big yaps."

His talk was greeted with shamefaced silence by academy members.

DALLAS, Nov. 23.—Two weeks ago Orville M. Latcher bought 10 chances on a new car at a firemen's carnival, put the tickets in a bureau drawer and forgot all about them. Last night the winning ticket was drawn from a hat and this morning someone called Mr. Latcher and informed him that unless he paid his overdue bill, the electricity would be shut off in his residence.

INGERSOLL, Ont., Nov. 24.—The existence of healthy, one-year-old quintuplets—*all boys*—was disclosed today by a Toronto newspaper reporter who visited the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Sickle, on their farm.

"I happened to hear about the multiple birth at the time," the reporter said, "because the doctor, whose name I am not at liberty to reveal, is an old friend of mine. However, I figured the Dionne girls had too much of a head start and that there wasn't a story in it. The boys are named Peter, Pipe, Peck, Pickle and Pepper."

Spokesmen for news and photo agencies were inclined to agree that the occurrence was a dead issue.

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 25.—Screen actor Malcolm Verny walked into a popular night spot early this morning carrying a stuffed alligator. After being escorted to a table, Mr. Verny loudly ordered a drink for himself and a beer for the alligator. When the manager approached him and asked him to please be quiet the actor jumped to his feet, picked up the alligator and left the night club, apologizing profusely as he went.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 26.—Robert Spatch, unemployed popcorn salesman, was walking down Salina Street yesterday afternoon when he spied a brown paper package on the sidewalk. He kicked idly at it and out spilled $50,000 in twenty-dollar bills. Mr. Spatch scooped up the bills and returned them to Samuel Hoffgabber, whose name he found on the package. Mr. Hoffgabber was so grateful he gave Mr. Spatch the $50,000 and an extra ten-dollar bill for his honesty.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Herbert Hammy, of 129 E. Seventeenth Street, felt drowsy while she was boiling some potatoes in her kitchen yesterday afternoon. She sat down in a rocking chair and fell asleep just as the water in the pot seethed, boiled over and extinguished the gas flame.

When Mr. Hammy returned from work three hours later he found his wife still sleeping in the chair. Having been aroused by the sizzling of the gas jet, she had reached over, turned off the valve and gone back to sleep. Dinner was delayed half an hour and Mr. Hammy was sore as a boil about it.

Mrs. Hammy found by husband

DENVER, Nov. 25.—A cat refused to come down out of a tree despite efforts of firemen to save it. The firemen finally left in disgust.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—Congressman Otto Frimming today released a prepared statement that the American taxpayer isn't carrying his weight and recommended a stiff hike in taxes, *both direct and hidden.*

"After all," Frimming said, "the taxpayer is the guy who makes all the money, so why shouldn't he shell it out? This is my platform and my promise for the coming election: (1) I shall fight for higher taxes, and (2) if my constituents back home think I'll advocate any dough for a new post office or a decent highway, they're more moronic than I've always thought." THE END

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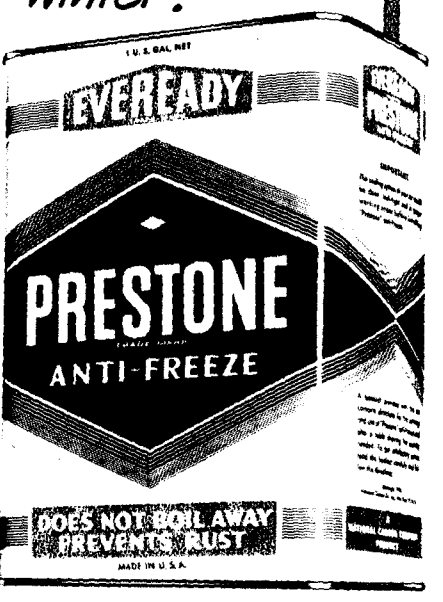

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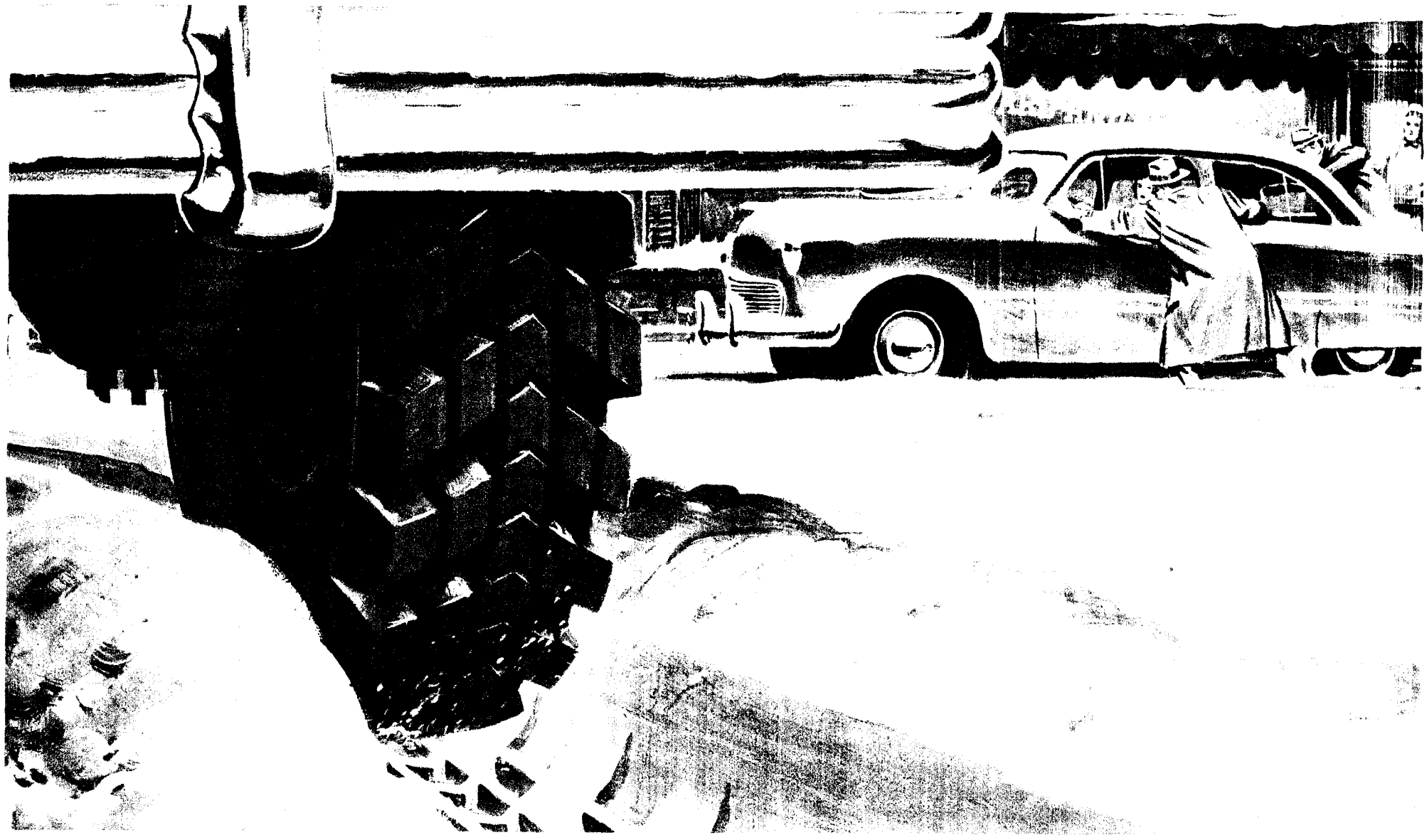

Why risk getting stuck this winter? Get Sure-Grip tires *now*—and then you can pull *yourself* out of the snow-covered driveways, unplowed streets and slushy gutters! The big studs on this famous Goodyear tire dig down deep—there's less slip, skid and wheelspin in soft snow and slush! And Sure-Grips give a smooth ride on stretches of good road, too!

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GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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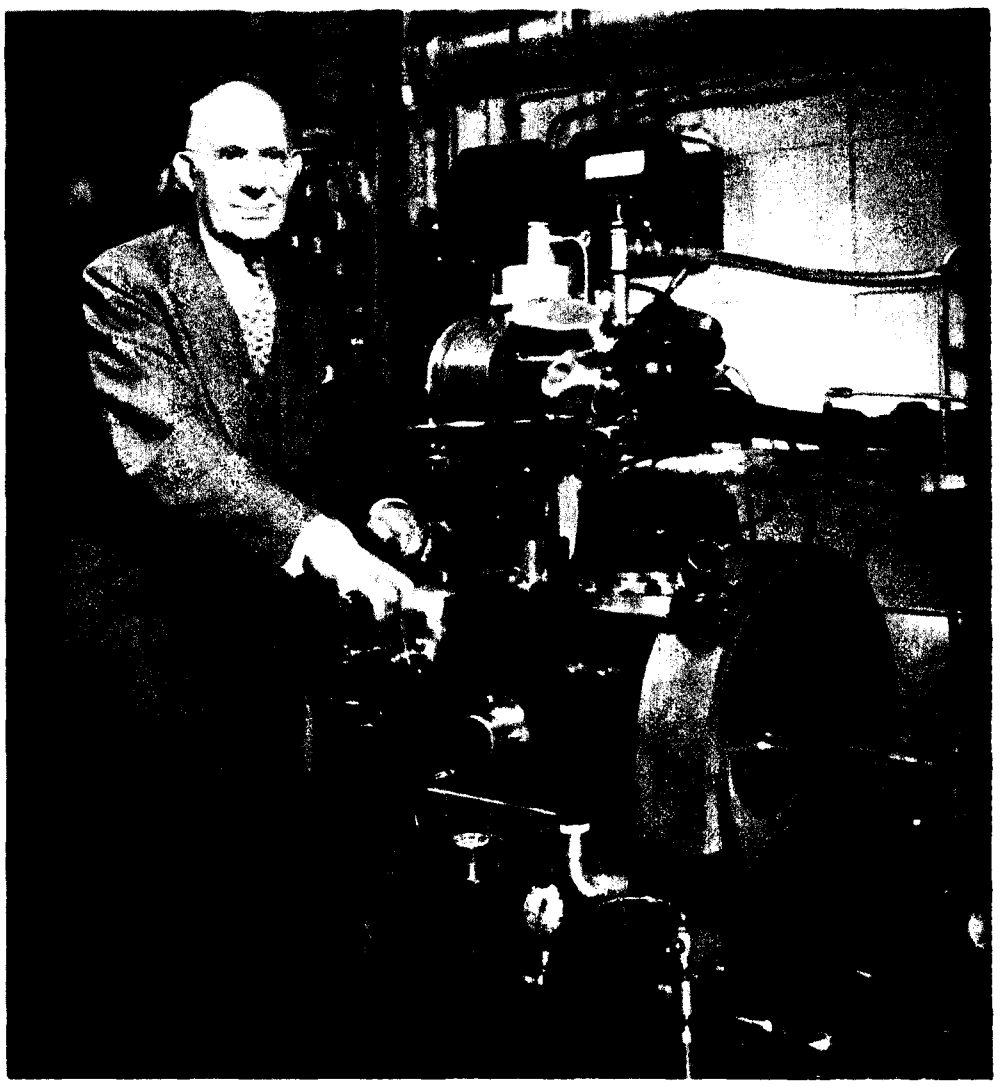
Get Off ROUTE 25, Young Man

By CHARLES F. KETTERING

Remember this: A great challenge lies off the traveled highway. Half a world of opportunity is on either side



Mr. Kettering inspects a new high compression fuel test engine

THERE are ways in which we can read and definitely forecast the future so far as many material things are concerned. As you already know, there are just two kinds of knowledge in the world: knowledge about people, and knowledge about things.

Knowledge about things is generally quite stable. Knowledge about people is quite unstable and unpredictable. No one can draw future conclusions from the way people react today. But the future in many material things can be projected.

We can tell pretty well what kind of electric lights you are going to have 15 or 20 years in the future, provided no radically new information comes into the picture. We know about what kind of automobiles you are going to have, what kind of Diesel engine, what kind of gas turbine. We know a lot of things because we know the factors that can enter into those things and change them.

We make advances into new knowledge by three methods: inventions, discoveries and research. The methods are quite different. The inventor sees the need for something and tries to do it. It doesn't make any difference whether anybody else around him sees it or not.

Columbus was a great *inventor* because he believed the earth was round and if he sailed west he'd come to the East Indies. He found the West Indies, instead, which later showed that the world was a lot bigger than he thought it was. What is important is that up until that time it was assumed the earth was flat and you fell off the edges if you got too close.

Everyone was against poor Columbus when he started, even his own sailors. And that pattern is important, too. New inventions—not discoveries, not research—are made always under the stress of an attitude that it cannot be done.

We talk about Thomas A. Edison's invention of the electric light. The electric light is simply the symbol of the whole electric system that made possible the distribution of electric current so that the world could have good artificial light. Edison saw that picture in its entirety, and he started to work out the individual pieces. Some pieces came easy; others came harder. The filament of the incandescent lamp was a very difficult thing to achieve. But it has been followed by intense research ever since its discovery. Progress is still being made, and there will be more progress.

Fundamentally, if we oversimplify, we can say the electric light is nothing but a wire in a bottle. As simple as that sounds, the number of factors involved is tremendous. The difficulties that Edison had in getting a filament in an incandescent lamp had never been told until recently, when we opened his laboratories and from his notes published a booklet on the incandescent lamp. To that extent, all inventions follow the same kind of pattern and there must be a few strong, stout hearts that will go along financially during that period of development; otherwise, there will be no progress.

The inventor is doing a thing for the first time. In that respect his work isn't very good; it is the work of an amateur, because an amateur is a fellow who is doing a thing for the first time.

Inventors and researchers are exactly alike in this one respect, because a researcher works on something for the first time and the answer he finds is seldom the final one. Generally, people expect too much of a new invention or of research development, because the first attempts are soon discarded and go to the museum. Go look at them and see where our great industries started from. The products just barely worked.

My home is in Dayton, Ohio, and I was a friend of the Wright family and learned to fly on the very early Wright airplanes. Their first flight was on the 17th of December, 46 years ago. Everyone was perfectly sure that it was a crazy thing to try. The undertakers moved into Kitty Hawk with a number of caskets because they thought the Wrights would kill themselves.

When they made those first three flights on December 17, 1903, they wired their sister that they had succeeded, that they were very happy, and that they should be home for Christmas.

She thought it was a world-shaking event, so she very excitedly called a Dayton newspaper on the telephone. She rang and rang and rang. The newspaper boys were playing pinochle, but finally one of them answered.

He said, "Yes?"

She said, "This is Katherine Wright speaking," and very excitedly read the telegram.

He said, "Good. Glad to hear the boys are going to get home for Christmas," and hung up the telephone.

The newspaperman said to the others: "Nobody's going to catch me on that, because it has been proved mathematically that a heavier-than-air machine can't fly."

An inventor often has to overcome so-called "proof" or his own work may be perfectly useless.

I had a friend who was the research and development man for one of the British railroads. He came to this country to deliver a commencement address at a technical university. After the address he came to Detroit to see our laboratories.

"Ket," he said, "when you were over in London last year you told me some things you fellows were doing with Diesel locomotives and you lied to me."

I said, "Not intentionally."

"But," he said, "you told me you were running

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THIS is KET

Charles F. Kettering, the inventor, engineer and humanitarian, is a former vice-president of General Motors and cofounder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. He is an explorer of ideas—those that have to do with better and happier living through industrial progress, and those that keep our eyes up and our thinking surer.

Still a man of energy at seventy-three, he relaxes by shifting from one interest to another—from engineering to cancer research to supervising the productive family farm at Dayton, Ohio.

Friends call him "Ket" and say that he is "almost abnormally normal." No signs of his considerable wealth show in his person, manner or speech. He has no concern for clothes, takes an occasional Martini or Scotch and soda, and loves to talk with anybody and everybody—superficial society folk excepted. He's always available, answers his own phone and refuses to have his callers screened by a secretary or assistant.

The Wright Brothers taught Kettering to fly, in a plane which is now in the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. Nowadays his regular circuit between New York, Dayton, Detroit, Miami (where he winters) and La Grange, Illinois (where his son and family live), is traveled by private plane, flown by his personal pilot. But wherever Ket is, in a very short time the nearest tablecloth, scratch pad or old envelope is likely to be covered with impulsively drawn sketches and diagrams.

At his laboratory in Detroit, Kettering is fed stacks of scientific reports and journals by his staff. Bells ring, assistants rush in and out, and the boss quickly, carefully, with unfailing good humor goes through the unending mass of material they prepare.

Kettering has a reputation for never raising his voice or losing his temper; for staying calm and unperturbed whatever the provoking circumstance. Should someone make a mistake, he has a favorite comment that tells much about the man himself. On such occasions he will usually ask: "Ever heard of anybody stumbling while sitting down?"

* * *

This article is a roll call of ideas which Mr. Kettering has frequently expressed in lectures and in informal conversations with his very good friend Vice-Admiral Harold G. Bowen, U.S.N. (Ret.), executive director for the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc. This is a nonprofit organization which seeks to perpetuate the works and ideals of the man in whose memory it was established.

It took some doing, but Admiral Bowen finally convinced Mr. Kettering that he had a message of vital importance to people everywhere. Before agreeing to write this article for Collier's, the author made one stipulation: Payment was to be made to the Edison Foundation, of which he is president.

—THE EDITOR

• • • • *We have come to fear failure too much.*

these locomotives about a hundred miles an hour."

I said, "We are."

"And that you were taking power on the front wheels; that is, the wheels that are ahead."

I said, "We are."

He said, "I have the formulas in my portfolio that say you can't do that."

I said, "For Heaven's sake, don't let the locomotive know about it."

I said to him, "I won't argue with you at all." I took the telephone, called Chicago and got him transportation from Chicago to Denver, and flew him to Chicago to make the connection. He made the trip to Denver, where I had him ride part way on the Diesel engines.

He stopped in to see me on his way back. He was returning to England. I said, "I didn't expect to see you again. Did you ride that locomotive?"

"Yes," he said.

"Did it go a hundred miles an hour?"

"It did."

"Well," I said, "that's the reason I didn't expect to see you back. Maybe you forgot to take the portfolio with the equations in it."

He said, "The thing that amazes me is why we could be so one hundred per cent wrong."

I said, "You weren't wrong. You didn't start in right."

The two of us got out his formulas. He wasn't talking about our locomotive at all. Our locomotive uses an ordinary truck like a streetcar's. He was talking about a locomotive with a rigid frame which would normally have a small-wheel lead truck in front of it.

I said, "What's the use of using mathematics on one kind of thing and then applying it to another which is in no way related? It isn't even a second cousin to it."

We sometimes set up these limiting conditions, and they keep us from trying out experiments.

The Inventor Tries His Product

One of the great differences between the inventor and other men is that he is willing to try the thing. In the airplane experiment, the Wright Brothers had first flown kites and had drawn knowledge from them. They finally said, "If we had an engine we could fly," and kept trying and trying until they did fly with an engine they were forced to develop themselves. They didn't care what anybody thought about it; they were pretty sure they could do it because the birds were flying.

The inventor, in addition to having to forecast what he thinks can be done, has to overcome commercial opposition to the idea.

When we first put self-starters on automobiles I attended a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. They asked me if I would make a little talk on the self-starter, and I did.

One fellow got up and said, "No wonder you made your self-starter work; you profaned every law of electrical engineering."

I didn't profane any fundamental laws of electrical engineering. All I did was make the starter work. Those laws had nothing whatever to do with self-starters; they were written for something entirely different.

There are fundamentals in inventions, engineering and development that are true in everything else.

As I said before, my home is in Dayton, and we have had our laboratories for years in Detroit, which is several hundred miles away. I keep my home in Ohio and drive back and forth week ends.

Some of the people who work with me also drive between Dayton and Detroit. One said, "I understand you drive from here to Dayton in four and one-half hours."

I said, "I can do that once in a while, depending on traffic."

He said, "I don't believe it."

I said, "But I do it."

He said, "I'm a much better driver than you are, and I can't do it."

I said, "I'm going down Friday. Why don't you ride along with me?"

So we rode into Dayton in about four and one-half hours, or a little more, and he said, "Hell, no wonder you can do it. You didn't stay on Route 25!"

Now, Route 25 is the red line that is marked on all the maps between Detroit and Dayton. If you are a stranger, that's the road you should take. It never occurred to my colleague that you could take any other road on either side of Route 25. There's a lot of country on either side of it; in fact, half the earth is on each side of it.

Often the biggest problem the inventor has is not in getting his apparatus to work, but in getting it to work in tune with what the public thinks at the time.

Necessity for New Information

Every time you tear a leaf off a calendar you present a new place for new ideas and progress. All along the future years is spaced new information. It comes by inventions, by discoveries and by research. We can't stop this development because we know practically nothing about anything. We have it all in front of us. We have the perpetual necessity of finding out new information based on the facts that we found yesterday, some proved and some disproved.

A great many years ago, when the internal combustion engine was first started, gasoline was, as everyone knows, a drug on the market. Kerosene, which you used in lamps (this was before the electric light), was the only thing you refined petroleum for.

The government even put on an inspector to see that they didn't put some of the gasoline in the kerosene and blow up the lamps. (Incidentally, that inspector may still be on the pay roll because it is a political appointive office.)

As the automobile industry began to grow, gasoline became an important factor. It was back in 1912 when some of us began to think what we might do to improve gasoline-engine efficiency; that is, see how many more miles per gallon we could get out of it.

We soon found out that engine knock had little whatever to do with the engine itself. It was the gasoline that caused it. We discovered that if you make gasoline so it won't knock, you can raise the compression of your engine and get more miles per gallon.

I was vitally interested in this knock business, because I was blamed for it. When I put the self-starter in automobiles along about 1911 or 1912, this necessitated taking the magneto off and putting on battery ignition. Some self-styled experts said that's when I put the knock in motors.

What actually happened was that after we put the self-starter on automobiles, women began to drive them and more people began to buy them. This required more gas, and in the rush to fill the demand, they produced unknowingly a poorer gas which actually knocked more.

We started out then, on an educational program, to show why spark advance was not the real cause of the knock. You would be amazed to find the number of people who still think that ignition is a major factor.

After guessing that something could probably be put in gasoline as an additive to stop the knock, we started out on the very long research which finally turned up Ethyl gas. We felt it could be done because we had added some elemental iodine to the fuel and it stopped the knock. The problem there was you couldn't get enough iodine and some of its compounds were quite corrosive.

After 10 to 12 years research, we finally got tetraethyl lead, which is the base of Ethyl gas. But to our surprise, we found Ethyl gas not only stopped the knock, it dissolved spark plugs. That was because the lead burned to lead oxide which is a very good flux for dissolving both the porcelain and nickel, of which spark plugs are made.

So, what were we going to do about that? Well, we put in some ordinary carbon tetrachloride—the stuff used in fire extinguishers and for cleaning purposes. That saved the spark plugs, but the lead chloride that formed softened with the heat and stuck on the exhaust valves. Frequently, a chunk

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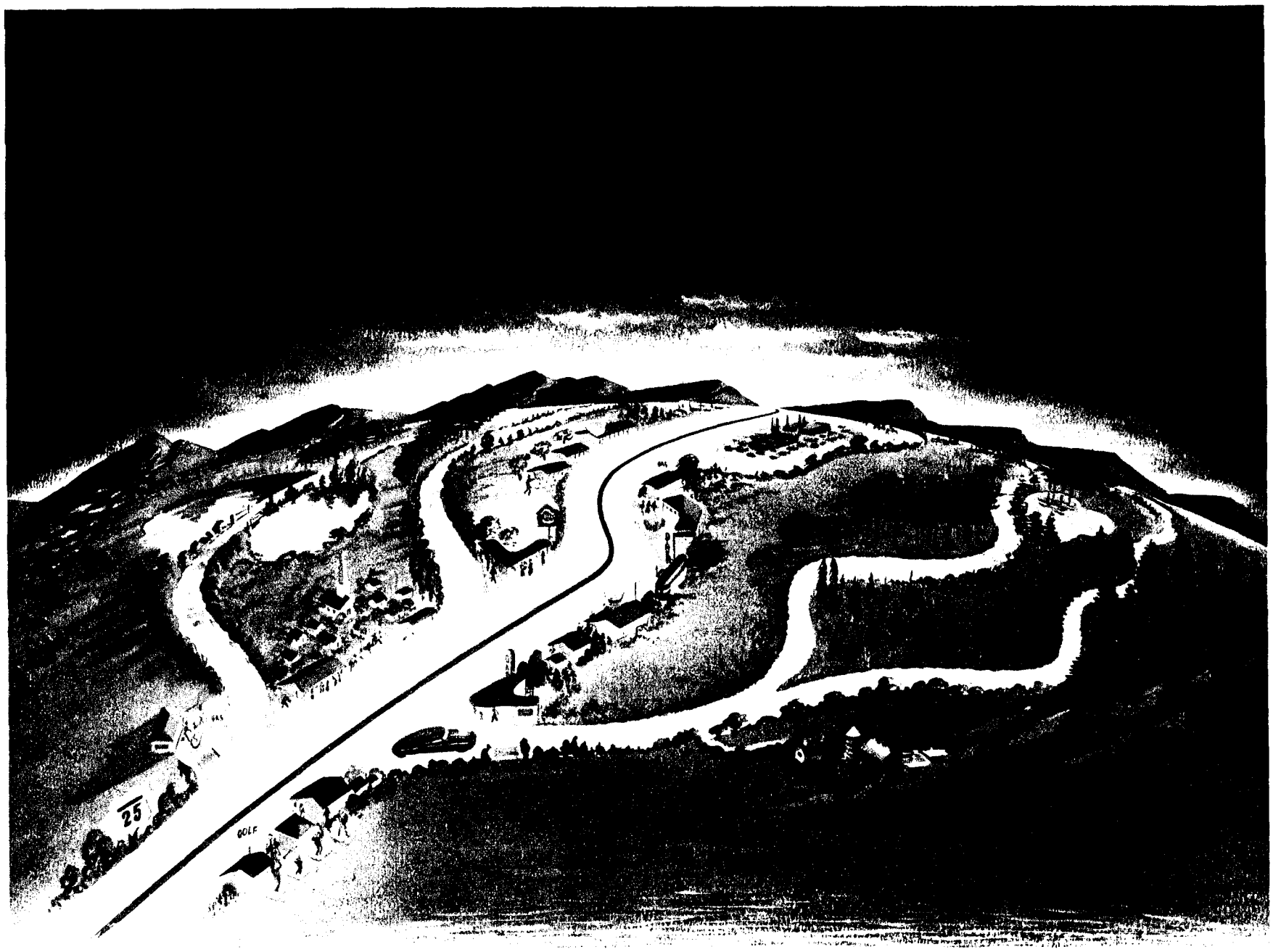
Yet failure is the practice essential for success



would break off and an exhaust valve would be burned out.

Then we had to move up in the chemical table to the next material, which was bromine; and bromine could not be obtained. At the time there were only about 800,000 pounds of bromine made in the world per year, most of it used in photography and in manufacturing a well-known headache remedy. Everybody told us right away we couldn't get enough bromine.

We finally went to the Dow Chemical Company in Midland, Michigan, a firm which produced bromine as a by-product from the brine taken from the salt wells. They agreed to drill a dozen new wells. We also knew there was bromine in the sea. There is *one pound* of bromine for *ten tons* of sea water.

Well, at once out came the slide rules, and some people started to figure how much heat it would take to evaporate ten tons of sea water for one pound of bromine. And they said right away, "You couldn't possibly do that; it would be too expensive."

What *we* did was to evaporate the one pound of bromine out of the ten tons of sea water! That took very little heat.

There we were getting off Route 25 again.

Last year I think the Ethyl Dow Company made 150,000,000 pounds of bromine, and we could make 10,000,000,000 pounds if needed. We will never run out of sea water.

That's one thing to remember: if you ever get the sea for a source, you're fixed. There are 330,000,000 cubic miles of sea water. It's a wonderful source. If you're a young man and want to go into a good business, go into sea-water mining; because you will never run out of raw material, and it has such wonderful possibilities: potassium, magnesium and all sorts of mineral and biological things can be taken out of the ocean.

It is important to understand the difficulties of a new project, because when you develop something new and start to use it, you run into sets of problems that you never dreamed existed. Inventors mustn't be too dogmatic. That is, they must not figure things out and stand too firmly by figures, because calculations are no better than what you put into them, and customers may radically change the factors.

Production Amazes the Swiss

Right after the war some Swiss friends of ours who were in the Diesel engine business came over here. They were amazed at the great number of Diesel engines we had built for the Navy.

We developed and produced something like 30 to 40 million horsepower of Diesel engines for the U.S. armed forces.

These Swiss friends of ours were amazed at this progress. They went to our Cleveland plant, where most of the Navy engines are made, and then to the Chicago plant, where locomotives are built, and then to the Detroit plant, where small engines are produced, and then over to the research laboratories.

Finally, one of the boys said to me, "Ket, would you get sore if we ask you a question?"

I said, "No, I wouldn't."

He said, "We'd like to know how you got yourself into such a state of mind that you could design such an unconventional engine as that?"

I said, "We didn't design the engine. We made a single-cylinder engine and gave it a half-dozen types of pistons and let it pick out the one it liked the best. This was done for all other important components. We just ran errands for that single-cylinder engine.

"After we had been helping it try these parts for four or five years, the engine theoretically said, 'You haven't done much for me recently.' We said, 'All right, we'll make you into a 16-cylinder engine and see what you can do for a customer.' "

The Navy was interested in a new submarine engine, so a modification of this engine was built and the Navy ran a thorough test. That's the way we started to work on submarines.

To show you how much smarter the engines are than the engineers, when we went into the locomotive business the best that anybody could figure out with the best slide rules was that it would be about 50 or 60 thousand miles before you had to change the piston rings on the engines. Now, the piston that the engine had picked out was quite a little better than that; the rings will run about 500,000 miles, and the pistons have been known to run 1,500,000. That's about *(Continued on page 46)*

DRAWING BY LEO RACKOW

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Cinderella Rides Again

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IN HER most tactful voice, designed to pull the teeth of a ticklish situation as painlessly as possible, Mrs. Dean said, "It's Thursday." The remark was addressed to John V. Merryweather, society editor of the New York Chronicle, who sat opposite Mrs. Dean in the chaotic office they shared. Mrs. Dean was assistant society editor and hers was a hard life. "It's *Thursday*," she said again. The delicate emphasis on the day of the week should have won immediate and excited attention from Merryweather. It did nothing of the sort, of course, and Mrs. Dean didn't really expect it would.

The deadline for the feature sections of the Sunday edition of the Chronicle was 4:00 P.M. on Thursday. It was now well after two o'clock, and

PART ONE OF FIVE PARTS

Mrs. Dean was wondering nervously where all the copy was going to come from to make the society columns of the Sunday Chronicle as lively as they usually were; or for that matter, to fill them at all.

Merryweather sat at his ancient, disordered desk, reading a new collection of Irish short stories, for which he had a sentimental and uncritical fondness. He didn't look at all like a man who had only one hour and forty minutes to make a deadline; he merely looked like a man reading a book, and taking his own damn' time about it, too.

"So all right, it's Thursday," he mumbled, without looking up. "Let it be Thursday."

"But—" Mrs. Dean began; then she stopped. It had always been like this, every Thursday since Merryweather was made society editor, a position to which he had never become resigned.

It was the General himself who had made Mr. Merryweather society editor. The General was the owner, editor and publisher of the Chronicle; his military title was appropriate to his highhanded way of doing things, and it was as legitimate as the military titles of newspaper publishers ever are.

By ukase of the General, Mr. Merryweather became society editor after one Gertie Sterling had resigned without notice in order to marry a band leader—certainly a frivolous pretext for an act of what the General considered no less than treachery.

Bessie Keegan was from the wrong side of the tracks, but she had an unshakable belief that a girl who tries hard enough can get everything she wants. Bessie wanted luxury, comfort and power—and the way to get them was to marry the country's richest bachelor

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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According to eyewitnesses, the General had darted angrily out of the glass cubicle from which he ruled the Chronicle, stalked through the city room breathing fire and seriously aggravating the chronic nervous condition of three or four copy-readers, and then had stormed into the sports department. The General was looking for someone to step into the breach left by the faithless Gertie, and his flaming eye happened to fall on Merryweather, sitting at his typewriter where he was putting together one of his famous Merry Weather In Baseball columns.

The column on which he happened to be working was one calculated to blister the hide of a baseball manager whom Merryweather considered a loudmouthed vulgarian; and the General was attracted by the look of vitriolic glee on the columnist's face. "Merry!" the General had shouted, according to those who were present. And in the space of a very few minutes, John V. Merryweather became society editor of the Chronicle—temporarily and strictly as a favor to the General.

UNDER his lurid and irreverent hand, the society section sold papers from Montauk Point to the Oranges, from Brooklyn to West Hartford. And four years later, here he was, still society editor, hating every minute of it and making every Thursday a hell for Mrs. Dean.

A prim and conscientious woman, she looked at him gloomily, and at the squalor of his surroundings. His desk was piled with debris—old typescripts, clippings, books, cans of tobacco and brown bottles. Mrs. Dean had once attempted to put the desk in order; and Merryweather, when his shocked eyes saw the results, told her that if she ever tried it again he would bite her hand off at the wrist.

Mrs. Dean looked at her wrist now; it was perfectly intact, but the watch it carried heightened her nervousness considerably. In spite of Merryweather's temper, she would have to try again.

"The deadline," she said. "You have about an hour and a half to write your column. The routine stories are all in type. *I* did those." She blinked at him self-righteously. "But I can't write your column. You know the way they do it in the Sunday edition. They start you on the front page with the runover inside. At least the runover has to be in type today. Do you want me to tell them you'll give them the lead when they're making up the front page Saturday night?"

"No," Merryweather said, still not looking up. "You know I never miss a deadline. Don't worry."

"But there's another memo from the General. You haven't read it."

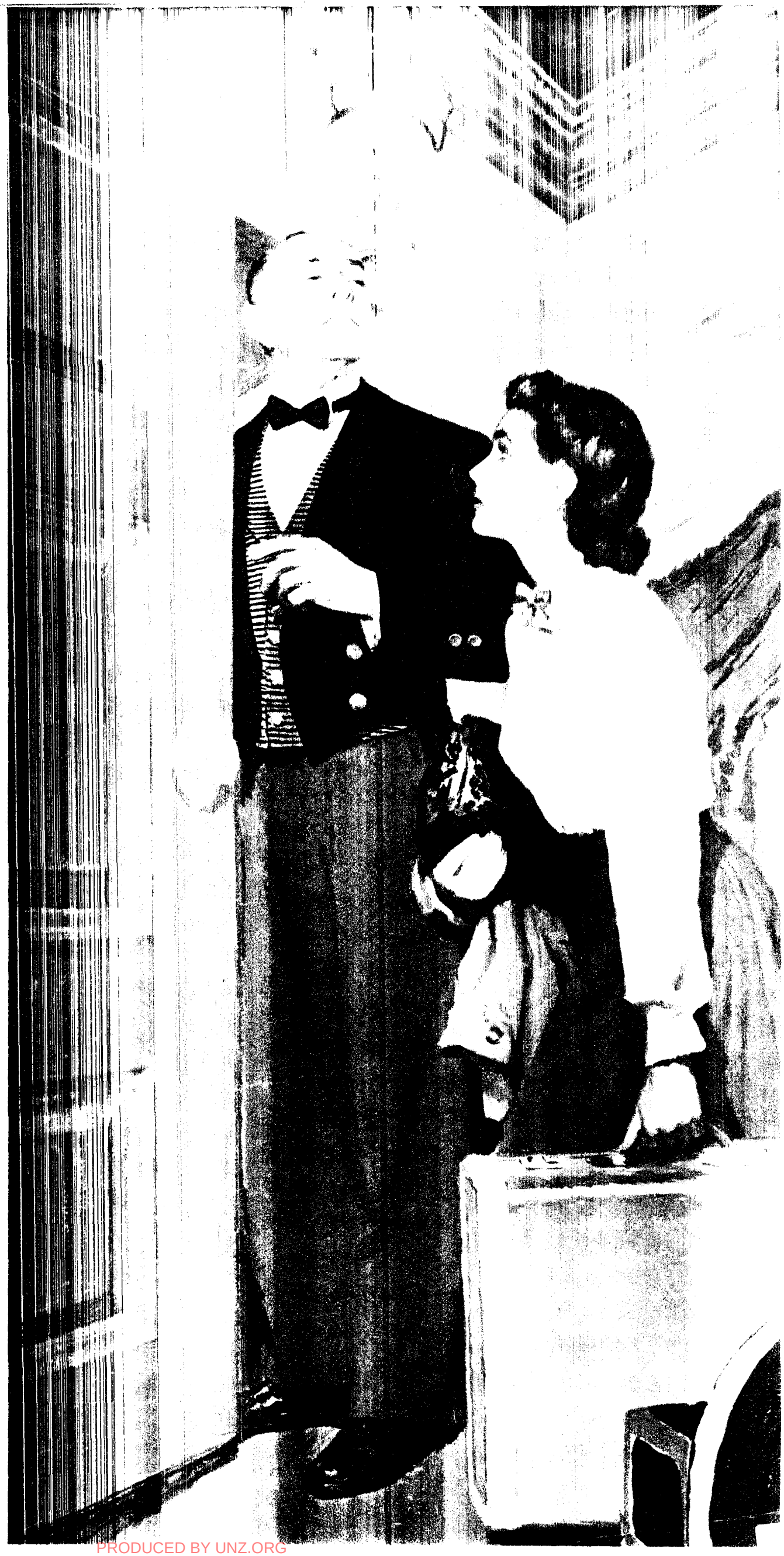
"Why should I?" Merryweather said haughtily. This time he looked up. "He's a lousy writer. A shameless comma-splicer, whose modifiers are always dangling. The hell with his memo! What does it say?"

Mrs. Dean hoped that now they were getting somewhere. It was always a good sign when Merryweather snarled about the General, of whom he was actually rather fond. She picked up the memo and paraphrased it. "He says he would like to call it to your attention that there's a new rumor about young Cyrus Sayre Falkland being engaged. He wonders if you plan to carry anything on it."

Merryweather put his book down and scowled; or rather he intensified the scowl he always wore on his broad, wrinkled face. The scowl was a disguise for what was really good nature; and Merryweather fancied that made his face imposing.

"Call it to my attention, eh? That means I bloody well better have something on Cyrus Sayre Falkland. The day will come, Mrs. Dean"— Merryweather stood up and began pacing the room— "the day will come when I will tell this imitation General what he can do with his memos. And his society department. *And* his paper, as well as every single one of its twenty-five million readers—a figure I have always believed to be a specious fiction of the circulation department anyway."

He paused in his pacing and bent intently over Mrs. Dean's desk, knocking a few notebooks awry as a matter of principle. "Please try not to be so neat," he said. "I've spoken to you about this before. Now what is this *(Continued on page 58)*



The door was opened by a man in a butler's coat, of imposing dignity. She looked at him with awe. "I am Bessie Keegan, the new maid," she told him

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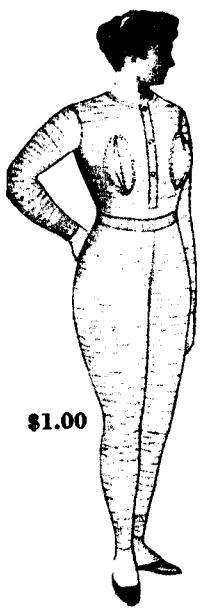

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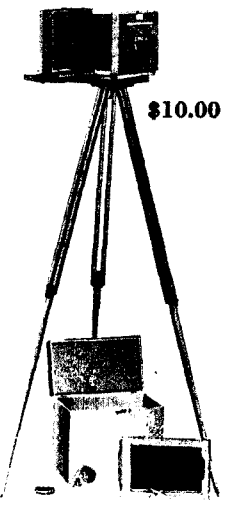

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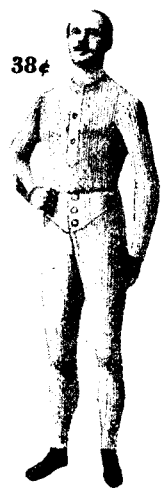

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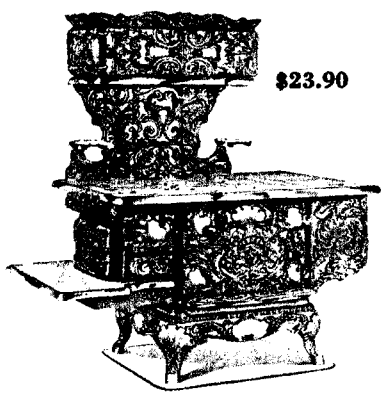

$23.90

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THE LIFE AND TIMES

By FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

IT WAS President Franklin Roosevelt who originally made the suggestion, often repeated by others since, that a good way of dealing with the Kremlin would be to collect several million copies of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue and drop them by plane all across the Soviet Union. The idea was that if Ivan knew about the abundance of good low-priced goods in the U.S., he'd be less likely to pay attention to the anti-American propaganda being fed to him by Moscow.

This notion was broached in a rather playful spirit, and no one imagined that it ever would be put to the test. But a few months ago there came at least an inkling of what the reaction to the Sears catalogue would be behind the Iron Curtain. In Yugoslavia, Marshal Tito generously decreed that his citizens would be permitted to order up to $6 worth of goods apiece from any foreign country they pleased.

A few days later, a Sears catalogue reached the State Department information library at the American Embassy in Belgrade, and when news of this got around, it led to a full-fledged riot. Hundreds of men and women showed up at the embassy in a wild scramble to get a look at the famous catalogue and make out their orders. Outside in the street the crush became so great and the crowd so unruly that police and fire-fighting detachments were called, and only the threat of turning on the fire hoses finally restored order.

SEARS

After several weeks of excited catalogue-thumbing, Tito abruptly rescinded his dispensation when it was found that whole families and their neighbors were pooling their $6 allotments to put in orders for what Sears calls "big ticket" items—refrigerators, washing machines, bedroom suites, and the like.

This Belgrade episode may not prove anything about the cold war, but it does underline an important fact about Sears, Roebuck. Good old Sears, the Farmer's Friend, homespun companion of cracker barrel and outhouse, epitome of the America of yesterday, as truly rural as an R.F.D. box on the side of a muddy road, still has some of the flavor and aura of its earlier years. But—as every Sears stockholder knows—the country boy long ago moved to the city, and today the mail-order business is dwarfed by the Sears retail-store business. In fact, last year the 632 Sears retail outlets accounted for better than twice the dollar volume of mail orders.

The erstwhile rustic has not merely been urbanized, but internationalized. As part of a $185,000,000 postwar building and expansion program, Sears already has invested some $12,000,000 in ultramodern department stores in Mexico, Cuba and South America, and hopes eventually to have a store in every key city in Latin America. For reasons which will be discussed later on, this foreign invasion (first by any major U.S. merchandiser) promises to revolutionize the selling and distribution of goods in these countries, and to have a galvanic effect on their economies. In consequence, Sears, Roebuck has newly become an important factor in world trade, an unofficial instrument of U.S. foreign policy, and a potent salesman of that amorphous commodity known as the "American Way."

Thanks partly to its aggressive expansion here and abroad, Sears in the past few years has had a growth spurt almost unparalleled in business history. Total sales in 1945 were about $1,000,000,000. By 1947 they had practically doubled, and last year they reached a staggering $2,300,000,000.

Volume in '49 will be off by 10 per cent or more; but in terms of sales, Sears remains among the world's six biggest businesses—the other titans being General Motors, A & P, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Swift & Company, and U.S. Steel.

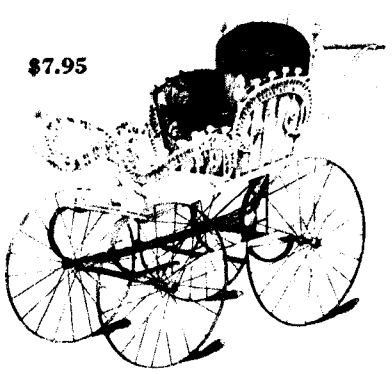
Sears is twice the size of Montgomery Ward & Company, its nearest competitor, and it completely overshadows the Spiegel and Aldens mail-order companies. By any measurement, it is incomparably the largest general store on earth.

Anyone trying to understand the true dimensions of the Sears operation is apt to find himself in the position of one of the blind men who encountered the elephant. Nine of them were walking along a road, you will recall, when they ran into a peculiar obstruction. One blind man seized the elephant's tail, and reported that the obstacle was a rope. A second bumped into a leg, and said that it was a tree. A third pounded the elephant's side, and thought it was a stone wall. And so on.

Just as none of the blind men could visualize the whole elephant, so it is doubtful whether anyone—with the possible exception of General Robert E. Wood, veteran Sears board chairman and elder statesman—has an accurate over-all comprehension of the entire Sears, Roebuck organization.

Size alone is the least of the reasons for this. The real difficulty lies in the tremendous complexity of each one of the company's interlocking functions.

For instance, you might think that there was nothing terribly complicated about getting out the catalogue. A big job, to be sure, but basically a routine of making up the book, printing it, and mailing it to the customers. This might be true if Sears published only one major national catalogue,



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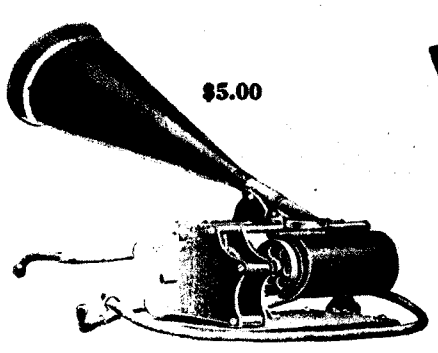

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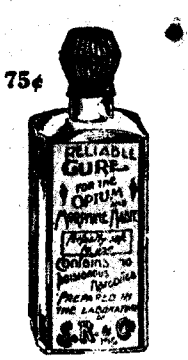

75¢

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OF SEARS, ROEBUCK

as most city dwellers seem to imagine. Instead, there's a 1,200-page Spring catalogue followed by a bulging 1,500-page Fall & Winter book. The latter goes to press about the time the first catalogue is hitting the R.F.D. routes.

In addition, there are interim catalogue supplements or "fliers," two or more "bargain books," and an annual "Christmas special" with gift suggestions. Thus Sears feeds seven publications with a combined circulation of 50,000,000, to its 13,000,000-plus mail-order customers. And spends upward of $20,000,000 per year in the process.

The Sears books are issued not in just one, but in 11 separate editions for each of the 11 regional mail-order districts. There's no point in cluttering the New England catalogue with cow boots and ten-gallon hats; and ice skates and ski equipment have little future in Arizona.

Because of these regional variations, as many as 20,000 separate pages may be in process when the jumbo Fall & Winter catalogue is made up.

This book lists approximately 100,000 items in 250 major categories. Before going to press, each page is checked 39 times, and if corrections are needed the approvals mount to 51. "Like the small-town girl, the catalogue can't afford to make a mistake," quips one catalogue chief.

At one time, Sears owned paper mills and a printing plant, and practically all catalogue work was done inside the company. Today printing is handled (under top-secret conditions) by the Hall Printing Company and The R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company of Chicago, and direct work is confined mainly to copy and layout preparation.

ROEBUCK

It has a permanent catalogue staff of about 500, and in addition hires hundreds of outside photographers, illustrators and models. More than a few of the latter have gone on to fame and fortune in Hollywood, notably Ginger Rogers, Joan Caulfield, Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson.

Yet the complexities of catalogue production are merely incidental to the company's essential business of buying $2,000,000,000 worth of goods per year from its 8,000 prime suppliers (plus a handful of wholly owned manufacturing subsidiaries) and selling these goods to more millions of customers (if you include retail buyers) than anyone can count.

To serve them, Sears maintains a constant inventory of at least $350,000,000 in merchandise so stacked and stored that all orders are filled and on their way within 24 hours after they're received. On an ordinary day, Sears processes a quarter of a million mail orders averaging 3.5 items ranging from hairpins to refrigerators, from violin chin rests to rubber falsies (or "Beauty Build-Ups" as the catalogue calls them).

Assembling, packing, checking, mailing and accounting for close to 1,000,000 articles per day calls for an elaborate human and mechanical apparatus, and Sears believes that its system was the forerunner of assembly-line production in industry. At any rate, before the first Ford assembly line was set up, Ford engineers made an intensive study of the maze of pneumatic tubes, conveyer belts, and spiral-gravity chutes in Sears's main Chicago plant. Here the assembly proceeds from the top floors downward to the packing stations, and finally to the big post office in the basement; whereas in the newer Sears plants (notably the latest one, at Greensboro, North Carolina) the operation is straight-line.

Of every $100 spent on general merchandise in the U.S., $5 either crosses Sears retail counters, or arrives in the mail-order sacks, making for a total annual business equal to one per cent of the whole national income. But Sears does no bragging about this. The company is sensitive about its own size, especially now that corporate bigness again has become a lively political issue.

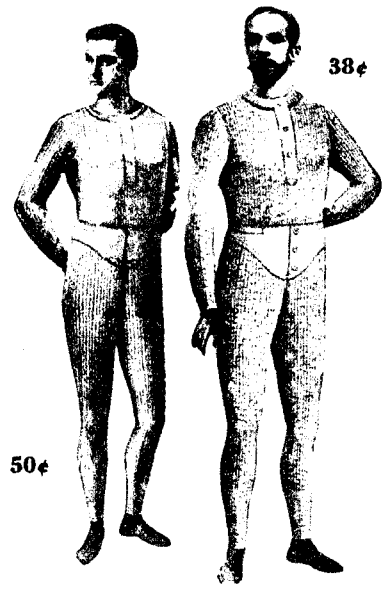
For this reason (as well as to avoid giving aid and comfort to the competition) it refuses to divulge sales volume in separate departments. But in the trade it's generally conceded that Sears is the number one salesman of refrigerators and washing machines, of hardware, of automobile tires, of work clothes and of sporting goods.

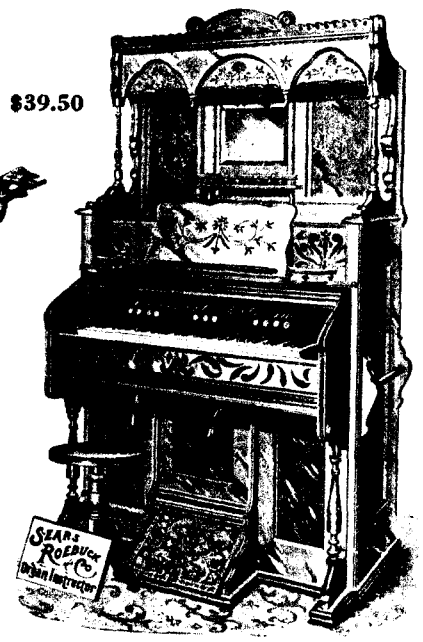
Sears probably is also the world's biggest retail diamond merchant and, after the Hudson's Bay Company, it is the biggest trader in raw fur pelts. Its book club, with 250,000 members, is fourth largest in the field and growing fast. Sears is a major underwriter of automobile insurance; and with $500,000,000 outstanding in installment accounts, Sears plays a big role in public financing. In short, wherever you touch the consumer economy of the U.S., you touch Sears, Roebuck.

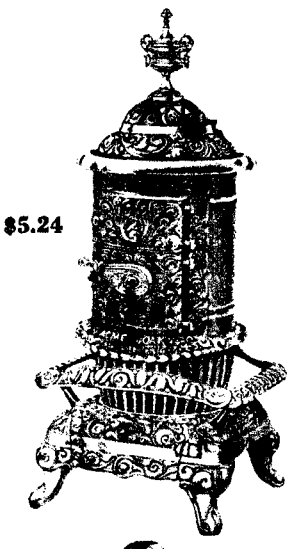
Yet the Chicago elephant mightn't exist at all if, in 1886, a watch wholesaler hadn't shipped a case of timepieces to a jeweler in the little village of North Redwood, Minnesota. The jeweler hadn't ordered the watches, couldn't sell them, didn't want them, and told young Dick Sears down at the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad depot he'd be danged if he'd take them.

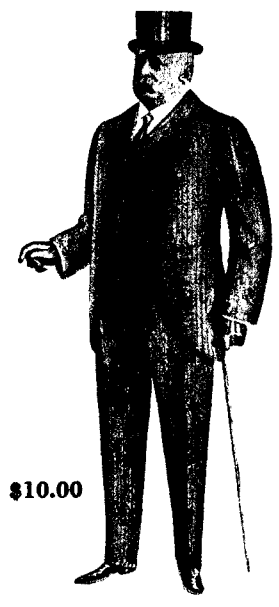
In those days it was common practice for fly-by-night city firms to unload merchandise on small-town dealers by sending out C.O.D. orders at random. A few days later the local storekeeper would get a letter saying that the order had been sent "by mistake," and he could buy the goods at "half price" instead of returning them. Often it worked. But the North Redwood jeweler had been taken in by this trick once before and he was sore about it.

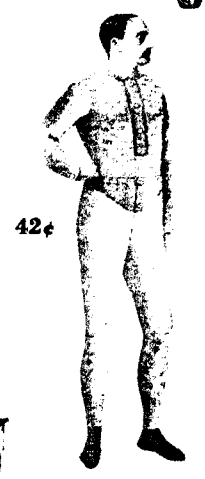
However, station agent Richard Warren Sears didn't send back the case. Instead, he opened it up and inspected the watches inside. They were flashy-looking articles, and Sears had a hunch that he might be able to turn a couple of badly needed dollars with them. His *(Continued on page 42)*



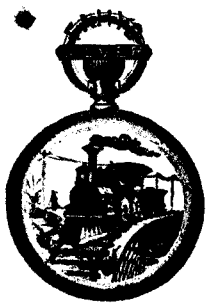


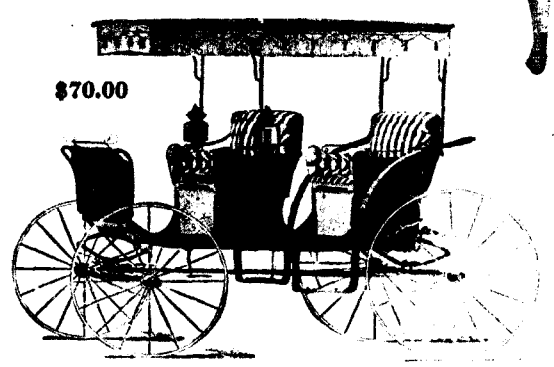






Illustrations and prices are from the 1899 Sears, Roebuck catalogue





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The WARD HEELER

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and the Lady

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Mary Alice had a simple platform: Turn the rascals out of City Hall and marry Steve. But suppose Steve was a rascal too?

MY MOTHER always used to say that a young girl of marriageable age should take an active interest in politics, because a girl never knows when she is going to meet a young man of marriageable age who might also be interested in politics. "A young man must be over twenty-one to vote," Mother used to say. "Any young man you might meet in a political gathering who is not married is therefore eligible. It saves a great deal of elimination."

A week before our municipal primary elections, Mary Alice and I were sitting in the next-to-last row of the auditorium listening to the next-to-last speaker. Being my mother's daughter and well into my fourth marriageable year, I couldn't help noticing that the young man directly in front of me had dark curly hair and a lovely set of shoulders. His friend, who was sitting just in front of Mary Alice, had blond hair. I heard my young man call him Steve. I speak of him as my young man only for purposes of identification. I mean the one with the broad shoulders and the dark curly hair.

The speaker was an earnest little man. The auditorium lights glinted aggressively from his rimless glasses. The banner over his head said VETO RAMSEY! VOTE REFORM!

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," the speaker said. "One, the Ramsey machine controls the Independent party, lock, stock and barrel."

"Right," I heard Steve mutter. The blond one.

"Two, the Ramsey machine is a disgrace to this community and a stronghold of injustice."

"Right." Steve again.

"It is the tool of crooks and gangsters."

"Right."

"We hold," the speaker said, "that the Reform party will sweep the Independent party and its bosses out of City Hall and restore good government to the people!"

Steve nudged Shoulders. They got up and tiptoed toward the exit. I nudged Mary Alice. We caught up with them at the rear of the hall. Father always said, "Never let them get out of the hall before they get the full pitch." Mother agreed, usually with a complacent smile.

I don't know what Mary Alice's mother had told her about politics, but it couldn't have been much. I suppose when you've been sheltered and find out some of the facts of political life after you're twenty, you tend to become more indignant than someone who has grown up with petty municipal injustice. Mary Alice was politically highly indignant —and exceedingly naïve.

She smiled at Steve, the blond, and said, "You don't really have to go yet, do you? Mrs. Markham speaks next. She's very interesting."

Steve smiled. "It's all been very interesting," he said, "and getting more interesting by the minute. However, I—"

"I hope we can count on your support," Mary Alice said.

"Well, now . . ." Steve said. "I would probably follow you to hell and back, but—"

"I mean political support," she said. "It's very important that we have the vote of every intelligent citizen."

"You have mine."

"I mean the Reform party."

Steve grinned. "I can't say that I'm entirely convinced, but I might be persuaded."

"Who needs men anyway?" I said. So we did what any pair of heartbroken women would do—we ate a cheese soufflé

Shoulders whispered something to Steve and jerked his head at the door. "Okay, Paul," Steve said. "In a minute."

I leaped into the breach. "I don't suppose you could be persuaded, could you, Paul?" I batted my eyelashes. He looked startled.

"We've got to go," he said. "Come on, Steve."

Mary Alice had drawn the blond young man off to one side and was giving him chapter and verse from the Reform party literature. Steve looked delighted. While the party platform was loaded with high ideals, it could hardly be called a delightful platform. On the other hand, Mary Alice has delightful blue eyes and a delightful figure. I caught her eye and winked. I was surprised to see her blush as she continued her lecture.

Paul was apparently the strong silent type. At any rate, he had broad shoulders and he didn't say a word.

I said, "Is Steve married?"

"Huh?" he said. "Why?"

"Political survey," I said.

"No," he said. "Steve's single."

"Good. And you?"

"Me?"

"We are interested in every eligible voter."

"Oh."

"Well?"

"Single."

"Ah," I said. "Have a Reform party leaflet."

"Steve!" he said. "How about it?"

Mary Alice and the blond came over. He said, "Miss Haversham and I have a good deal to talk over about politics. We've decided to go over to Tony's where it's quiet."

"Okay," Paul said. "Let's go," which didn't strike me as the height of tact. You'd have to be awfully dumb not to see that something had happened to those two in a matter of minutes. Mother always used to say that it didn't take very long to know.

SINCE they weren't going to be alone anyway, I tagged along. In the cab, we did talk politics; that is, Mary Alice and Steve did. Paul spent most of his time looking nervously out the back window, like a private eye in a detective story.

"Are we being followed?" I said—kidding, of course.

"No," he said, "I don't think so."

I couldn't find any comfort in that answer. A small voice of experience in my brain began to ask questions, too. Such as: "What brought these lads to the Reform meeting? Why the cops-and-robbers routine?" There was no comfort there, so I listened in on politics, cold comfort at best.

Steve seemed remarkably well-informed on the affairs of our city. He said, "We agree on a lot of things, Mary Alice. But I wonder if your Reform party can prove anything on Ramsey and get him out."

"I think we can," Mary Alice said. "How about your brother Howard, Sally?"

She always reached the peak of her indignation about Howard. My brother was a veteran who was getting a very raw deal. I told Steve about it.

"Sally, I'd like to meet your brother," he said.

"Sure thing," I said, suddenly getting clever. "However, I may be busy tomorrow, so maybe—"

"Maybe Mary Alice could introduce me."

"Exactly," I said. *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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Collier's Sectional ALL-STAR

SELECTED BY THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHES

By BILL FAY

THE Tuesday morning after Army accomplished the first major upset of the 1949 football season by shattering Michigan's 25-game winning streak, D. O. (Tuss) McLaughry, coach of Dartmouth and secretary of the American Football Coaches Association, received an air-mail special-delivery letter from Ann Arbor.

The letter contained a ballot for the 60th All-America football team signed by Bennie Oosterbaan, the Michigan coach. In the Remarks column, Oosterbaan wrote:

"After reviewing movies of the Army-Michigan game, I nominate Arnold Galiffa, Army quarterback, for All-America consideration. His play calling was sound. His passes (long and short) were accurate. His ball handling confused our defense. He can run with that ball, too."

As the season progressed, McLaughry received similar weekly reports on Galiffa and approximately 240 other outstanding candidates for Collier's 60th All-America squad. Each report came from a coach. Each ballot was based on exclusive, confidential information available only to members of the American Football Coaches Association—scouting reports, personal on-the-field observations, and analytical reviews of game movies.

Ballot by ballot, game by game, All-America evidence was accumulated for consideration by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, including Matty Bell of Southern Methodist; Jeff Cravath, Southern California; Ray Eliot, Illinois; Frank Leahy, Notre Dame; Lou Little, Columbia; Dutch Meyer, Texas Christian; Carl Snavely, North Carolina; and McLaughry.

After evaluating the game-by-game reports, Collier's All-America board nominated the five sectional honor teams listed on these pages—All-East, All-Midwest, All-South, All-Southwest, All-Far West.

The 60th All-America, to be selected from this super squad of the nation's 55 finest players, will be announced in next week's issue.

Gil Stephenson of Army was the best fullback in the East. But was he better than Eddie Price of Tulane, the South's top fullback? Or Leon Campbell of Arkansas, the No. 1 line-buster in the Southwest? How does Stephenson compare with Emil Sitko of Notre Dame, or Bill Martin from Southern Cal?

Questions like these will be posed while evaluating each of the 55 All-America candidates, and answered by making additional studies of game movies before arriving at the final selections. Southern tackles will be compared with Far West tackles, Eastern guards with Southwest guards, and so on through the 11 positions. The members of Collier's board can make these authoritative comparisons because, as representatives of the Coaches Association, they have *exclusive* access to motion picture evidence on every outstanding player for every play in every game of the 1949 season.

The coaches followed geographical rather than conference boundaries in ranking the players for the five all-star teams. Here is the sectional breakdown on the men who are officially in the running for the 60th All-America.

East

Eastern football stock soared in early-season trading with the Midwest. Pitt stepped out of the pushover class by upsetting Northwestern's Rose Bowl champions; then Army flattened Michigan, the Big Ten titleholder. *(Continued on page 68)*

CORNELL'S HILLARY CHOLLET

EAST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Dan Foldberg	Army
E	Dan Brown	Villanova
T	Holland Donan	Princeton
T	Gerald Walters	Brown
G	John Schweder	Penn
G	Bernie Barkouskie	Pitt
C	John Pierik	Cornell
Q	Arnold Galiffa	Army
H	Hillary Chollet	Cornell
H	Lou Cecconi	Pitt
F	Gil Stephenson	Army

Honorable Mention

ENDS: John Trent, Army; Bucky Hatchett, Rutgers; John Emery, Princeton.
TACKLES: Dick Clark, Cornell; Nick Bolkovac, Pitt; Ernie Stautner, Boston College; Howard Houston, Harvard; Bruce Ackerson, Army.
GUARDS: Bob Jablonski, Yale; Bernie Lemonick, Penn; Gerald Audette, Columbia; Jim Irons and Lynn Galloway, Army.
CENTERS: Warren Davis, Colgate; Vic Banonis, Georgetown.
QUARTERBACKS: Johnny Clayton, Dartmouth; Harry Agganis, Boston University; Ed Songin, Boston College; Bob Zastrow, Navy; Pete Dorset, Cornell.
HALFBACKS: George Sella and Dick Kazmaier, Princeton; Levi Jackson, Yale; Jim Cain, Army; Alan Egler, Colgate; Bernie Custis, Syracuse; Jimmy Joe Robinson, Pitt; Francis Bagnell, Penn; Tom Hardiman, Georgetown.
FULLBACKS: Pete Zinaich, West Virginia; John Pasquariello, Villanova; Fran Rogel, Penn State; Ray Dooney, Penn.

KENTUCKY'S HARRY ULINSKI

SOUTH

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Art Weiner	North Carolina
E	John O'Quinn	Wake Forest
T	Lou Creekmur	William & Mary
T	Bob Gain	Kentucky
G	Jim Crawford	Mississippi
G	Bob Ward	Maryland
C	Harry Ulinski	Kentucky
Q	Vito Parilli	Kentucky
H	Charlie Justice	North Carolina
H	Herb Rich	Vanderbilt
F	Eddie Price	Tulane

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Rebel Steiner, Alabama; Ben Zaranka, Kentucky; Carlton Elliott, Virginia; Eugene Chandler, Georgia; Vito Ragazzo, William & Mary; Dick Harvin, Georgia Tech.
TACKLES: Carl Copp, Vanderbilt; Paul Lea, Tulane; Lou Allen, Duke; Ray Krouse, Maryland.
GUARDS: Charlie Musser, North Carolina State; John Thomas, Virginia; Ray Cicia, Wake Forest.
CENTERS: Jimmy Kynes, Florida; Irv Holdash, North Carolina U.
QUARTERBACKS: Travis Tidwell, Auburn; Bill Wade, Vanderbilt; Charlie Pevey, Louisiana State.
HALFBACKS: Charlie Hunsinger, Florida; Lee Nalley, Vanderbilt; Ray Mathews, Clemson; Bill Svoboda, Tulane; Don Phelps, Kentucky; Ebert Van Buren, Louisiana State; Johnny Papit, Virginia; John Dottley, Mississippi; Buddy Lex, William & Mary; Hal Littleford, Tennessee.
FULLBACKS: Fred Cone, Clemson; Jack Cloud, William & Mary.

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TEAMS

ASSOCIATION

And Next Week

The 60th All-America

MINNESOTA'S LEO NOMELLINI

MIDWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Leon Hart	Notre Dame
E	Bob Wilson	Wisconsin
T	Leo Nomellini	Minnesota
T	Alvin Wistert	Michigan
G	Don Mason	Mich. State
G	Ed Bagdon	Mich. State
C	Clayton Tonnemaker	Minnesota
Q	Bob Williams	Notre Dame
H	Chuck Ortmann	Michigan
H	Lynn Chandnois	Mich. State
F	Emil Sitko	Notre Dame

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Harry Allis, Michigan; Harry Grant, Minnesota; Jack Dittmer, Iowa; Jim Kelly, Cincinnati.

TACKLES: Rudy Cernoch, Northwestern; Bob Toneff and Jim Martin, Notre Dame; Dick O'Hanlon, Ohio State; Lou Karras, Purdue.

GUARDS: Lloyd Heneveld, Michigan; Earl Banks, Iowa; John Lundin, Minnesota.

CENTERS: Tom Novak, Nebraska; Bob Fuchs, Missouri; Jack Lininger, Ohio State.

QUARTERBACKS: Pandel Savic, Ohio State; Glenn Drahn, Iowa; Don Burson, Northwestern; Bill Weeks, Iowa State.

HALFBACKS: Bill Bye and Dick Gregory, Minnesota; Francis Spaniel and Larry Coutre, Notre Dame; Dick Braznell, Missouri; Dick Alban and Tom Worthington, Northwestern; Jerry Krall, Ohio State; Bob Robertson, Indiana; Johnny Bright, Drake.

FULLBACKS: Art Murakowski, Northwestern; Don Dufek, Michigan; Mike Kaysserian, Detroit.

TCU'S LINDY BERRY

SOUTHWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Jimmy Owens	Oklahoma
E	Jim Williams	Rice
T	Wade Walker	Oklahoma
T	Thurman McGraw	Colo. A&M
G	Lewis McFadin	Texas
G	Jack Halliday	So. Methodist
C	Joe Watson	Rice
Q	Doak Walker	So. Methodist
H	Lindy Berry	Tex. Christian
H	George Thomas	Oklahoma
F	Leon Campbell	Arkansas

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Morris Bailey, Texas Christian; Bob McChesney, Hardin-Simmons; Don Van Pool and Alex Loyd, Oklahoma A&M; J. D. Ison, Baylor.

TACKLES: Frank Krone, Colorado; Ralph Murphy, Rice; Rupe Wright, Baylor; Harold Kilman, Texas Christian; Charlie Shaw, Oklahoma A&M.

GUARDS: Darrell Meisenheimer, Oklahoma A&M; Stan West, Oklahoma; Ernest Keily, Texas Western.

CENTERS: Jerry Weatherly, Rice; Gene Huebner, Baylor; Ruben De Roin, Oklahoma A&M.

QUARTERBACKS: Adrian Burk, Baylor; Darrell Royal, Oklahoma; Tobin Rote, Rice.

HALFBACKS: Randall Clay, Texas; Dick McKissack, Southern Methodist; Wilton Davis, Hardin-Simmons; Wilford White, Arizona State (at Tempe); Jack Hartman, Oklahoma A&M.

FULLBACKS: Kyle Rote, Southern Methodist; Ray Borneman, Texas.

SOUTHERN CAL'S BILL MARTIN

FAR WEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Ken Rose	Stanford
E	Bob Wilkinson	UCLA
T	Jim Turner	California
T	Volney Peters	So. California
G	Rod Franz	California
G	Vern Sterling	Santa Clara
C	Leon McLaughlin	UCLA
Q	Eddie LeBaron	Col. of Pacific
H	Ollie Matson	San Francisco
H	Bob Sanders	Oregon U.
F	Bill Martin	So. California

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Ellery Williams, Santa Clara; Harold Hatfield, Southern California; Fran Polsfoot, Washington State; Gordon Cooper, Denver.

TACKLES: Fred Leon, Nevada; Sam Nevills, Oregon; Carl Kiilsgaard, Idaho.

GUARDS: John Nikcevich and Bruce MacLachlan, UCLA; Chester Daniels, Oregon U.

CENTERS: Packard Harrington, St. Mary's; Weston Gardner, Utah; Les Richter, California.

QUARTERBACKS: Jim Powers, Southern California; Bob Celeri, California.

HALFBACKS: Hall Haynes, Santa Clara; Jay Roundy, Southern California; Frank Brunk, California; Ernie Johnson, UCLA; Harry Hugasian, Stanford; Ken Carpenter, Oregon State.

FULLBACKS: Hugh McElhenny, Washington U.; Ollie Matson, San Francisco.

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Shooting Party

By ROBERT SELLERS

Montoya was used to the cruelty of animals. The cruelty of the hunters was something else again

IT SHOULD have been a good camp. They had been out for over a week, the three hunters and their Indian-Mexican cook, and now they were camped many miles from the little New Mexico town they had set out from. Montoya, the camp tender whom they had hired in the village, pitched the two tents at the head of a small meadow, flat and rich with cured grass, in a notch of a lava foothill. Schultz, Davis and Peterson slept in one tent, and Montoya slept and did their cooking in the other.

Montoya looked at the foothills covered with patches of bitter-smelling sage where he knew grouse and wild turkey abounded, and he made camp on the meadow almost happily, hoping that here things might be better. There were scattered thickets of piñon trees, gnarled and smelling of pitch, and there were scrub-oak tangles with a few leaves colored violently and thin patches of snow. Behind the little meadow the foothills sheared upward into a great, almost vertical granite mountain ridge, gouged with cataract valleys and sharp-ridged with rimrock. On its lower slopes white and green and silvery pine forests lay under deeper snow.

The foothills, not far beyond the bottom of their valley, dumped onto a malpais, a badlands, a semi-desert of long flats, cone-shaped mountains, mesas and great raw cuts in the multicolored earth. Montoya liked this desert, too, with its color and strange form and its silence almost like the windy hiss of the pines. He was a little sad that the white men thought of it only as a badlands without much game.

It should have been a good camp. But in the middle of this paradise the three white men had begun to talk too much about hunting and dogs and guns, possibly because, being what they were, they knew very little about these things really. And in that way they trapped themselves, in their insecurity, into showing off. The talk did not ring quite true, and then something childish, but dangerous too, began to happen to them. . . .

The second morning they were camped at the meadow they went out for deer early after breakfast. They walked down the little valley, not talking much, and the snow made a grinding noise where they stepped. It was very cold. The grass sticking up above the snow and the trees along the sides of the valley were iced with frost.

Montoya walked behind Schultz and Davis. At first Montoya had laughed—to himself, of course—at Schultz's bald, hatless head, but now it merely seemed absurd and foolish in the cold. Davis wore a very bright red Sherlock Holmes-style hat with bills in front and back.

Peterson was a little to Montoya's left but almost even with him; he was a thin, scarecrowlike man with a fast, flopping walk. He normally walked much faster than the other two, who were rather pudgy, but now he stayed behind them.

Montoya carried Davis' rifle strapped over his shoulder. In his right hand he carried Schultz's heavy .300 Magnum which *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

The buck came out almost playfully, with an arching leap, and then his head came up and he stood stock-still. Montoya had timed it just right

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Campbell (left) gets across the British point of view to top Washington newsmen. Gerard Robichaud, Chicago Sun-Times; Edward Jamieson, Houston Chronicle; and John C. [illegible] of the Philadelphia Inquirer, president of the National Press Club

The King's Man, CHARLIE

A delightfully eccentric Englishman named Charlie Campbell, who has lived most of his life in the U.S., is considered a top unofficial "ambassador"

PRESS-AGENTRY, as most visitors to Washington discover, is not an art practiced exclusively in the touting of circuses, beauty contests and mechanical gadgets. In Washington, the press agents outnumber the lobbyists. No farm, labor or business association would dream of operating without a battery of them, and in every sizable government bureau there is at least one. And then there is Charles Henry Campbell.

Campbell, the chief of the Washington office of British Information Services, is regarded by many as the kingpin of the capital's publicists.

So successful has he been in selling the British point of view that he often is described as a principal reason why His Majesty's government has received an increasingly sympathetic American press in recent years. Some of his admirers go even further and say that since 1943 "no ambassador has been as valuable to the British Empire as Charlie Campbell."

This may be a slight exaggeration, but there is no doubt that Campbell holds one of the most highly strategic, if more anonymous, positions of British diplomacy. The Washington corps of correspondents is the largest group of reporters at any one place in the world; its members write a major share of the news and interpretation of international affairs appearing in American newspapers and periodicals. Many of them have covered all of the important international conferences in this country during the last six years and most of the wartime and postwar Anglo-American talks. At all of these events, and in Washington at other times, their chief contact with His Majesty's government has been Charlie Campbell.

Unlike most successful press agents, Campbell is not a high-pressure salesman. In fact, he likes to leave the impression of never selling anything.

His technique is simple: he is one of the "most available" people in Washington. During office hours (9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.) he sticks as close by his telephone as possible, taking his calls personally rather than letting his secretary answer. He makes two daily pilgrimages to the National Press Club—usually spending an hour there at lunchtime and returning for a couple of hours in the evening, stationing himself in the bar, swapping yarns, answering questions and dropping friendly hints about stories "worth developing." His main tools-of-trade are one of the fastest reference libraries in town and a phenomenal memory for facts, figures and foibles—British and American.

Zoe Farmer, a perceptive British journalist, probably put her finger on the secret of his success when she observed: "While Campbell's love is England, and he knows far more about her politically, idealistically and statistically than could any Homelander, his psychological understanding is American: a combination not always appreciated by bright new [English] blades in this country."

Although a more devout Briton probably never lived, Campbell has spent all but a few months of his forty-five years in the United States. His father, the late Henry James Campbell, was for many years the New Orleans representative of the Liverpool shipping firm of Frederick Leyland & Company, and son Charlie *(Continued on page 75)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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Don't You Cry

When a man as ornery as Flick Loomis started forgiving his enemies

ANGIE opened the door, the breakfast smells of coffee and frying fat back pouring into the white plaster room where Flick Loomis lay in the big brass bed. In the thirty years since Angie had come to this room as a bride, her red-brown hair had faded, her face had weathered with hill gardening; the troubled creases around her eyes showed the strain of having lived so long with a man as stubborn and contentious as Flick, but her slender body was still wiry and unbent, like a sapling made to sway with the winds which whipped through the valley.

She picked up Flick's work clothes from the floor and dropped them on the quilt within reach of his hand. "Breakfast's ready," she said.

Flick made no move to take the clothes. His hands, folded across his chest, were thin and gray, like his face. His sunken eyes burned with the intensity of a man who lived with fixed certainties as a person might live within the walls of a fortress. Only last week he had torn up twelve years of the Hagerstown Almanac because it hadn't backed him up in an argument on bean beetles.

"You hear me?" Angie said, pushing the clothes closer to him. "Breakfast's ready."

Flick brushed the clothes to the floor. "Angie," he said, "it's come."

She picked up the clothes and shook off the dust before putting them on the pine chair beside the bed.

"It's somepun that comes on all the Loomis men near the end," Flick said. "It's a coldness that settles in the legs, a pain that cracks the chest like the breaking of a china dish."

Angie felt of his forehead. "You ain't feverish none." Her glance fell on the open window and she closed it. "It was likely the cold draft that come up in the night. I felt it mysef."

"It wasn't no draft. It come on Ben the same way, and in two days he was gone."

Angie sniffed. Everybody knew that Flick's brother had drunk himself to death. "If Ben hadn't of gotten fired up with white whisky and fell on the river ice—"

Flick roused up in the bed. "Don't be contrary."

"You'll feel better after you've had your breakfast."

"I couldn't swaller a thing."

"I fried up some town meat."

"It's no use, Angie. I tell you, I'm the same as gone."

She straightened the quilt across his chest and shoulders. "I'll get you some coffee."

In the kitchen Angie's lips thinned out thoughtfully as she poured the coffee into an everyday cup. She knew there was nothing wrong with Flick, only another crazy fool notion that had come into his head; but she also knew that if Flick Loomis was set in his mind the end had come on him, he'd just lay there and die out of stubbornness.

Flick's hand shook as he reached for the coffee. "Angie," he said, "I been studying."

She moved the clothes from the pine chair and sat down beside the brass bed.

"I done things I never ought to of," Flick said.

"Drink your coffee. You need the strength and the hotness of it."

Flick blew on the coffee with a wheezing sound. "I got 'mends to make."

Angie frowned. "You're slopping all over my good quilt."

"It was too damned full in the cup." For just a moment, with the sudden clenching of his jaw and the quarrelsome shine in his pale eyes, Flick was his old self, but then his jaw sagged and his body seemed to slump. "I reckon I blowed too hard," he said in a whipped-dog whine Angie had never heard before. It frightened her.

"I maybe filled it too full," she said, and gently fluffed up his pillow, then smoothed his gray hair back over the freckled bald crown.

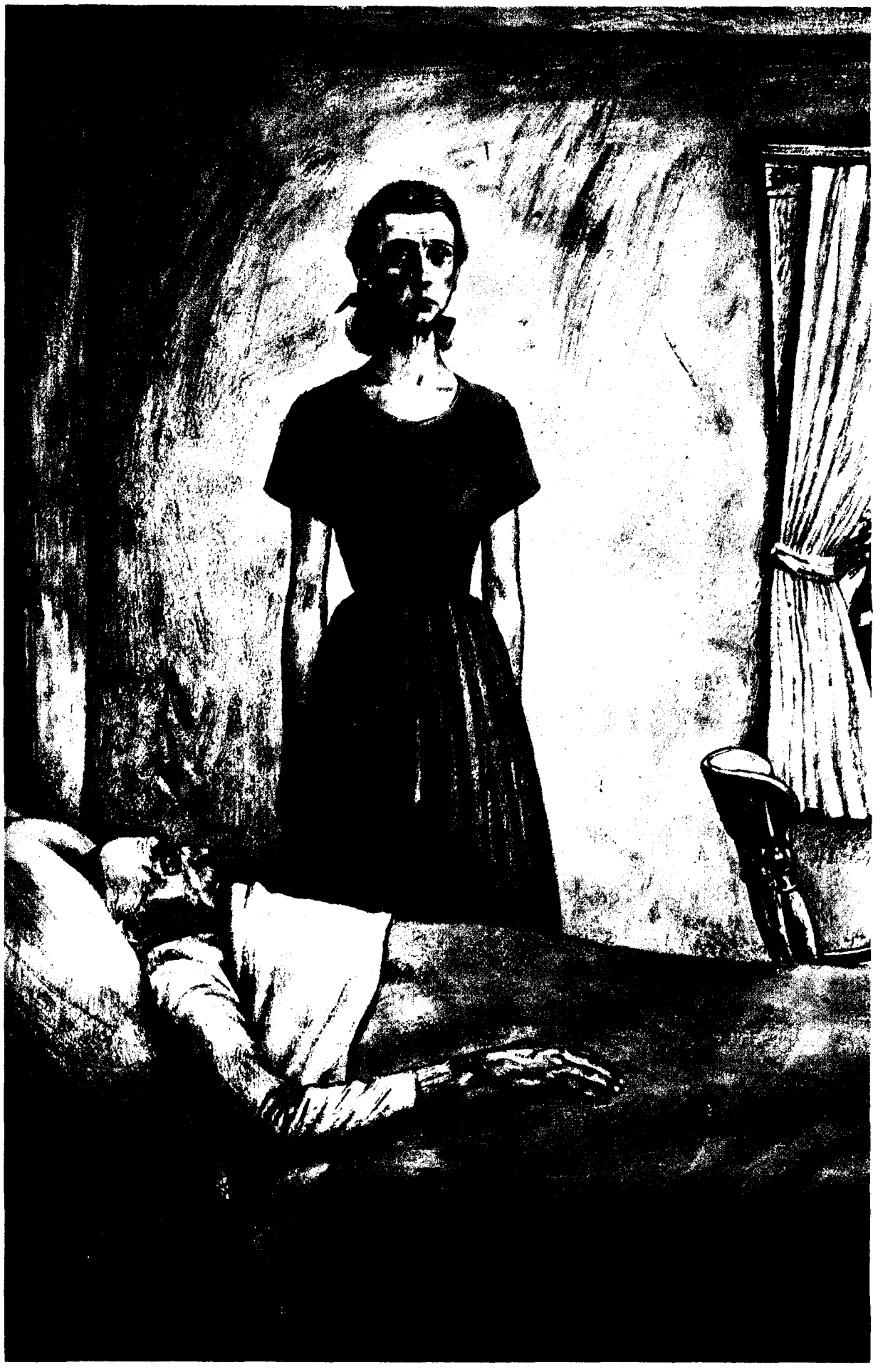
Flick handed her the empty cup. "I shouldn't of hit you that time."

She looked up, startled. She had forgotten, it was so long ago. "You was drinking, Flick. You didn't mean nothing."

"I shouldn't of did it."

He eased down under the quilt, his hands limp, his mouth sagging open. "And, Angie, I was maybe wrong about the bed."

The cup rattled thinly against the saucer with the quivering of Angie's hand. She hadn't heard him speak about the family quarrel over the bed for



Robert and Sidney brought their wives and children, who stood fidgetin

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for Me

his wife knew it would take a special kind of medicine to cure him

at the foot of the brass bed. Flick began to speak in a tired, sick voice

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

years, and never with any doubt as to the rightness of what he'd done. Thirty years ago, when she and Flick were courting, old Benjie Loomis had died in the big brass bed, and Ben, as the oldest son, had claimed a natural right to it, but Flick had contended it should go to him because he was getting married.

"A man should marry into his own bed," Flick had said, and he'd settled the argument one August day while Ben was in Sperryville for the fair. Flick had hauled the bed away, married Angie, and met Ben with a shotgun when he'd come to the house with a wagon. Neither Ben nor the woman he later married had ever spoken to Flick afterward. Even when Ben lay dying, in a walnut bed he'd bought at a sheriff's sale, he'd refused to make his peace with Flick. Ben's widow told it around the Creek Orchard hills that nothing had ever shamed Ben like dying in a bed he'd bought from strangers.

Angie slid from the chair. "I'm gonna go call Dr. Lyle."

Flick caught the hem of her dress. "No. Don't waste your money. I got li'l enough to leave as it is."

"But, Flick—"

"Ain't a thing he can do now." Flick's hand dropped back on the bed. He closed his eyes, a strange thickness clogging his voice. "Send for the children, and the grandbabies. I wanta leave 'em things to remember kindly."

Angie trembled. She felt a hollow kind of sickness.

"And Ben's widow," Flick said, with a cotton-swallowing sound. "I'd like to see Ben's widow."

Angie nodded mutely and hobbled back to the kitchen, dropping weakly on the green stool Flick had made for her. She pushed Flick's cup across the table so she wouldn't keep staring at its white emptiness. She rested her head in her hands. It was curious, after all these years, Flick's remembering that time he'd hit her. It hadn't hurt, only a little, and it was just that one time. And, like she'd said, he'd been drinking.

She forced herself to write down her grocery list, then she padded down the hill to the red gate to wait for Miles Manson to come by on his way to Royalton with the outgoing mail. For twenty-two years she'd had to get all of her store things sent out from Royalton with the mail because of a boundary dispute between Flick and Gus Falk, whose Cassville store was only half a mile away, even less if you walked across the hill.

FLICK'S well was on the disputed ground, and although he'd won his case in court, he'd never spoken to Gus Falk since then and had never let Angie trade at his store. It cost her ten cents for each delivery from town, and two or three deliveries a week mounted up in the course of a year. In twenty-two years it had mounted up considerable. Angie had started to figure it all up one night, but she'd got sick to her stomach and stopped.

"I wanta send word to the children," Angie said when Miles stopped for the shopping list. "Tell 'em Flick'd like to see 'em."

"He sick or somepun?" Miles asked.

"He'd like to see the children."

Miles shut off the engine. He watched the worry lines draw tight across Angie's face. "Bad off, huh?"

"And tell Ben's widow we'd be mighty . . . ask her to come too."

Angie turned and headed back up the hill toward the house. It seemed a long time before she heard Miles start the engine and drive away. He was probably getting his words straightened out for the telling of it. By the time he got to Royalton he'd have told it so often he'd have Flick laid out in the bed and the preacher calling for the parting words.

"I better clean up my house," Angie mumbled to herself. "Folks'll be coming by." . . .

The three children came in the early afternoon. They came together, in Robert's new car. Robert, the oldest child, was wearing a blue-serge suit and brown shoes. Both he and Sidney had brought their wives and children, who stood fidgeting at the foot of the brass bed. Rosemarie, the only daughter, had not brought her husband. He was a state trooper, and Rosemarie said it was his day to give drivers' tests in town. She kept looking at her watch. Robert was buttoning and unbuttoning his blue suit coat.

The grandchildren huddled together, trying not to look at the old man, who smelled of the medicine Angie had rubbed on his *(Continued on page 66)*

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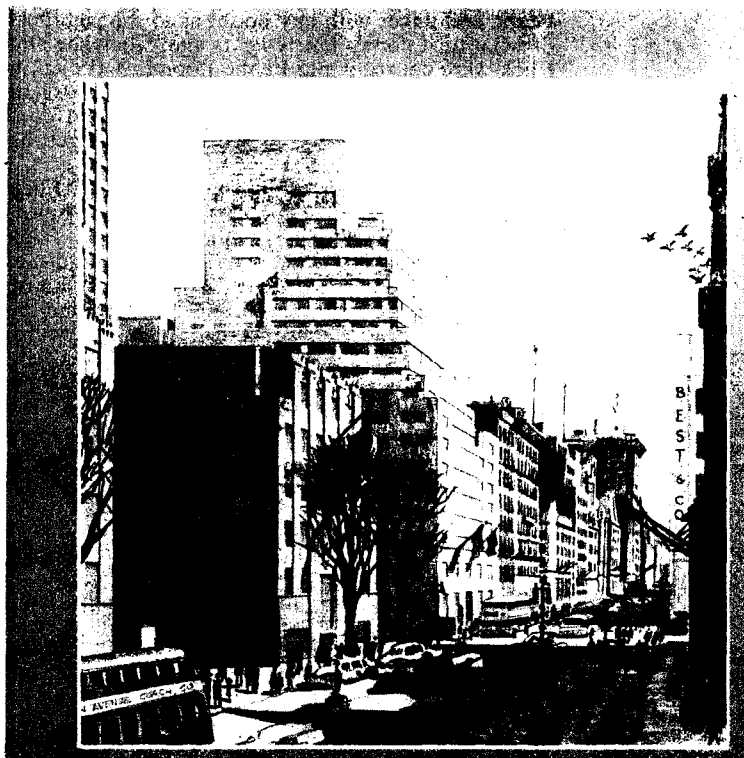
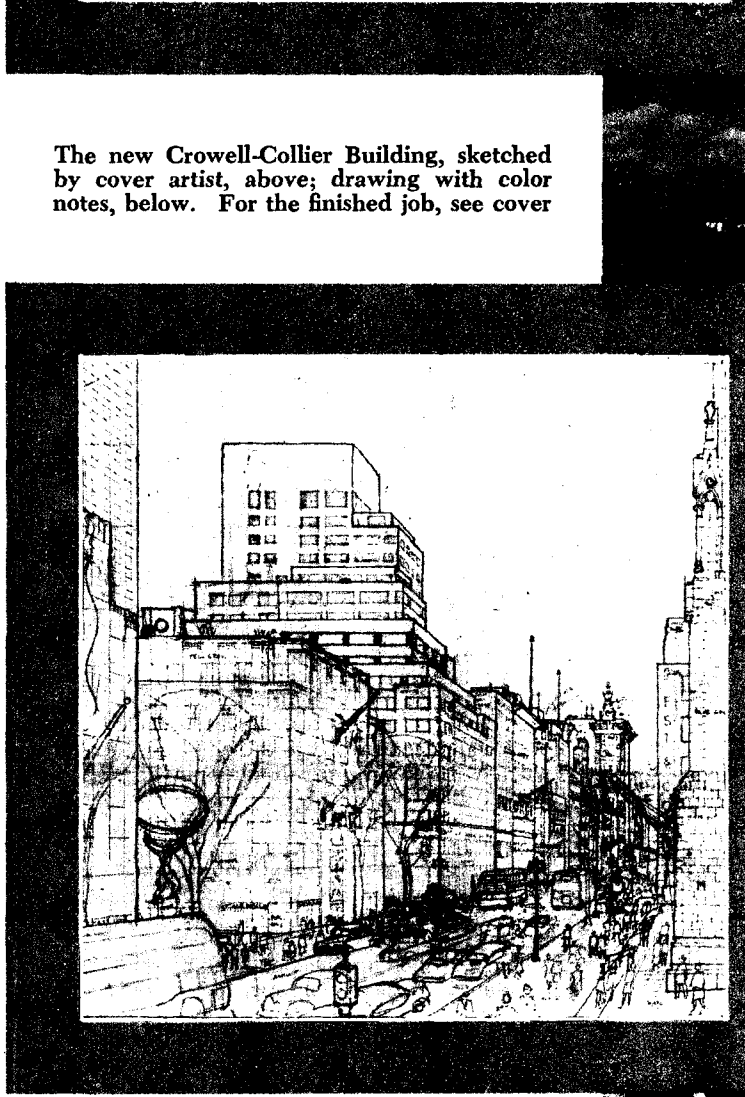
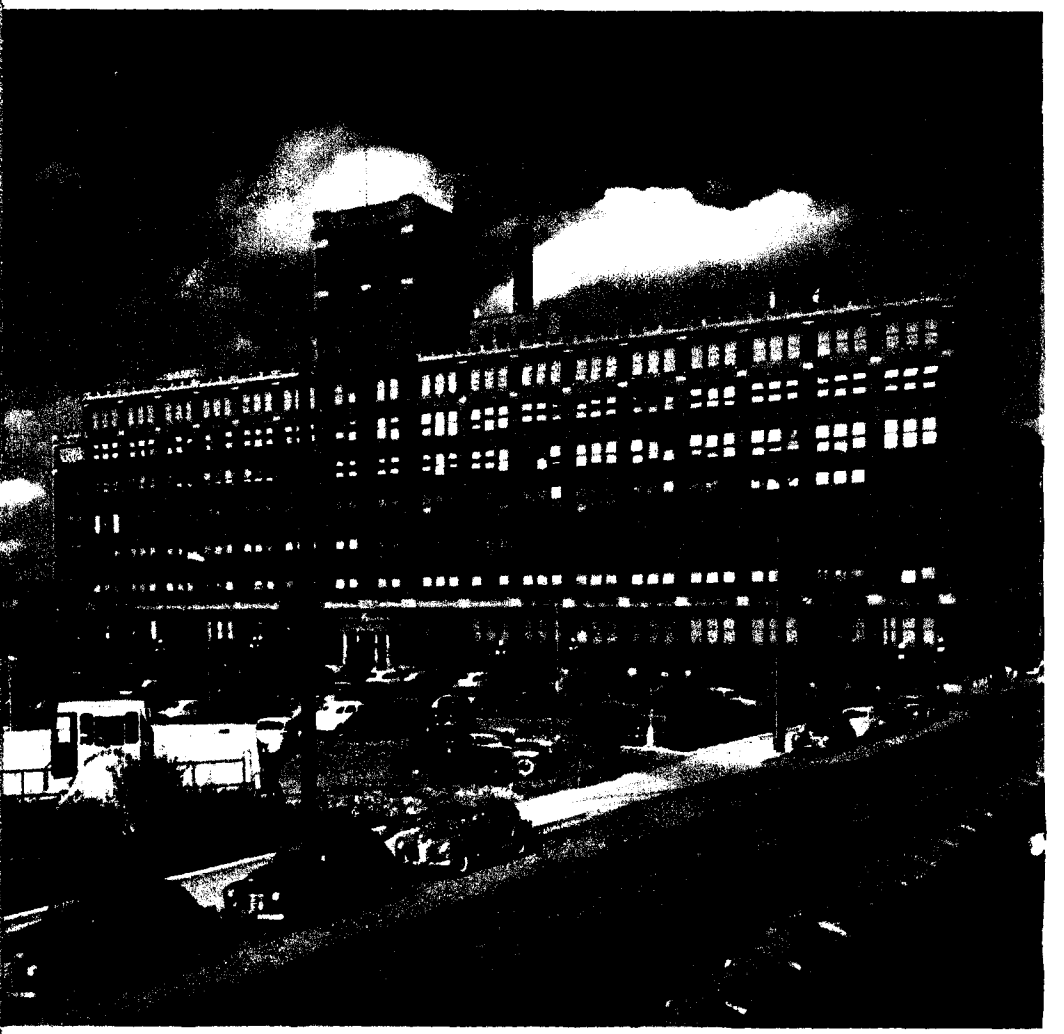
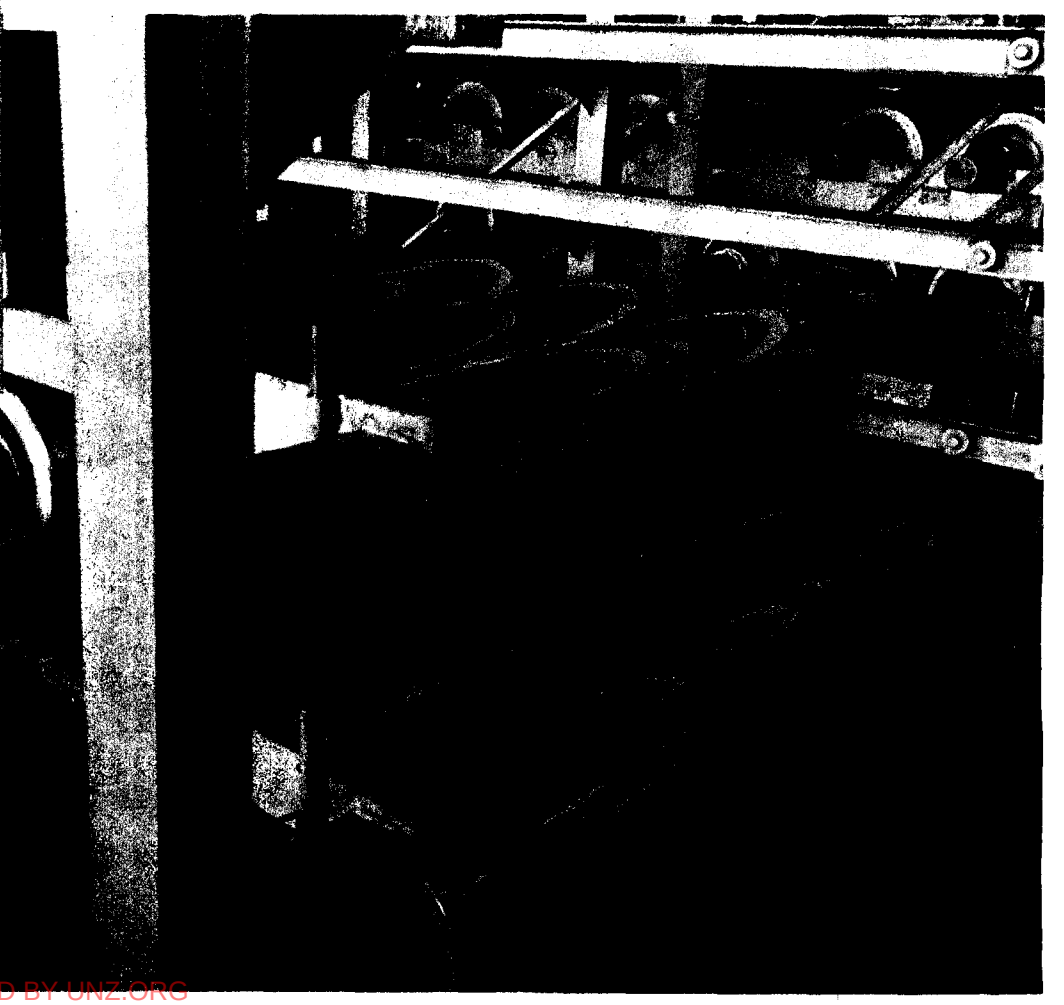
WEST *from*



The new Crowell-Collier Building, sketched by cover artist, above; drawing with color notes, below. For the finished job, see cover







At our vast Springfield plant (top right) 2,700 people convert the three Crowell publications' raw material (typed copy, art and tons of paper) into magazines—at the rate of 22,000,000 a month

Contents of the magazine will be etched in reverse on these polished copper cylinders. When gravure presses are rolling, with cylinders in place, tiny etched dots pick up ink that in turn prints paper

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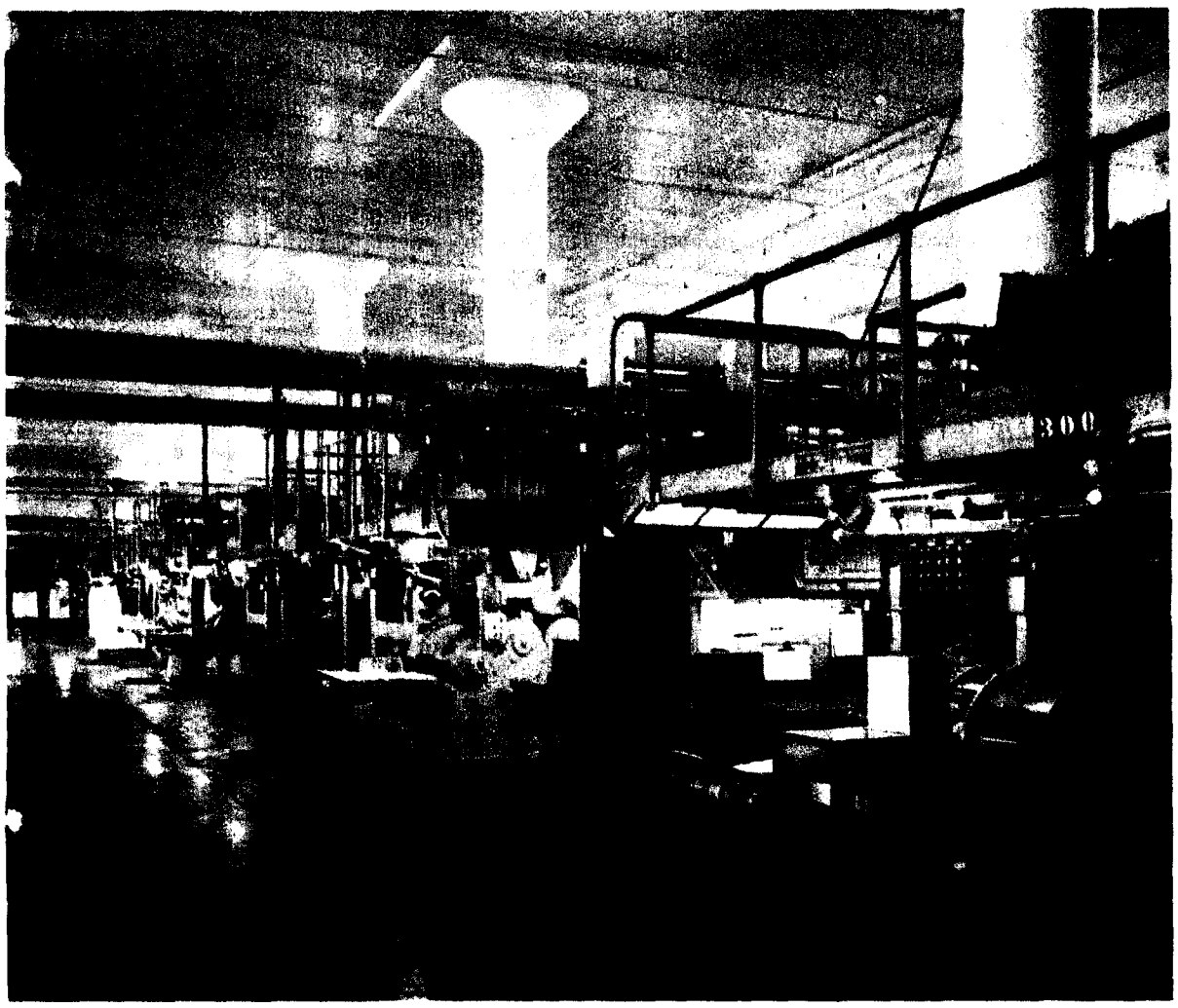
FIFTH AVENUE

Inside Collier's—from its brand-new Manhattan headquarters to its million-a-day Ohio presses



YOU, as a reader of Collier's, probably wonder occasionally how the magazine gets put together and into your hands each week. The opening of the new Crowell-Collier Building, our New York headquarters at Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, seems a fitting occasion to take you backstage. The full behind-the-scenes story cannot be told in capsule form, but here are a few high spots.

Contrary to some flamboyant claims, there is no mystery to magazine publishing. The basic facts are simple. As with any big enterprise, Collier's is essentially a matter of men and women applying special skills and hard work with an assist from high-speed production methods.

What is perhaps unusual about our business is the judicious combination of human talent and mechanical technique. Both creative work and mass production are needed to turn out a group of interesting and attractive magazines—Collier's, The American and the Woman's Home Companion—at the rate of 1,000,000 copies per working day, which is what The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company does.

All the creating isn't done just by writers, artists and editors—the people you are most likely to associate with a magazine. They form only a fraction of the 5,800 people employed by Crowell-Collier. Much of the creative job, and all of the problems of fast production and delivery, are handled by others you probably never think of: pressmen, etchers, typesetters, linotype operators, machinists, proofreaders, photographers, retouchers, shipping clerks, stenographers and so on—working at a hundred separate and distinct functions. They are craftsmen all, and without them no magazine could publish.

The biggest part of our operation takes place at our printing plant in Springfield, Ohio. A block-square building, it is on a site occupied by Crowell-Collier and its predecessor, The Crowell Publishing Company, for seventy years. Here manuscripts, illustrations and ads are converted to type and etched copper cylinders. Before the pages are ready for the presses, chemists, precision engineers, machinists, electroplaters and other specialists are called into play.

A few of our huge gravure presses are shown on this page. Each is 72 feet long, 18 feet wide. Each can turn blank paper into three- and four-color printed pages—all folded and ready for binding—at the rate of 720,000 pages an hour. Then the bindery and shipping departments take over.

Our magazines are sent out by rail and truck, or put into the mails at Springfield for subscribers and dealers in all parts of this country and Canada. They also go by rail to seaports, where they are shipped to our thousands of other readers all over the world. Each week over 1,000 tons of Collier's move out of Springfield. One week's issue would form a pile nearly five and a half miles high.

Staggering statistics of this sort translate themselves into the individual copy reaching you weekly—the live and entertaining product of not merely production ingenuity, but of human enterprise.

THE END

The high-speed rotogravure presses (top picture) can turn out 60,000 12-page signatures an hour. An electric eye corrects slightest deviation from pin-point printing accuracy without slowing output

Feed line moves through the bindery. Here, pages are assembled in proper sequence by mechanical fingers, then stapled and trimmed. Any defective copies are junked—and the issue is ready to ship

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER

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PAYOFF IN BERLIN

Concluding My 4-YEAR WAR *with the Reds*

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with COLLIE SMALL

In the Berlin blockade, one of the most inhuman acts in history, Russia set out to murder a city. . . . How we stopped the plot—the U.S. commandant's inside story

THE Kommandatura collapsed on the night of June 16, 1948, carrying the city of Berlin down with it. As it fell, the noble monument broke in two pieces. Russia picked up one and carried it over into the Soviet sector. The British, French and Americans took the other half home with them. There were two resurrections. And now Berlin was in all truth divided.

For those who think, it could have been otherwise, or, for that matter, for those who still believe it is possible to get along with the Russians on a basis of mutual trust and understanding, I set down here an illuminating excerpt from the official minutes of a Kommandatura meeting three weeks before the breakup.

It was a typical meeting illustrating the utter hopelessness of getting Russia to live up to her agreements. The antagonists in this case were General Herbert, the British commandant of Berlin, and General Kotikov, the Russian commandant. The exchange follows:

British: "Last time I said there was one question of major importance to which I wished an answer. (Herbert refers to Russian hindrance of parcel-post service in Berlin.) You can divide it into two, if you like. The first part can be answered quite simply by yes or no. *Does the Soviet delegation adhere to the various treaties providing for quadripartite government of Berlin?*"

Russian: "Would you please ask the second question? I will answer them at once."

British: "I have had a smoke screen thrown out before by asking too many questions at once and I would like to have an answer to this one now, thank you. If you cannot answer yes or no to this simple question it will be very significant."

Russian: "I would like to ask General Herbert not to worry about that and to ask his second question."

British: "I am asking for an answer to a simple question and I propose to go on asking for it until I get it, or until you refuse to give it. If you refuse to give it, we will know what the answer is."

Russian: "If General Herbert has not listened attentively to my first statement, that is not my fault. At the end of that statement there is a very direct reply to the question put by General Herbert."

British: "General Kotikov is still declining to reply to me. He refers to some statement. Perhaps he will give it. If it is more than a plain yes or no, I shall consider it to be an unsatisfactory answer."

Russian: "I just wanted to repeat the end of my first statement, but because of the ultimatum I have received I cannot do that now. General Herbert probably knows that the Soviet delegation does not

The air lift saved Berlin from starving behind the Russians' blockade. Night and day, for 10½ months, food was flown into the isolated city

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consider it possible to answer any ultimatums of this kind."

British: "There is no question of any ultimatum. I merely said that if his answer was not given in a certain form it would be an unsatisfactory answer. I asked General Kotikov to repeat the portion of his statement to which he has referred."

Russian: "That is quite another thing . . . I will willingly comply with it. At the end of my first statement I said, 'As to the question of the quadripartite management of the city of Berlin, the position of the Soviet delegation on this question is well known.' "

British: "It is exactly because the position of the Soviet delegation is *not* well known that I have asked my question. I am asking him what appears to me to be an extraordinarily easy question to answer, and if he were a witness in the witness box I would describe him as the most evasive witness I have ever heard."

Russian: "I don't know anything about the traditions in a British court . . . Let us discuss the question of parcels now."

British: "I do not wish to be treated like a small boy and told that I may have my sweet in due course when Father Kotikov is ready to give it to me. There is to my mind no object in discussing the matter of parcels when this major item is not settled, and I propose that the matter be withdrawn. I think we have heard quite enough from the Soviet for one day."

And so it went. The Russians were impossible to pin down, although they were great hands at "investigating" things and never reporting on them later. They continually belabored small points until they had us on the verge of apoplexy. Once, after three solid years of Kommandatura meetings, Kotikov suddenly objected to General Herbert's use of the term "Soviets."

"Apparently," Kotikov said, "General Herbert has read so many articles in Der Abend, Telegraf, and Social Demokrat (Western-licensed papers) that he is now introducing a new term, 'Soviets.' I would like to have this term explained."

"I would like to explain," Herbert retorted, "that I am using the same term I have used for 35 years. I do not understand what you are talking about and, strange to relate, as an Englishman I do not take my terminology from the German papers."

Kotikov insisted he was being mysteriously insulted. Herbert insisted he was not. Finally it was conveniently agreed that it was poor interpreting which was causing the misunderstanding. I still don't know what Kotikov had in mind.

Meeting Accomplishes Nothing

The Russians had been waiting all spring for the chance to torpedo the Kommandatura, preparatory to driving us out of Berlin, and they saw their chance on the night of June 16th. It was a typical meeting. We had endured 13 hours of debate and absolutely nothing had been accomplished. I was done in. The Russians, on the other hand, steadfastly refused to adjourn, although it was now 11:00 P.M. Finally I asked to be excused. Colonel Babcock, my deputy, took my place.

Eight minutes after I left, the Russians left. Feigning anger, they claimed I had walked out and had therefore broken up four-power control in Berlin. They played on that tired note for two days, until the Western Allies suddenly announced currency reform and caught them asleep at the switch. Quickly they changed alibis. Now the Kommandatura had collapsed because of our "illegal" currency reform. That sounded better.

Whatever the Russian excuse, the break had finally come, and I found myself dancing on an unexpectedly hot griddle.

After leaving the Kommandatura meeting I had gone directly to the Press Center to brief the correspondents on the meeting. As I was preparing to start the briefing, Colonel Babcock called and told me the Russians had followed me out. I went immediately to a telephone and called General Clay at home. Clay, who was in the throes of a delicate currency negotiation with the French, was hopping mad. He wanted to see me right away.

Before leaving for Clay's, I called General Hays, the deputy military governor, to tell him of the incident. Hays was more philosophic about it. "Don't worry," he said. "They've been building up to this. If it hadn't been this it would have been something else."

COLLIER'S PHOTO—BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

Back from Berlin, General and Mrs. Howley relax on his brother's Pennsylvania farm

I had no sooner hung up when General Brownjohn, the British deputy military governor, called Hays also. Brownjohn told Hays I had precipitated the break by walking out of the meeting, and the British press subsequently took the position that the breakup was my fault. The French, on the other hand, were on my side 100 per cent.

My own attitude was reflected in a notation I made in my diary: "The status of the Kommandatura is now the same as the status of the Allied Control Authority—no one knows whether it exists or not. When it suits the Russians they will say it does exist, and when it does not suit them they will say it does not exist.

"Personally I say it is good riddance of bad rubbish. I think it has been a disgrace for an American representative to sit for six months and listen to the abuse of the American people, the American Army and all our concepts of democracy."

Officially, General Clay thought otherwise. When I arrived at his house to report on the incident at the Kommandatura, he was steaming.

"You have done a terrible thing," he said.

I remained discreetly silent.

"And the worst of it is," he added, "you're not even sorry about it!"

"You're damn' right I'm not!" I snapped.

The next day we had another session. This time I sat in a chair while Clay paced up and down in front of me. I tried to explain that I had taken all I could stand from the Russians.

"Your job is to sit there and take it," Clay said.

"I thought my job was to keep them from stealing the city of Berlin," I retorted angrily.

Probably I should have been fired on the spot for insubordination. Fortunately, Clay understood my impatience.

Despite the fact that they must have known about our preparations for currency reform in western Germany, the Russians apparently were caught off guard by the announcement of June 18th. At the same time, however, they were frantically working on a new eastern-zone currency. Nevertheless, when we announced the western reform they immediately sang out that we were deliberately splitting Germany.

That was not the case at all, of course. We were in favor of a single currency for Germany, but not on Russian terms. The Russians stubbornly insisted that they should have the exclusive privilege of printing all German money in Leipzig, in the Soviet zone. Naturally we would never know how much they were printing. In 1945 they had printed tons of occupation money on plates which were duplicates of ours. The result was that the United States was backing phony Russian money in U.S. Treasury dollars, whereas not a single ruble was in back of the same money. We did not intend to get caught again.

In order to protect ourselves against the Russians' impending eastern reform we laid plans to extend the western Germany reform to Berlin. Secretly we flew 10 planeloads of the new western currency into the city. In all there were 250,000,000 crisp new Deutsche marks. Twelve German finance experts lived, ate and worked in a "cage" at York House in the British Sector, solving the problems of a western Berlin reform. They were allowed no outside contact. Their families were told they were going to Frankfurt on a military government job, and to strengthen the illusion we even drove them from their homes in the direction of Tempelhof Airdrome before doubling back to York House.

Five days later the Russians hurriedly stumbled in with their eastern currency—tattered old *Reichsmarks* with stamps stuck on them. The stamps were held on with a cheap potato glue and lasted usually through about two or three exchanges before dropping off. The Germans immediately dubbed them "wallpaper marks."

The next night we countered by announcing the extension of our currency reform to western Berlin. Now there were two currencies in the city. In fact, there were two of almost everything. The Soviet propaganda machine *(Continued on page 38)*

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FIFTY of the BLUE

By DAVE GRUBB

AUNT CYNTHIE whispered some of it to me once—how both men had come back from the War on the same autumn day: Jason Beam, proud and spotless in his Yankee blue and riding a fine, shimmering sorrel mare and Grandpap, nigh barefoot, in ragged, rebel, linsey jeans and a borrowed homespun coat. They had passed each other on Jefferson Avenue without speaking that day, thirty years before, and had not spoken or even nodded, except in the courtroom, ever since. Jason had learned his law in a fine school in the North and Grandpap had got his from a dog-eared Blackstone during his years on the river, under the yellow lantern in the pilothouse of the Beulah Curtis. Grandpap was always called "the Captain."

Jason Beam ran for county attorney that autumn of his return. The people had elected him and he held the office for more than a quarter of a century. Yet never once in all that time had he ever defeated Grandpap in a case. It got to be a joke with the people of Cresap's Landing. And, whenever Grandpap went to court, folks would flock from miles around to watch Jason Beam pit his school-learned skill against Grandpap's hard, shrewd mother wit.

When Jason Beam retired as county attorney and ran for judge that autumn, some people claimed he wanted to escape this humiliation and be able to sit safely by and watch some other poor boob cross foils with the Captain. At any rate, he was elected —and not a month later the sheriff arrested Dred Booher.

Grandpap and Willie Showacre were playing billiards in the game room that afternoon when Sam Kidd, the city jailer, came puffing up the tanbark walk.

"Where's the Cap'm, boy?" Sam said.

"In the game room," I said.

Sam went in the house and directly I could hear them talking.

"Sher'f Sigafoose arrested him not ten minutes ago in the billiard room down at the Brass House," Sam was saying. "Claimed he was runnin' a faro game and locked him up. Now he's down in the jailhouse hollerin' his head off fer you, Cap'm. Claims you and him was pardners on the Beulah Curtis durin' the War and he wants you fer his lawyer. Judge Beam got wind he was a reb somehow and a friend of yourn, and he's called a special session of court and is fixin' to try him right away."

"Is his name Booher?" Grandpap said.

"That's it, Cap'm," cried Sam. "Dred Booher! Little ol' white-headed feller with a jaw full of Maryland twist."

I heard Grandpap rack his cue and fetch his gold-headed cane from the umbrella stand. "Come on, Willie," he was saying when he came out the front door. "We'll have to see about this." . . .

Word had got around fast that Grandpap was going to defend the gambler. And when we arrived at the courthouse, the people of Cresap's Landing were already standing around outside.

Dred Booher was a little round man with a stained white mustache and trickles of brown juice in the creases of his leathery cheeks. He was sitting on a cot with his head in his hands, staring at the floor of his cell when Sam Kidd let us in.

" 'Deed to God, Cap'm," he said, hopping to his feet and grabbing Grandpap's hand, "I don't recollect when ever I was so glad to see a mortal man!"

"Dred," said Grandpap, "what have you been up to now?"

"Aw shucks, Cap'm," growled the old man sheepishly. "It warn't nothin' but a friendly little game of faro between gentlemen. I come in on the mornin' packet about two hour ago and was figurin' to come up and pay you a call as soon's I could git me enough coppers together fer a shave—"

"You needn't explain any more," said Grandpap, taking a long stogie out of his silver case and gingerly clipping it.

"Then—then you mean you'll take my case, Cap'm?" Dred Booher said.

"Dred," said Grandpap softly, scratching a kitchen match on the stone wall, "we stood together on the texas of the Beulah the night the ironclads hit us, didn't we?"

" 'Y damn if we didn't now, Cap'm!" said Dred, cracking his fist in his horny palm. "Lord, sometimes of a night I can hear it yet—them dern minnies thwackin' through the paddle box. 'Y damn, Cap'm, if we hadn't skeedaddled for the Red River that night, I reckon we'd all gone up."

STOREKEEPERS, corner loafers and big farmers from down-river in the bottom lands had got wind that the Captain was tangling horns with Jason Beam that afternoon and they'd piled up on the worn benches of the little courtroom like sinners at a tent meeting.

Grandpap's mouth went white under his mustache when Judge Beam stalked into the room, lordly and swollen with petty dignity, straightening his black string tie and fussing grumpily with the lawbooks scattered across the long table.

"Bailiff!" he growled, never once glancing at Grandpap. "State the defendant's name."

"Dred Booher, Yer Honor," squeaked the bailiff.

"What are the charges?"

"Defendant was arrested for runnin' a faro game in the billiard room of the Brass House," said the bailiff. "The rest of the fellers that was playin' all got away."

"Does the defendant have counsel for his defense?" Judge Beam asked.

Grandpap stepped forward. "I am representing the defendant," he said quietly.

Dust motes spun in the shafts of sun that poured from the tall, quartered window. There was no sound now in the little room except for the damp rustle of tobacco pokes and the uneasy shifting of farmers searching for space to spit.

"How does your client plead?" Judge Beam asked, leaning back in his big chair.

"My client pleads innocent," said Grandpap.

"Bailiff," said Judge Beam, "produce the evidence in this case against Dred Booher."

The bailiff dumped a pile of poker chips onto the table and slapped down a greasy deck of cards.

"These hyere was found right smack dab on the billiard table where they was a-playin', Yer Honor."

The people of the county all looked at Grandpap. Everybody wondered how he was ever going to get out of this one. Grandpap was slumped down a little more in his chair, drawing on his stogie.

"Our contention here," he said at last, "is that the evidence introduced is insufficient to prove that the defendant was actually gambling. Gambling, I believe, is a procedure by which money is exchanged illegally by means of a game of chance. And there is no actual money here among this evidence."

For a minute the judge's round face looked as if it could scarcely contain the triumph that swelled behind it. Thirty years before he had ridden home from the War on a proud sorrel mare and met Grandpap limping up the dusty road in defeat. But that had been a long time ago. And Jason Beam had never beaten Grandpap at anything since.

"The court rules," he boomed triumphantly, "that these chips *are* money as much as if they were silver dollars bearing the glorious eagle of the Union!"

Grandpap's great white head sank a little lower and he was silent a long while.

"In that case," he said softly, "my client has no alternative but to plead guilty to the charges."

"Judas priest!" somebody whispered hoarsely among the mob. "Beam's got him at last!"

The judge reared back in his chair, looking as if he had just won Second Bull Run singlehanded.

"Fifty dollars fine," he growled. "Or thirty days in the jailhouse."

For a while nobody moved. The people of Marshall County that loved Grandpap sat gawking and stunned. I turned and ducked out through the courthouse doors, out into the golden sunlight that swirled and swam through my tears. I sat down on the dusty curb by the brass cannon.

ALL of a sudden people came mobbing out into the yard, hollering and shouting. Willie Showacre ran over to me, gasping with laughter. He collapsed on the grass beside me. I stood up and clenched my fists.

"How can you laugh?" I said. "You his best friend! Ain't it bad enough him bein' whipped by his worst enemy without his best friend laughin' about it?"

"Whipped!" said Willie, rolling around in the grass in a fresh spasm of laughter. "*Whipped!* Why, Lordamighty, boy, this here's the best one yet. They're laughin' at Jason Beam clean down the river to Padon City. The Cap'm just got through payin' Dred Booher's fine. He scooped up every one of them dern poker chips the judge said was money and paid the damn' fool right then and there. With fifty of the blue!" THE END

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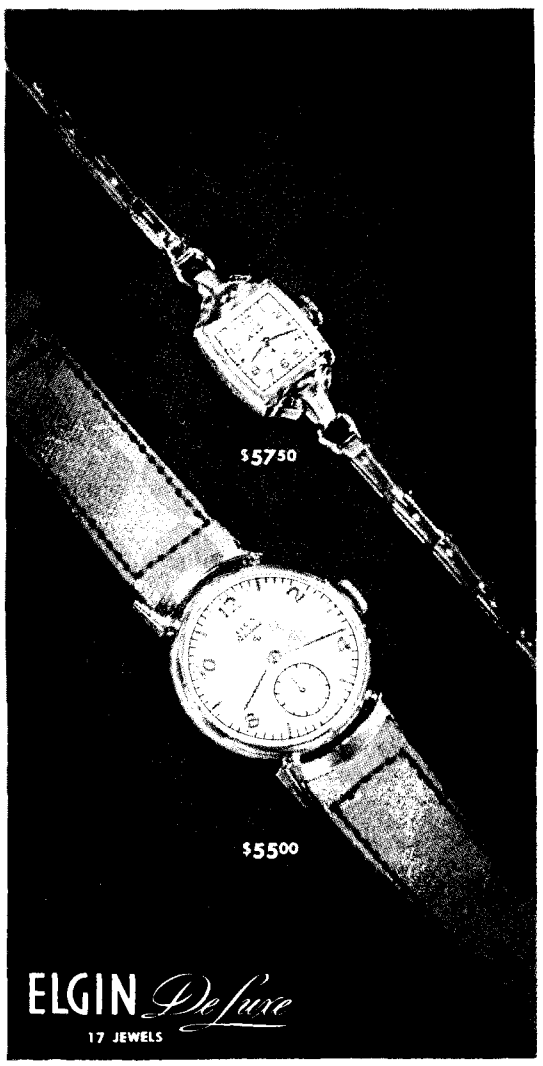

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Shooting Party

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

was really too big and dangerous for deer. In his left hand he carried Peterson's expensive, beautifully balanced but too-small-caliber Hornet, which shot a small bullet at high velocity. Both guns were cold in his hands.

Halfway down the valley was a heavy clump of scrub oak. Montoya was the first to see the buck forcing his way through it. He did not really see the deer, but saw the frost spewing off the low branches in a trailing geyser of white particles. Then he made out the antlers projecting above the scrub oak, marking the buck's passage. Montoya did not say anything about it.

He plotted the buck's course and figured that if nothing happened to frighten the animal it would come out onto the meadow about fifty yards ahead of them and a little to their left, on Peterson's side. He did not care whether they scared the buck off with their careless walking—Davis had been nasty at breakfast about the coffee—but at the same time he knew someone might have to take the shot and he hoped that if it had to be anyone it would be Peterson. Peterson had taken his part over the coffee and Montoya, still watching the deer, wondered if Peterson knew that Davis needed a dupe and that he, Peterson, the worst hunter, was dangerously near being that. Well, even Peterson shouldn't miss at this range.

WHEN the buck came out he was just about where Montoya had anticipated he would be. He came out almost playfully, with an arching leap, and then his head came up and he stood stock-still. Montoya had timed it just right. By the time Peterson raised the Hornet, which Montoya had thrust into his hands, the deer had just started to wheel away, leaning back onto his haunches like a horse turning sharply.

The sudden sharp explosion of the gun, pitched higher than that of a large rifle, echoed in the valley. Schultz and Davis leaped back excitedly for their guns, scrambling in the snow.

Schultz said, "It's Peterson's!"

They stopped, almost together. Montoya saw the deer stumble, going down onto its front knees.

"You hit him!" Schultz said. His bald head and his ears were red with cold.

Davis yelled, "Get him again!" and then he said, accusingly, "You got him in the belly."

The buck came up off his knees, weaving, lowering his antlered head and began to stumble off.

Peterson, rattled by the yelling and excited at seeing his game get away, began firing the Hornet rapidly and wildly. The echoes were a continuous high-pitched explosion and the bullets whined and ricocheted, kicking up snow all around the deer.

"Damn, oh, damn, the rifle's jammed!" Peterson said. He was so excited the words were almost unintelligible. He was jerking at the mechanism.

Montoya could hear the other two men yelling at him to give them a gun, but there wasn't time for that. The buck was almost in the cedar. He might not leave a blood trail.

Montoya swung Schultz's big Magnum to his shoulder. He got a good bead, without leading very much, knowing the gun shot almost without drop. He pulled the trigger and the big rifle went off like a cannon and rocked hard back into his shoulder, so hard that his head felt like it did when his nose bled.

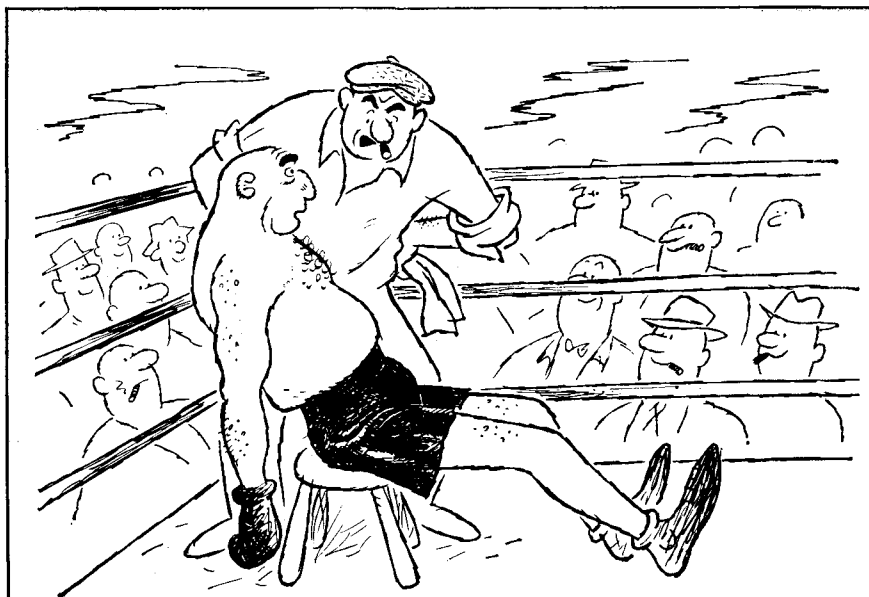
The slug, hitting with enough shock to stop an elephant, got the buck in the head and seemed to lift the whole body and spin it broadside to them. A split second after Montoya's shot the Hornet, which Peterson had apparently unjammed, whinged again, and the deer dropped. When they ran up to it, the buck was dead.

"You ruined the head," Peterson said to Montoya as soon as he saw what the soft-nosed Magnum had done. "Damn you, you ruined the head!"

"You had no business shooting," Davis told the cook. He had a nervous habit of taking off the red cap and twirling it on a finger when he was excited.

Montoya was surprised. He thought they should have been glad they had the buck, that they didn't have to trail it. He had not shot for fun, but because the deer was getting away.

"I am sorry," Montoya said to Peterson. He talked with a strong accent in a soft fluid tone, but he had a good vocabulary. "I did not know that you had fixed your gun." He pointed to a small, almost bloodless hole over the buck's ribs.



"Watch your step, be extremely cautious, protect yourself at all times, stay away from those murderous lefts—also those rights—and stop thinking of yourself as the underdog!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

"Your last shot would have killed him anyway. I am truly sorry about the head."

"By golly, I did get him," Peterson said. He was still trembling a little. He examined the hole closely.

"That's all right, boy," Schultz said to Montoya. "Peterson gut-shot him first and he probably would have got away. Can't leave a wounded animal, you know."

"He was turning away from me at first. I couldn't see his head," Peterson said.

"That's the trouble with that damned Hornet," Schultz said. "You gotta hit in a vital spot. A Hornet's got no shock. You gotta be a dead shot to use a gun like that. Now you take a—"

Peterson stood up. His face was white and when he spoke it was with real anger. "I got him right in the heart the second shot," he said. "You and your damn' Magnum! It was your Magnum ruined the head. If ever I saw a damn' silly cannon—"

"Montoya shouldn'ta shot so close is all," Schultz said. "That gun's for sport shooting, away off."

Davis said, "Yeah, Montoya shouldn'ta shot so close." He turned to Montoya and pushed his heavy hard-set face close to Montoya's Indian features. "Let's get this straight, Pocahuntus. You were hired to cook, see. We do the hunting. D'ya get that straight?"

For only a fraction of a second something primitive and unrestrained exploded across Montoya's face and in his proud dark eyes, and then it clicked off like a light and he said, "Yes, sir," in a soft voice that was almost a murmur.

"Aw, leave him alone," Peterson said. "I might not have got my shot in time. He did all right. It wasn't *his* fault about the head." To Montoya he said, "I'm sorry I blew up. I was excited, I guess."

"You sure were," Davis said pointedly and turned his back and walked to the carcass, where he began looking for the hole from the first bullet.

"Well, we got meat anyway," Schultz said. "We might as well go on. Dead Eye Dick here can skin it out." He pointed to Montoya, who had moved away from them and was squatting on his haunches, absently drawing a design in the snow with a finger. Montoya looked up critically at the mottled gray cloud mass overhead.

"Don't rib him too much," Peterson said quietly to Schultz. "The quiet ones blow up sometimes."

"Oh, hell!" Schultz said. "Well, let's get going, fellows. We haven't got all day. Now, I'll take the ridge up there, and Davis, why don't you and Peterson go along south? We can meet at the point. Maybe Peterson ought to go along the foot of the hill there where it isn't so steep—"

Peterson said sulkily, "I don't think I'll go up the mountains today. I sorta figured I'd go out on the prairie and see if I can find any antelope. That's what I brought the Hornet for, anyway."

"For God's sake!" Davis said. Then, very deliberately: "That's okay with me." He had found the first hole in the deer's flank. "That's pretty well covered with oak and maybe it's safer with only one of us in there shooting."

Peterson's eyes glittered and the corners of his mouth turned down. He said, "That's the way I want it."

Schultz and Davis took their guns and walked away. Nobody said anything.

Peterson hesitated a minute, then he beckoned to Montoya. He said, "Skin it out however you think best, huh? Look, I'm really sorry about all"—he waved his hands in a floppy movement—"about everything."

Montoya looked at Peterson with dark dog-eyes and then he seemed to decide something. "Thank you," he said. "Señor Peterson I—uh, I—"

"Perfectly all right. Davis is pretty rough sometimes, but I'm not one to—"

"I didn't mean about that," Montoya said, "It's that—well, it is not my place, perhaps, to advise these things. Please pardon me. It is going to snow."

"Well?"

"On the badlands, when it snows, there is always a blizzard. Do not misunderstand me. This will probably not be a long fall of snow and here in this protection it will seem nothing, but on the badlands—perhaps you would be wise not to go there now."

Peterson looked at the sky. "Nonsense," he said.

Montoya's voice was very gentle. "Many men have become lost in badlands. Some have never made a way out."

Peterson's face was still tight with anger and now the cords beside his mouth stood away. Some of the friendliness went out of his eyes. "I can take care of myself," he said. "You better dress the deer." He turned and left, moving rapidly with his flapping walk.

Montoya shrugged his big shoulders and set about his business with the buck.

BY THE time Montoya had finished and got everything back to camp on a pack mare and started a fire, the clouds were spinning slowly in over the top of the valley. Davis came back before it began to snow.

"Put my gun away," he told Montoya and went in to warm himself by the tin camp stove.

After he put the rifle carefully into its case, Montoya went outside again and watched the first big wet flakes of snow drift down. He was cutting wood when Schultz returned, wiping his wet bald head with a big red handkerchief.

When Montoya brought in the wood the three of them sat near the fire without saying much, until Davis, who was twirling his red hat on his finger again, said, "How long will this last, do you suppose?"

"I don't know. Why don't you ask Montoya? His ancestors are probably in touch with the storm gods."

"Why don't *you* ask him?"

"Okay. How long's it going to snow, Chief?"

Montoya said, "I do not think for long. Perhaps two or three hours. But at this time of year, *quién sabe,* who knows?"

"About as reliable as the Weather Bureau," Schultz said.

Montoya looked at them. Often he did not know when they were joking. The words were said in a bantering way but their faces were humorless.

They sat in silence for a while. Finally Montoya said in quiet, polite tones, "Do you want me to ride out after Señor Peterson?"

"Oh, hell, he's all right!" Schultz said.

"On the badlands it is making a blizzard," Montoya said. "That is the way it always is here. A few miles and it is a blizzard."

"It doesn't look bad to me," Schultz said.

"I know. I was born in this country. It is easy to get lost—for anyone."

"But look," Schultz said. "It's snowing like hell and you couldn't track. If he doesn't show up later, we'll all ride out. No sense getting panicky."

"Sure, you'd probably miss him on his way here. Maybe he'll show up in a minute. Personally, I don't want to ride around in this stuff like a damned fool," Davis said.

Montoya stood up. He said, "I will get the horses and bring them here and stake them near camp. Then I will go out where Señor Peterson went and when it quits snowing I will be there and will cut track. It is getting late and when

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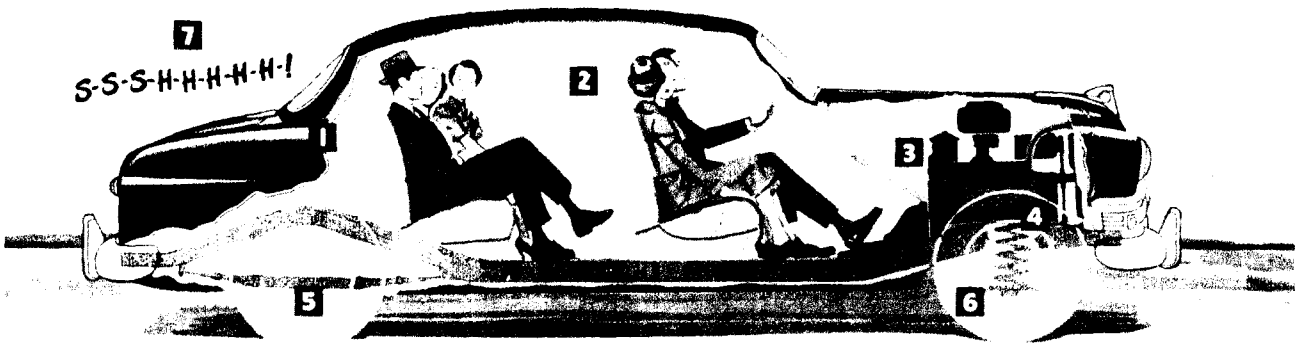

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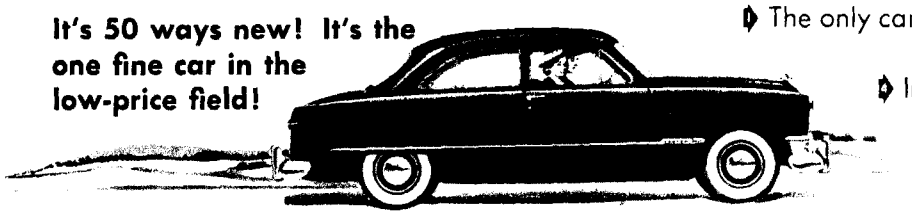

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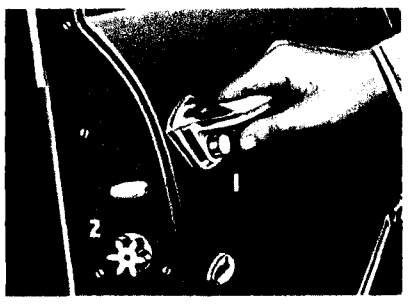

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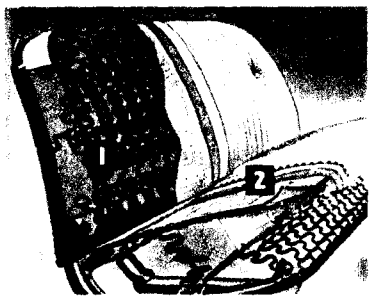

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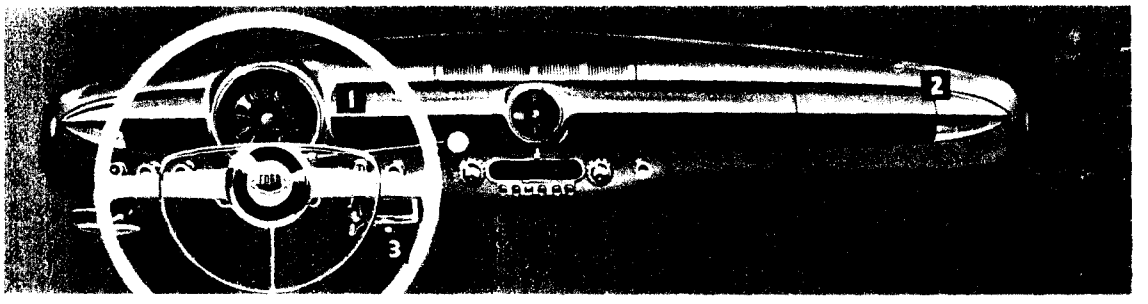

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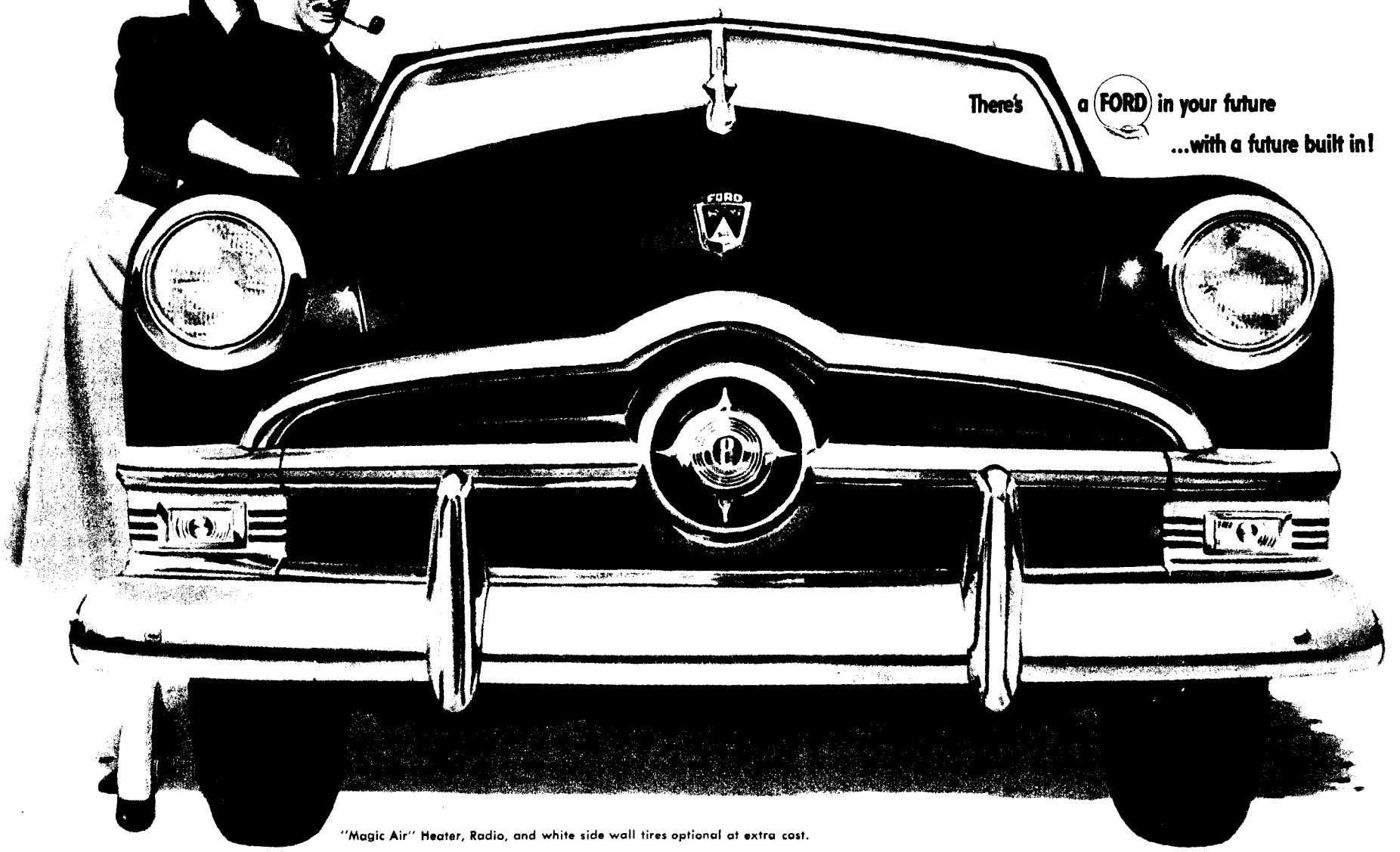

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the snow quits it will be very, very cold. If he does not return you may ride too, if you wish."

Before they could protest—if they had wanted to—Montoya slipped outside and was gone. All about him was silence and a great dome of white. . . .

The snow had stopped, but a little wind still sent powdery spumes of snow over the razor-edged ridges Montoya could see back on the flats. Riding a good mare, he was going up the hills toward the rimrock which circled toward the mountains behind the camp. He was not following the trail he had picked up, but was cutting a hypotenuse to a point where he thought he would be able to pick up Peterson's trail again.

A saddle rose ahead, not high in itself, but high above the floor of a deep cut and therefore seeming to have a height independently its own. To Montoya, who loved this country, the elevation and the feeling he got from seeing it was more than just physical.

In the center of the pass was a great boulder. A coyote peered around the rock into the late frozen afternoon, very gray and vague against the grayness of snow. He cocked his pointed ears forward and shot out a hungry splash of red tongue, then turned and trotted away from the rock, up the pass, side-stepping as he looked back, heavy-pawed, leaving his dog track plain in the snow. Montoya reached automatically toward the scabbard and then was surprised to find a gun there. He had withdrawn the weapon halfway when the coyote disappeared over the ledge, not running, but trotting carefully and still looking back. Montoya let the rifle slide back into its leather case, aware that it was the Magnum. Schultz must have stuck it in the nearest scabbard when he came in before the storm.

For a moment Montoya was angry, very angry, allowing himself there alone in the wilderness the luxury of anger he had kept controlled for so long; he was angry that a gun too expensive for a poor man to own would be put casually in a scabbard to rust outside in the snow, angry that he was what he was and that he had to take what he took and that it had been that way for a long, long time; and mostly he was angry that men would come into this beautiful wild earth all about him and that all they could do was to quarrel over nothing and kill things for as little reason as they quarreled.

MONTOYA spurred the mare viciously and she jumped forward. Then he thought better of tiring his horse, and of the foolishness of anyone going anywhere dangerously among hidden rocks. He reined the mare in and patted her warm neck and then let her pick her own way.

In the center of the pass there was no wind whatsoever, and no sound at all save the undersnow scraping of the mare's ironshod hoofs, and no shadow in the sunless place. Here Montoya, thinking how his anger or his sadness could alter nothing, consciously abandoned himself to his own Indian thrill at loneliness and to the enormous excitement of all his senses that accompanied and was a part of this kind of happiness. His eyes were flickering fast, trying to see the whole landscape at once.

The pass started downhill, but Montoya cut to the right, trying to maintain his advantage of height by going along the peak of the mountain. Ahead he saw the snow disturbed by some sort of track and his heart beat faster in anticipation. When he got there the track was the coyote's. The coyote was circling. Perhaps the animal, too, was skirting Peterson. Montoya felt the familiar tense hunting-excitement.

He followed the mountain, figuring where the center of the coyote's circle would be if he, too, were making an arc. The mountain had become cylindrical, with a steep pitch into another gorge on this side, and its treacherous surface was crumbly with fine-ground rock which slipped away underfoot and stained the snow. Montoya soon again saw a track a man might make, shadowed against the snow ahead, and he was excited that he might have solved the problem.

Then he saw the coyote trot out onto a flat rock far ahead and squat on its haunches, a small spot of gray against the gold-threaded sweep of clouds. Montoya removed the Magnum quietly and slipped the safety and worked the lever as slowly and as carefully as he could, but even so the metallic clicks seemed unnaturally loud in the canyon. The coyote did not move and Montoya exhaled slowly, unaware that he had not been breathing while he cocked the gun. He felt very good that he could try a shot requiring so much skill, and that he might kill a marauder—a disturber of quiet flocks—who deserved killing.

He got off the mare and stepped to one side of her, sliding in the shale a little, but bracing his feet until he stood anchored. He put the rifle to his shoulder, sighting high on the distant target, and the valleys echoed the shot as though it had come from far away.

He could not see the coyote for a moment to pump in a second shot because his eyes watered a little from squinting, then he saw it spin for a moment on the edge of the flat rock and then fall over it, hit another rock on the way down, bouncing, then drop onto a big drift and lie there. He did not bother going by the coyote on his way to the rim.

When he got to the tracks that he had seen ahead in the sunlight they were, as he had anticipated, Peterson's. The man was as lost as the damned. Montoya grinned. His track had been faintly discernible in the snow on the other side of the coning mountain, and Montoya had circled the mountain, high and in a small arc. Peterson had circled too, but stumbling through the canyons and having to climb back to the ridge. The ridge came out over the camp, and Peterson would probably have seen it and now soon they could have a good joke over how lost he had been. It was very fine luck that he had not taken the canyons off in the opposite direction, with night-warnings in the sunset sky.

When he got to the rim Montoya stopped. This thin edge of the earth suddenly dropped away into the panorama of foothill and mesa and flatland, the ridges and peaked hills he had circled in order to come here behind the camp. It seemed deep and dim below in the twilight, but he could see their small valley, the tents, and the horses near them. He dismounted and picked his way down rapidly but carefully. He sang an old Indian hunting song in *te's* and *ta's*, not minding the cold against his teeth. . . .

When he reached the tents it was almost dark. The cook tent glowed with a warm red from the stove. Montoya dropped the mare's reins and went in.

"Well, it's about time. We thought you were lost," Schultz said.

Peterson was sitting on a campstool close to the stove. He was frying something in a skillet, and he seemed to devote all his attention to the cooking.

"I am glad you came back all right," Montoya said to Peterson.

Peterson showed his embarrassment, but still he did not say anything.

"We told you you were foolish. Peterson wasn't lost at all," Davis said. He turned to Peterson and said, "Were you, Pete?" His voice was faintly mocking.

Peterson looked up at Montoya. "I'm sorry you got worried," he said, "I—I—" he paused a moment, as though he might tell the truth, looking as if, Montoya thought, he were the storekeeper in the village weighing an expensive commodity. Then he said, "I followed some track. Antelope. I never was very far from camp. I never got lost at all."

SUDDENLY Montoya wanted to tell them how it had been, that Peterson could have taken the wrong turn, that better men than any of them had died of cold in the badlands, and that this whole farce of egotism was the talk of small, insecure men. For a moment he considered the possibilities, the things he might say, and their consequences. Damn it that the world is made so that everyone needs somebody to kick, he thought.

"Mr. Peterson knew better what he was doing than I did," Montoya said. "I guess I was the only one lost."

Schultz and Davis laughed.

"A fine Indian you turned out to be," Schultz said.

"You better stick to your cooking," Davis said, but without ill humor. Then he added, more sharply, an employer speaking to an employee, "Put the horse away and then hurry back. None of us knows how to make bread."

"All right," Montoya said, and left.

He swung onto the mare and raked her with his spurs and she leaped under him. He jerked at the bit as the mare lunged forward and she spun sharply. Then he spurred her again and she fled across the snow. Away from the tent Montoya slowed her and circled back.

The horse shied. In the twilight a great timber wolf stood on a knoll not over thirty yards away and slightly to the left. Montoya pulled the reins and the mare stopped. The wolf ran in front of them, its starved body hunching swiftly through the snow. Montoya had jerked the big rifle out and now he raised it and caught the movement of the wolf, pulling the trigger at precisely the right moment and then seeing the puff of furry blood where he had known the bullet was going, high on the hindquarters of the wolf. The animal instantly fell into a spray-plowing stumble, and then stood still on its front legs with its back legs flat on the snow behind it.

Montoya swung to the ground and walked to within ten feet of the wolf. It was trying to crawl away. As the man came closer, however, it suddenly turned and flung itself through the air at Montoya with one last savage summoning of energy, its sharp fangs bright in the twilight and bright too in its very red mouth. The wolf landed at Montoya's feet and fell forward on its sharp face into the snow. The wolf looked up into eyes as fierce as its own, with hot depths of nothing in them. The rifle roared and blazed from the man's hip and the heavy soft-nosed slug exploded the animal's head into a furry pulp. Then the gun roared again and again and the slugs whipped up the snow and the flesh, and the warm blood began to melt down the snow.

Montoya went back to camp and unsaddled the horse, and when they asked him what had happened he said he had killed a wolf, and when they told him to get on with the bread he said yes, sir, the sir as polite and domestic as one could wish. THE END

Dilemma in the Cinema

At pictures I am now perplexed.
Was that the villain's pistol crack
That pierced the dark, or was it just
A well-inflated popcorn sack?

—BETTY ISLER

SISTER

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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IF YOU'RE "HONING" FOR THE KIND OF DRINK
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Payoff in Berlin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

unlimbered in both Moscow and Berlin and let fly with everything it had. The general theme was that the Western Powers had forfeited their right to remain in Berlin.

Then it happened. The Russians slapped on the blockade. It was one of the most inhuman acts in history. They would murder an entire city for political advantage.

The week end of June 23d was a whirling, dizzy period. Sokolovsky made more pronouncements, and Communist mobs tried to incite riots at the harassed city assembly. In an effort to frighten Berliners into stampeding, the Russians rattled their sabers. They spread rumors that evil Mongolian troops were maneuvering back in the Soviet sector. Other Russian troops paraded ostentatiously near the sector borders where west Berlin could see them.

Sokolovsky said we had only two weeks of food and that food brought in from the Russian zone would be distributed only in the Russian sector. Soviet-licensed newspapers carried a story that when the Russians took over Berlin they would hold American families for "further disposition." Nothing was allowed to move on the surface across the Elbe, east or west. Power was cut off from west Berlin. Berlin was suddenly a remote island, 100 miles inside Russian territory.

The Russians didn't know it, nor did the rest of the world, but we were lying in wait for them with "Operation Counterpunch." On the 25th of March, three months before the blockade actually hit us, my various experts and I had drawn up a plan anticipating just such an emergency. We didn't know precisely the form the emergency would take, but we labeled the plan "Basic Assumption." Among other things it provided for a temporary administration in the western sectors, the building up of food and coal stocks, and the emergency use of what little power we had in west Berlin.

When I showed my Basic Assumption plan in great secrecy to the British and French at a meeting in my home, the reactions were white on one side and black on the other. General Ganeval, the French commandant, looked at it and said, "I can't believe the Russians would do such a cruel thing, but it is a possibility and I am glad to know the first steps have been taken."

General Herbert, the British commandant, was gloom personified. "They won't do it," he said. "If they do, we can never hold out." Lugubriously he predicted that the Russians would drive us out of Berlin by October 1st.

Herbert was not convinced we could stay in Berlin even when I showed him that we had sufficient emergency stocks of food, coal and medicine to hold out until we could get a permanent supply system working. We actually had a 34-day supply of food, including 200 tons of condensed milk and 50 tons of whole milk. Without those providential stores, incidentally, some 6,000 German babies would have died in the first days of the blockade.

The air lift began on June 26th. There is little that can be added here by way of tribute to the magnificent performance of our airmen. They flew in the darkness as well as in the sun, in storms as well as in good weather, and some of them died. But they were heroes, every one, and they saved Berlin.

The first I knew of an air-lift plan was on June 25th when General Clay called me and said, "Frank, I'm ordering some planes in. There won't be many, but they will be planes. How fast can you get ready to accept their cargoes and what do you want brought in first?"

I will confess now that I was dubious about the air lift. I couldn't quite comprehend how airplanes could supply 920,000 families. Nevertheless I said, "We'll accept the cargoes as fast as they come in, and we'll have flour, please." I chose flour simply because it is a famine food with high food value.

The first planes that came in were old "gooney-bird" C-47s, many of them still in their wartime camouflage paint. They wobbled in through the broken buildings which ring Tempelhof and brought us our first 200 tons. As time went on, the sky over Berlin filled with more and more C-47s, then the bigger C-54s and British airplanes, until finally the air was full of the drone of their engines around the clock. When we got through November and December, two tough flying months, we knew the air lift had succeeded.

Thus, the perfect crime the Russians had planned to commit in Berlin turned out to be like all "perfect" crimes. Although they had succeeded in cutting us off completely by land, the blockade had a flaw: the Kremlin had not counted on an air lift. We, on the other hand, had already drawn up plans for extending the air lift to 1950 and beyond, if necessary.

Nonetheless the Russians were stubborn. Air lift or not, they were still determined to drive us out of Berlin.

It was a painful time. During the winter, tubercular children in the hospitals had insufficient blankets. Homes were cold and dark most of the time. We were able to issue only 100 pounds of coal to each family. With electricity available on a rotation basis for only two periods a day of two hours each, housewives frequently had to get up at 3 A.M. to do the day's cooking. Berlin suffered. But it suffered well. For the first time I found myself admiring the Germans.

There was never any guarantee that the Russians would not, in their frustration, turn to force. I was particularly fearful for Edith, my wife, and our four children. Yet it was necessary that they stick it out, if for no other reason than to serve as a symbol of American determination not to be driven from Berlin. The Germans especially would have been unnerved if top-ranking American families had suddenly started to pull out. As it was, the Russians announced periodically that Edith had become panic-stricken and was leaving, but she never budged, although there were times when both of us fervently wished she could get out of Berlin.

Edith herself put it in the proper cold light when she said one day, a little fearfully, "If anything happens, Frank, the Russians will throw me to the regiment."

"I know it," I said, soberly.

We weren't being melodramatic. I was sleeping with a pistol under my pillow in those days, and that wasn't melodrama, either.

In point of fact the Russians had already resorted to violence in an attempt to panic the Germans. Finding no other way to accomplish it, they had split the city government by simple terror tactics.

The Berlin city assembly met for the last time at noon on September 6th at the city hall, in the Soviet sector. Having already felt the sting of Russian clubs at a previous hectic meeting, where paid thugs attacked them, the assemblymen wanted protection. Accordingly, the acting *Oberbürgermeister*, Dr. Friedensburg, sent 46 western Berlin police to the city hall in civilian clothes.

When the assemblymen gathered and were preparing to start their session, an organized Russian goon squad of approximately 1,000 men appeared and hammered down the doors. The mob swarmed through the building, shouting and cursing, and the assemblymen were driven out. Meanwhile, the Russian Markgraf police appeared on the scene and began combing the city hall for the western police, who had sought refuge from the mob in the British, French and American liaison offices.

It was a bad show, to say the least. In one instance, 20 terrified west Berlin policemen were handcuffed and dragged sobbing and screaming out of the American liaison office while an American lieutenant stood helplessly aside in the face of a squad of Russian soldiers brandishing tommy guns. The remaining 26 stayed overnight in the British and French offices while Russian soldiers and police surrounded the building.

Twenty-four hours later they were still trapped in the building. Finally, on the night of September 7th, General Koenig, the French military governor, received a promise from Sokolovsky that the police would be permitted to return to the western sectors. The French commandant, General Ganeval, contacted General Kotikov and told him of Sokolovsky's decision. Kotikov promised to release the police immediately.

When Ganeval sent two French trucks to pick them up, however, Russian troops refused to release them. Ganeval called Kotikov again, finally reaching him at 4 A.M. after repeated delays. This time Kotikov gave his solemn word that the police would be released at once.

With Kotikov's personal guarantee backed by Sokolovsky's promise, the police came out of the building. As they filed out, the Russians arrested them at gun point and took them off to prison. So much for Russian promises.

Three of the police subsequently received long prison terms from the Russians while the others were eventually returned.

Berliners did not take the happenings calmly. If the Russians thought the blockade was breaking their spirit, they were in for a sad awakening. On September 9th, for example, nearly 300,000 west Berliners assembled in front of the old Reichstag building to protest the Russian actions. The speeches were inflammatory and the crowd, passive enough at the beginning, began to stir uneasily. Suddenly, several youths were seen scaling the Brandenburg Gate, at the entrance to the Russian sector, bent on reaching a red Communist flag fluttering at the top.

Red Flag Is Torn Down

Once at the top, they tore down the flag and scrambled to earth with it. At the same time, seven Russian guards at a Soviet war memorial near by ran over. They picked up the flag, which the crowd was trying to burn, and fired into the mass of people. A great, frightening roar went up from the crowd. With remarkable presence of mind and incredible coolness, a British provost marshal walked calmly over to the Russians and with his swagger stick pushed them away from the threatening Germans. A jeep-load of Russian troops appeared and was stoned. There were other incidents. In all, one person was reported killed and perhaps a dozen seriously injured. Then, as suddenly as it started, it was all over. The Berliners had made their point.

Even through the most difficult days of the blockade I continued to see Kotikov frequently, mostly because I usually had something he wanted. The Russians were holding the big cards much of the time, but I had a few small trumps in my hand. To my unbounded delight I had even discovered that the gas for Marshal Sokolovsky's house was controlled from a plant in the American sector, and I promptly turned it off. Sokolovsky had to move. While he was moving, we captured a truckload of his furniture.

Other little things cropped up continually. One morning the Soviet chief of staff paid me a visit, ostensibly to congratulate me on my promotion to brigadier general. General Kotikov's ulcers were bothering him, he said, but Kotikov wanted to congratulate me, too.

"Thank you," I said. "But what do you really want?"

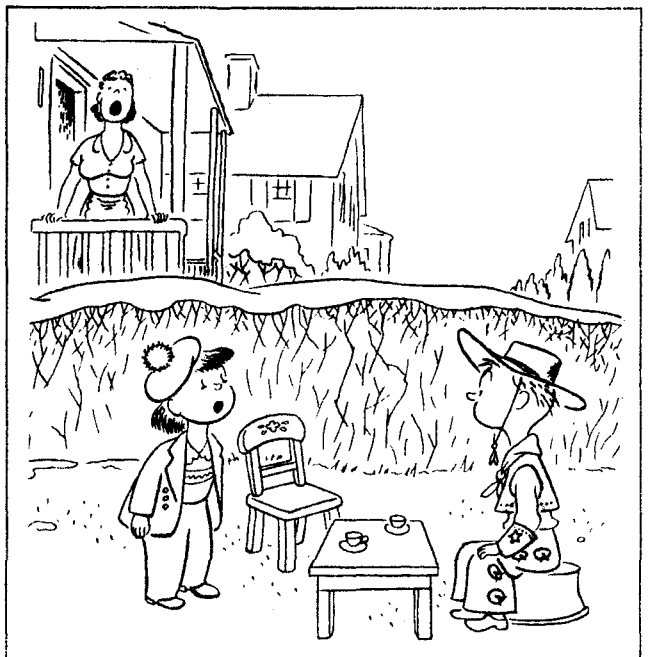
"Well," the Russian chief of staff said, "we are building a large war memorial in Pankow and much of the material for it is tied up in the American sector. You have 110 tons of bronze wreaths and statues and things we need and we wondered if you would permit the factory to deliver them to us. We gave the factory the material originally so it really belongs to us."

It must have been one of my bad mornings, because I finally said, "You tell General Kotikov that I will release the material. However, I want you to understand that I do this simply out of my respect for the Russian soldiers who fought as our allies during the war. As for the rest of you, it is my personal guess that unless you put a stop to your current policies you are going to need a lot more war memorials."

The Russian winced, saluted, and said, "I will report to General Kotikov."

In due time I released the material.

Like most Russians, Kotikov was convinced the blockade would work. In Kotikov's mind we were a wart on the finger of Berlin which would be squeezed



"I may as well tell you I'm leaving you, John. I'm going home to Mother"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

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off as soon as the Russians pulled the string around it tight enough. When it didn't work and he saw that we were not going to be driven from Berlin he started to lose his sense of humor. On the other hand, my disposition improved immeasurably as I saw we were beating the blockade.

One day Kotikov and I were conferring over lunch and he complained that the chicken was tough.

"It ought to be," I said. "It had to fly all the way from Frankfurt."

Kotikov glared at me, started to say something, and then thought better of it. It was obvious he was not amused.

The number of important visitors to Berlin seemed to increase after the blockade started. In the fall of 1948, even John Foster Dulles, who everyone assumed would be Dewey's Secretary of State if Dewey were elected President, flew into Berlin to look over the situation. Dulles was rumored to be harboring a certain antipathy toward General Clay, and all of us watched closely to see what was going to happen.

On Sunday, I was invited to have lunch at Clay's. When I arrived I found Dulles standing in front of the fireplace with Clay, Ambassador Murphy, James Riddleburger, the American political adviser in Berlin, and a State Department aide whom Dulles had brought along.

Despite the leaping flames, the atmosphere around the fireplace was anything but warm. Nobody said much, and what was said was hopelessly stilted. Finally General Clay suggested that perhaps Dulles would like to meet Herr Ernst Reuter, the *Oberbiirgermeister.*

Dulles turned to his State Department adviser and asked if there were any political difficulties involved.

"I have the greatest respect for the opinion of General Clay and Ambassador Murphy," the State Department man said. "If they think it is all right, I think so, too."

"I might just as well have left you in Paris if that is all the advice you are able to give me," Dulles snapped.

Reuter and Dulles Confer

The only thing on which Clay and Dulles appeared to agree was the subject of Rhine wines. On that they were in accord. Finally Reuter arrived and talked for perhaps ten minutes with Dulles.

Their chairs were three feet apart and their minds were three leagues apart, mostly, I suspect, because Dulles seemed to assume the Germans were ready to give in and go over to the Russians because of the blockade. Reuter assured Dulles the Germans intended to stand fast, and Dulles in turn assured Reuter the Americans intended to stand fast. That was about the extent of the conversation. At its conclusion, Dulles and the State Department man retired to Clay's study and prepared a press communiqué reaffirming the American intention to stay in Berlin. The talk with Reuter was not mentioned.

Former Secretary of the Army Kenneth Royall arrived in Berlin on Christmas week end. The day after Christmas he called at my office for a briefing on the Berlin situation. It was the strangest "briefing" I ever gave.

First, I asked Royall how much time he had. He said he had "enough time." I then started with the history of Berlin beginning at the Elbe. Royall interrupted and said, "I know all about that."

I made a second start, talking about the Kommandatura. Again he cut me off by saying he was familiar with that.

I started a third time, along the lines of how the Russians slapped on the blockade. "I have all that material back in my office," he said. "And I don't want to see any more charts, either. I've seen hundreds of them."

"Well, what the hell *do* you want?" I asked.

Royall appeared startled. Then he grinned and began asking me specific questions about Berlin. He never indicated whether he liked or disliked my answers, but he certainly got them straight from the shoulder. Later I understood that Royall was instrumental in having me promoted to the rank of general.

The blockade was lifted on May 12, 1949. The Kremlin had had enough. In Berlin we found out about it through a State Department release to the newspapers, and we proceeded accordingly. We lifted our antiblockade measures and the Russians lifted their blockade measures—more or less.

Everything was hearts and flowers again. We were going to let bygones be bygones.

Workers Terrorized Again

Within a week the rail workers of Berlin had gone on strike, and the Russians were back at their old stand, peddling the same old lies and terror. They terrorized the workers, for example, because they belonged to an independent trade-union instead of the Soviet-controlled trade-union, and in general they were successful in clouding the issues to the point where it was impossible, without the railroads running, to tell just how far they really intended to go in lifting the blockade. Ultimately the strike was settled, with no help from the Russians.

When I left Berlin in September, things were normal again. The Russians were behaving exactly as Russians always behave. The Soviet radio was popping its tubes with glee over my resignation as commandant. For some reason I was suddenly, "Howley, the roughrider from Texas," and the Russian radio, to the accompaniment of cowboy music, was deriding me for refusing to be drawn into the web again in the Kommandatura. If I conceded that the Kommandatura was functioning officially once more, it would be giving tacit recognition to the illegal government the Russians had set up in east Berlin. The result was that we now met more or less informally, expressing "points of view" instead of signing agreements.

I rather think that Kotikov will remember our farewell. The Kommandatura had just concluded its meeting, and, as the departing chairman, I was host at the inevitable buffet in the next room.

Kotikov had used up a good portion of the meeting complaining about various things, including my "rudeness," but now he was unusually affable. A waiter brought a tray of drinks as we stood talking. Kotikov communed with his ulcers and announced that he wanted a "weak" drink.

"Champagne?" someone asked.

Kotikov puffed out his cheeks and shook his head.

"Makes me belch," he said.

"Have a Martini," I said shrewdly.

"What is a Martini?" Kotikov asked.

I pointed to the lethal drink on the tray. Innocently, Kotikov picked it up. I took champagne. Kotikov raised his glass.

"To a successful journey to the United States," he proposed, fairly bursting with glee at the prospect of my leaving. We all drank. To my astonishment, Kotikov gulped the entire contents of his glass—Martini, olive and all. A look of wonder crossed his face. I proposed a toast. Another Martini clanked down to Kotikov's ulcers. There were two more toasts and two more rapid Martinis for Kotikov.

I looked at him curiously. His disarmingly cherubic face was twisted. Obviously his stomach was on fire.

I nodded toward another Martini.

"*Nyet,*" he gasped.

Happily, I steered the suffering Kotikov over to the table. I ran my hand through the gray hair he had given me.

At last we were even. THE END

White Stag

ALL-NYLON JACKETS

for 4-Seasons Fun...

Feather-light, water-tight, all Nylon, even the thread! Ideal Christmas gifts for those who lead the active life and love the active look!

HIS . . . Zip front and pockets with elastic waist, double shoulders, underarm vents, and action back. Platinum, Tan, Dark Green or Navy. 36-46 . $14.95

HERS . . . Flattering hip-length with back vent and tip-tilted pockets. Scarlet, Dark Green, Platinum, Navy. 10 to 20 . . . . . $15.95

At Top Stores .... *including*

HIS.....John David, New York

HERS....Bonwit Teller, New York

White Stag 4-SEASONS WHITE STAG MFG CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

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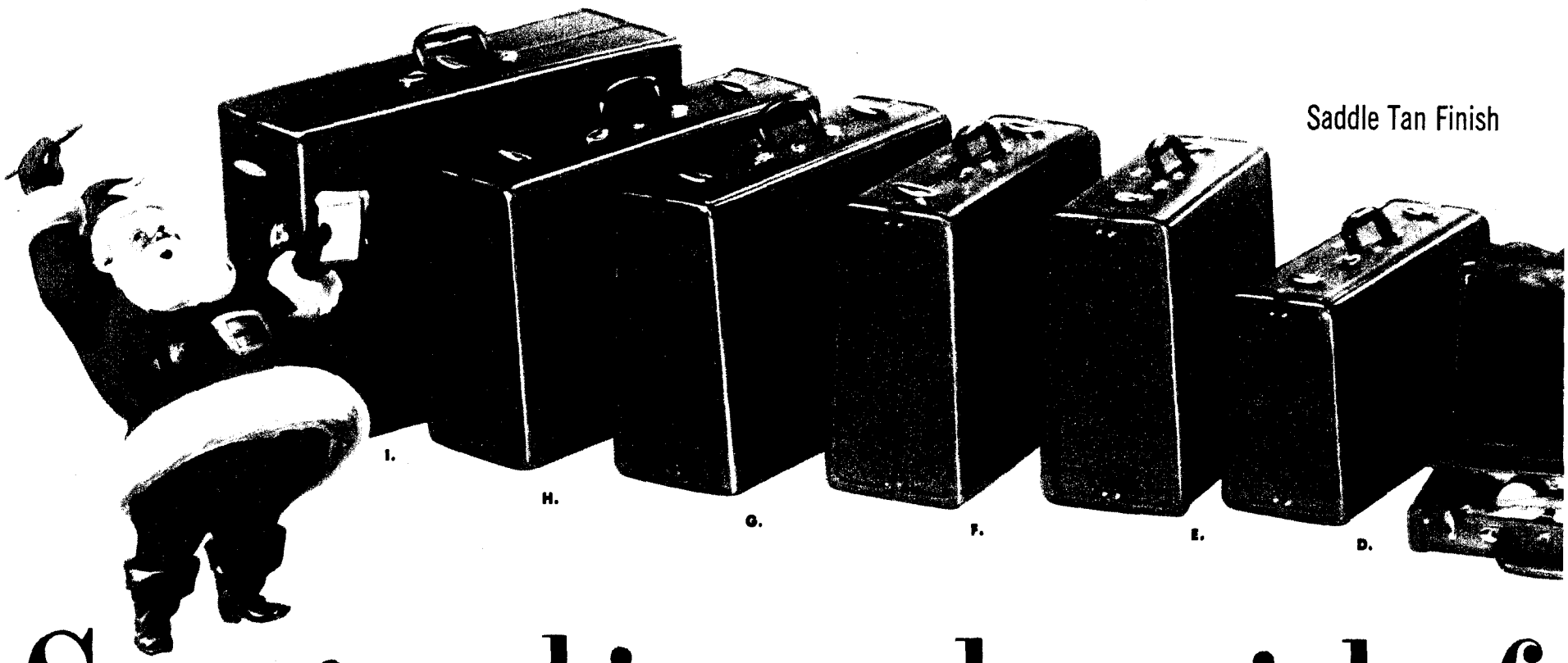
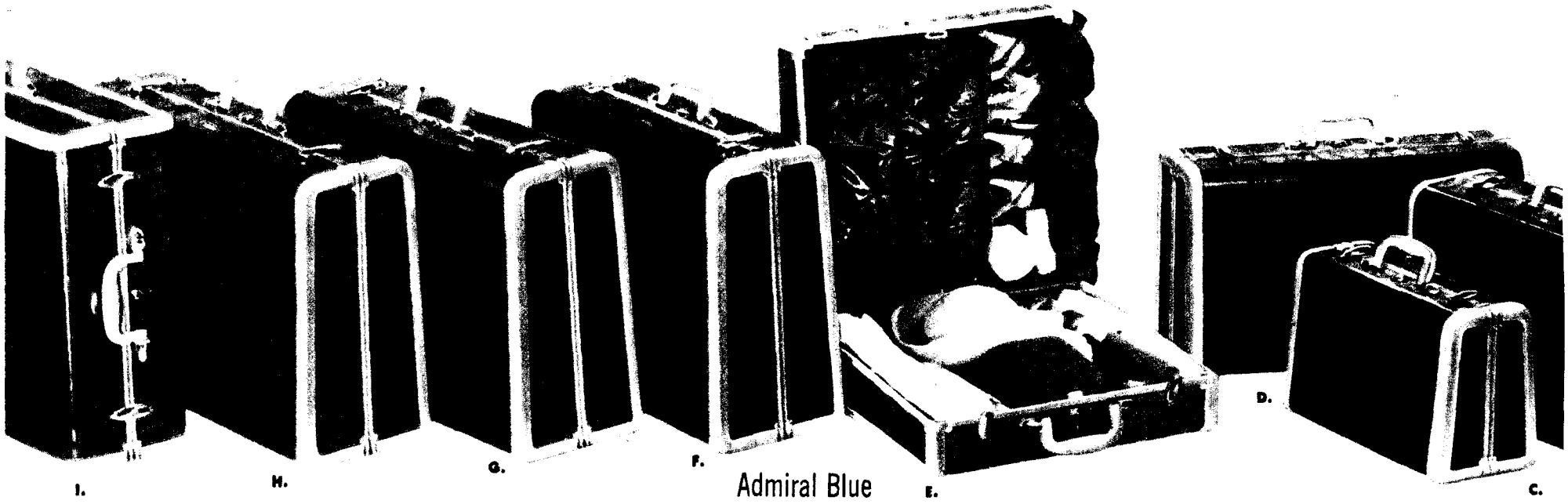
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

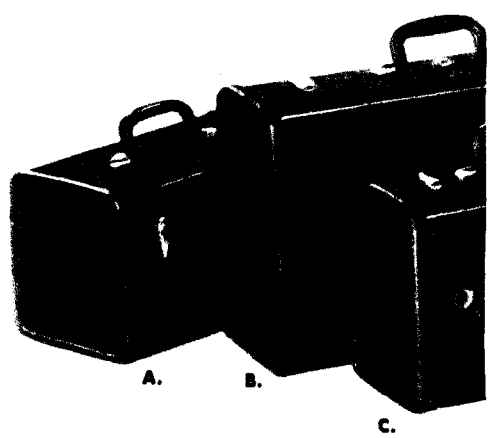


Santa's taking orders right fr



Strong enough to stand on!

Samsonite Luggage



SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • *Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colo.*
Also Makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs • Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Mich.

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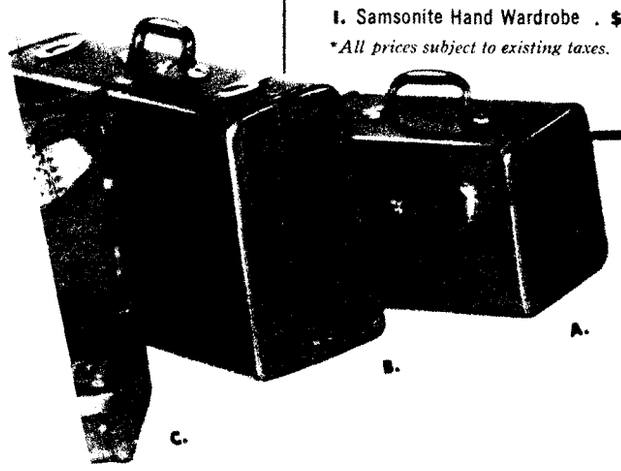
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

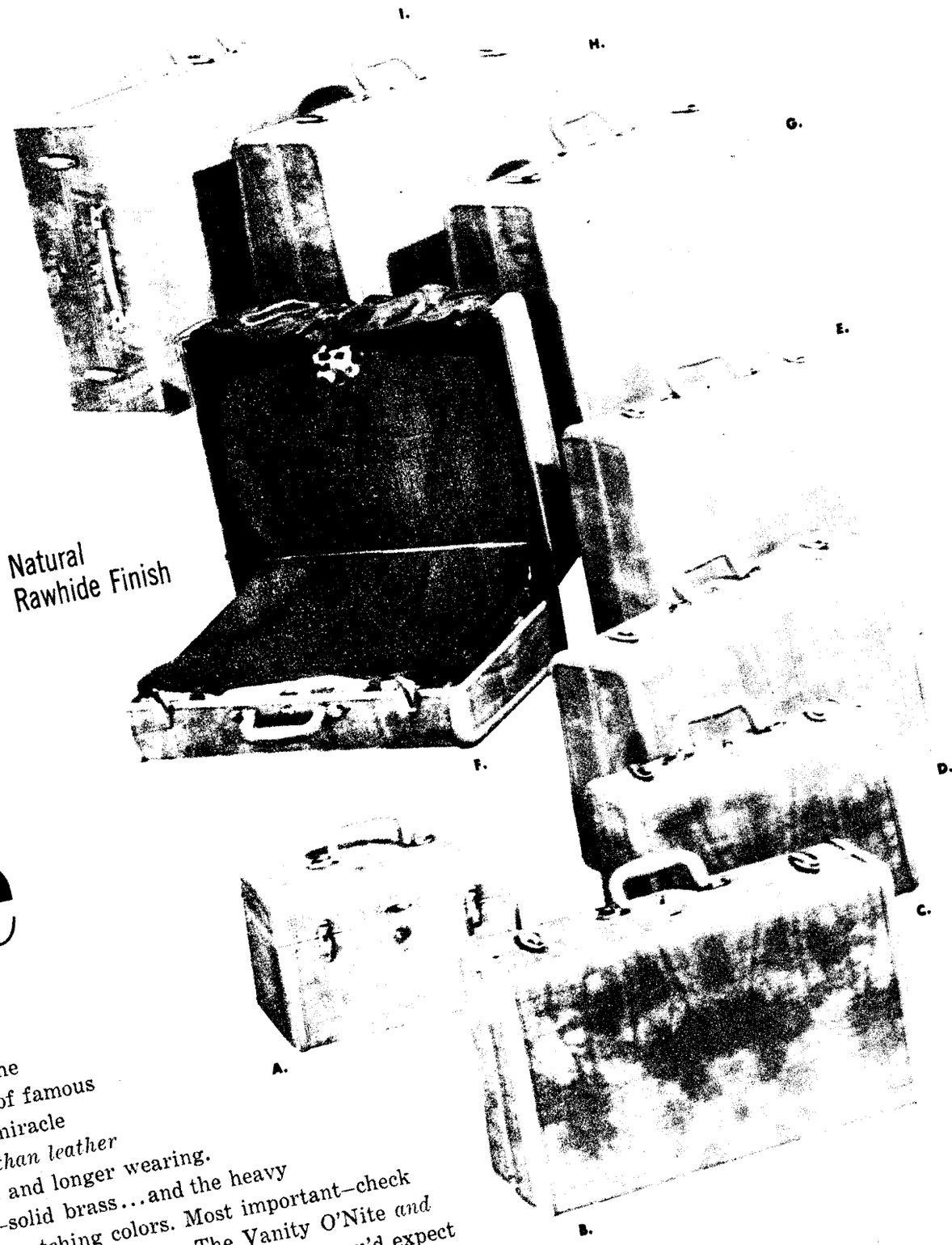
Christmas Shopper's list

☐ Saddle Tan ☐ Cordovan Brown
☐ Admiral Blue ☐ Rawhide Finish

A. Samsonite Train Case . . . **$17.50**
B. Samsonite Men's Overnight . **$17.50**
C. Samsonite Vanity O'Nite . . **$17.50**
D. Samsonite Ladies' O'Nite (Regular) **$19.50**
E. Samsonite Ladies' O'Nite (Convertible) **$22.50**
F. Samsonite Ladies' Wardrobe **$25.00**
G. Samsonite Two-Suiter . . . **$25.00**
H. Samsonite Pullman **$27.50**
I. Samsonite Hand Wardrobe . **$35.00***

**All prices subject to existing taxes.*

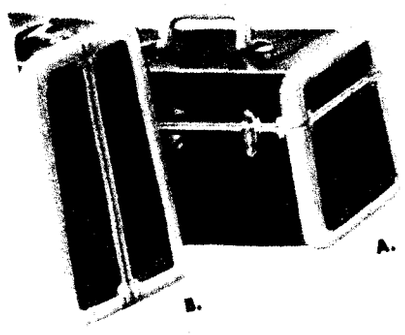




Natural Rawhide Finish

m this page

Start your Christmas planning here for the happiest family gift of all—a matched set of famous Samsonite luggage! Look at Samsonite's miracle covering—tough, dirt-proof and *better than leather* because it's actually more durable and longer wearing. Note the streamlined locks—solid brass...and the heavy duty linings in smart matching colors. Most important—check Samsonite's amazingly low prices. The Vanity O'Nite *and* the Ladies' O'Nite cost only $37*—less than you'd expect to pay for one piece of such quality. (Or the Men's Overnight *and* Two-Suiter come to only $42.50*). Now tear out this page and hurry to the Samsonite dealer in your community—and make sure that Samsonite, America's best luggage buy, is under *your* Christmas tree!



Cordovan Brown Finish

FLIGHT PROVEN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

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THE COAT YOU'LL WEAR AND ENJOY MOST...

ALLIGATOR

Gold Label

America's most wanted Gabardine

See why so many men insist on the one and only Gold Label! One reason is the rare combination of fine 100% all-virgin wool worsted quality and the surprisingly low price. Another is the smart, casual appearance and its all-weather, all-year usefulness. Once you wear an Alligator Gold Label you'll never be without one. Get yours now! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

$42.75

Same model with Zip-In lining $53.50. Other Alligator Rainwear $7.50 to $53.50.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR *Rainwear*

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

father had died bankrupt, wiped out in a farm-land speculation, and—in the best Horatio Alger tradition—the twenty-three-year-old station agent was the sole support of an ailing mother and three sisters.

Sears's salary from the railroad was about $6 per week, and occasionally he made a bit more by peddling blueberries and venison meat which he bought from the local Indians. It was a frugal life at best, and the young man was always on the lookout for ways of making an honest penny.

Figuring that there was nothing to lose, Sears made a deal with the wholesaler to sell the North Redwood shipment on commission. After saturating the old home town with cut-rate watches, Sears also sold watches to the crews of every train that pulled in at the depot, swapped watches for venison with the Indians, and finally—in an inspired moment—mailed a sample watch to every station agent on the M. & St. L. line, with an exuberant covering letter inviting them in turn to sell watches locally for a $2 commission, or half of what Sears was getting from the wholesaler.

The results must have astonished him. The first batch of watches disappeared in a week; and as his chain-selling system spread, the successively larger orders for watches that he himself actually placed seemed to vanish magically.

Sears Makes a Discovery

Then Sears realized a very interesting thing; to wit, that every time he increased an order he could get a slightly better price per individual watch. This saving he passed along to the consumer by lowering his own price, and found that the cheaper the watches became the more customers there were for them. This was a radical discovery for an era when businessmen, by and large, were obsessed with high per-unit profits.

At any rate, after a few months Sears quit the railroad, moved to Minneapolis, and opened a one-man office for the R. W. Sears Watch Company. Business was so good that, before long, Sears moved to Chicago and brought out a 50-page catalogue devoted exclusively to watches and was clearing several thousand dollars a month for himself. In fact, the only hitch in the setup was that a good many of the "fully guaranteed" watches wouldn't keep time, and refunds to disgruntled customers were eating into the profits.

Sears decided that it would be cheaper in the long run to repair the defective watches instead of sending refunds or replacements. Since he didn't know a mainspring from a crystal, he advertised for an experienced watchmaker.

Among the applicants who responded to the ad was Alvah Curtis Roebuck, a dreamy young man who had been reared on a farm in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. Like many another farm boy, he had made a hobby of tinkering with watches and small machinery, and eventually took a correspondence course in watch repairing. Now he was on his own, squinting at broken-down timepieces in the corner of a candy store (where he rented bench space) in Hammond, Indiana.

Probably he never expected a reply to his application, and there's no satisfying explanation of why Sears hired him. Possibly it was because Roebuck's background was so much like Sears's, and that the two men were nearly of an age—Roebuck then being twenty-two.

Whatever the reason, Roebuck was put in charge of the repair division of the Sears Watch Company and soon was running the whole show. For in less than a year after quitting North Redwood, Sears had banked $60,000 (then a respectable fortune) and was bored with the company, which almost seemed to run itself. In 1887 he sold out to some New York and Boston investors, with the proviso that Roebuck be kept on as general manager.

It is said that Sears had some vague notion of setting himself up as a country banker and becoming a solid citizen, but he didn't do anything about it. Instead, after a few months of fretful idleness, he returned to Minneapolis in order to go back into the watch business. He summoned Alvah Roebuck from Chicago to Minneapolis and gave him a one-third interest in an unpretentious new venture called Sears, Roebuck & Company. So began one of the strangest partnerships on record.

Temperamentally the two men were complete opposites. Roebuck was a gentle, unaggressive soul who liked fixing his watches, drawing a steady salary, and settling into a comfortable routine. Sears, though, was a restless, rootless type with a high-octane personality.

No sooner had he established Sears, Roebuck on the old basis and, shortly after, again moved to Chicago than he canceled all outstanding orders, invested most of the firm's capital in unassembled watch parts, and told Alvah Roebuck to get busy putting them together. When money from this venture started coming in, Sears used it to finance a frenzied expansion into new fields.

The once modest watch catalogue suddenly ran to hundreds of pages as Sears added patent medicines, clothing, buggies and harnesses, baby carriages, furniture, crockery, sporting goods and a complete line of hardware. To keep the goods moving and to free money for further expansion, Sears bombarded the customers with frantic sales letters and broadsides offering a series of cash prizes for the first orders received.

Once, as a teaser, he sent out a circular advertising a "bedroom suite" for $4. A tidal wave of orders swept in (many of them calling for other items in addition to the "bedroom suite"), and presently the customers were unwrapping neat little sets of doll furniture. Apparently there were few complaints.

A showman and promoter of the caliber of P. T. Barnum, Sears was hypnotized by the power of the printed word and illustration. To him selling was an end in itself, and he virtually disregarded all other details of the business. As a result, while sales volume doubled year after year, the supply organization fell into chaos.

Customer Complaints Mount

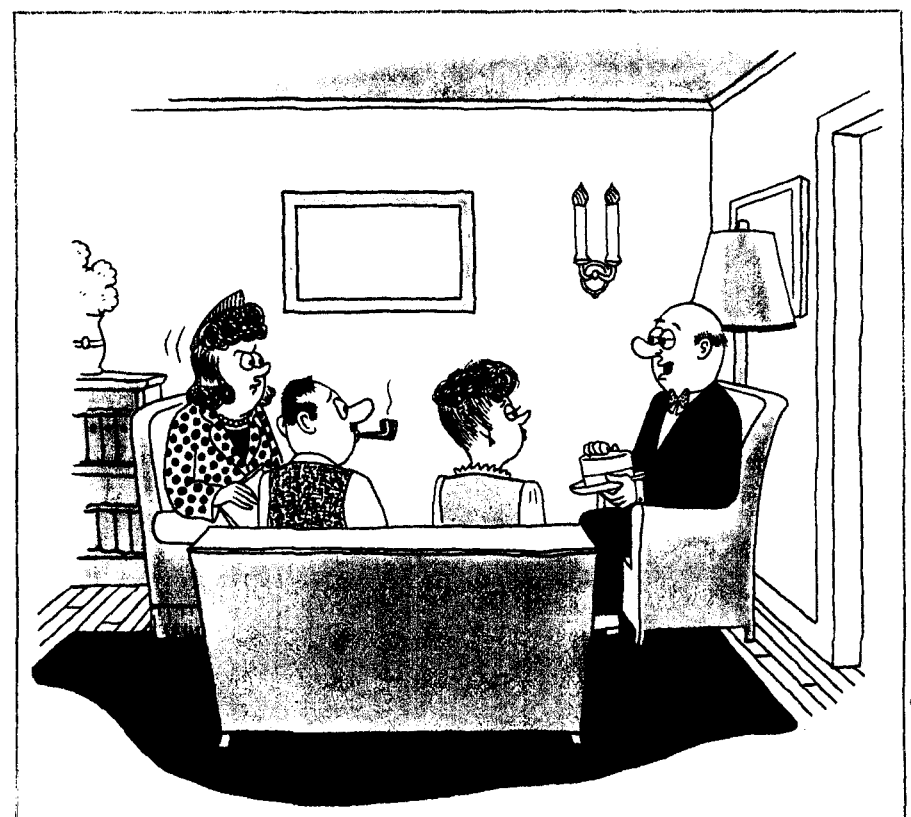
Orders were lost, misdirected, incorrectly filled, or simply ignored for weeks at a time, and customer complaints were mounting ominously. Inventories gyrated between enormous overstocks, which tied up all the company's money, and equally dangerous inventory famines, when stocks on hand couldn't begin to equal the orders. Sometimes Sears became so exasperated that he bundled up hundreds of unfilled orders and threw them in the furnace.

Sears also had a disconcerting habit of advertising things which weren't in inventory at all. Once he noticed a sharply tailored "swagger suit" in a Chicago department-store ad and impulsively got up a special circular to advertise it, although he didn't have a single one of the garments to sell.

More than 5,000 orders arrived by return mail, and the partners spent a hectic week in the clothing district trying to get the suits into production. Finally they came to the establishment of Julius Rosenwald, a small but thriving manufacturer, who could and would undertake a rescue. Rosenwald filled the order so promptly that Sears fed him more and more work, until most of his business was devoted to filling Sears, Roebuck orders.

The irony of this arrangement was that, while Rosenwald profited nicely from his Sears contracts, the mail-order company was going broke. In 1895, with sales at a record $800,000, advertising costs and inventory losses were so high that the partners found themselves $75,000 in the red.

Again it was Rosenwald to the rescue.



"My wife, of course, isn't a woman who will tolerate idle rumors. She puts them to work right away!" LEW FOLLETTE

COLLIER'S

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For some time he had marveled at the quantities of suits which demon salesman Sears disposed of; and when he looked into mail-order technique, he sensed a potential vastly greater than anything visualized by Richard Sears or Alvah Roebuck.

It is doubtful whether Sears really cared much about the business except as a showcase and sounding board for his promotional antics, and Roebuck was thoroughly overwhelmed and unhappy. He couldn't keep up with his mercurial partner, disliked the helter-skelter way the company was run, feared the financial insecurity which beset them, and distrusted the future. Besides, he had stomach ulcers.

So, at the height of the 1895 crisis, Roebuck went to Sears and said he wanted to quit. The upshot was that Sears bought out Roebuck for $20,000. It looked like a favorable settlement at the time, but within five years Roebuck's one-third interest would have been worth $3,000,000, and today would fetch at least $200,000,000.

This was no squeeze play on the part of Sears. To the contrary, he paid Roebuck out of his own money, and later invited him to return as a partner without investment. Meanwhile, Julius Rosenwald shored up Sears, Roebuck with $250,000 of personal savings and borrowings, becoming a partner and vice-president.

Sears kept on beating the tom-toms in the sales department, while Rosenwald started to clean up the mess in the order-filling and inventory divisions. He eventually developed a nearly errorless system for speeding orders through the plants on a rigid one-day schedule; and to solve the inventory problems, he built up the existing network of permanent suppliers.

Sears policy always has been to spread its purchasing as widely as possible, and it prefers dealing with thousands of small and medium-sized companies instead of with a few giants. It also is an apostle of decentralization, and so far as possible it allocates orders to stimulate industry in economically retarded areas, especially the South.

This is done partly to create good will, partly to create new business. Sears well knows that when it plows dollars into new fields they sooner or later will return—with interest—in the form of bigger and better sales.

From time to time there have been nasty insinuations that Sears intimidates its suppliers, and bullies them into cutting prices by threatening to withhold future business. That, the company says, is pure nonsense.

Firm Co-operates with Suppliers

"The whole point and purpose of Rosenwald's program was to insure a dependable, orderly supply of merchandise as it was needed, instead of either having it all pile up at once, or else come straggling in months overdue," one executive comments. "How could we possibly do this without the co-operation of our suppliers? And what co-operation would we get if we really were trying to beat them down? It's the last thing we want to do."

As proof of congenial relations all around, Sears points out that half of its suppliers have been on the books for 10 years or longer, 2,000-odd for 20 years, and about 400 since 1920 or before.

Of course, Sears demands and gets much lower prices for goods than would the ordinary buyer. But it claims that what the supplier may lose by shaving per-unit profits, he more than makes up in over-all volume. Furthermore, Sears places its orders months ahead of time, and the supplier thus can schedule his production for maximum economy and efficiency, stabilize his employment, and minimize seasonal peaks and valleys in his business. In addition, the Sears cash-on-the-line buying policy eliminates credit and financing expense. So there are additional advantages in dealing with the company besides getting big orders.

Far from browbeating or gouging its suppliers, Sears works closely with them and frequently stands ready to extend any reasonable technical and financial assistance, provided the end result is a cheaper product for Sears to buy and sell. Sears often has designed new products or redesigned old ones to help suppliers; it has reorganized everything from accounting systems to production lines, and frequently makes loans for purchase of machinery, retooling, plant expansion and modernization, and even relocation of entire factories to sites closer to raw materials sources.

"Time and again we've proved that there are tens of thousands of families where just a few pennies—not to mention a few dollars—mean the difference between buying something or not buying it," says a Sears executive.

"For their sake as well as ours, we constantly try to bring down the price while keeping up the quality. Whenever we are able to make a substantial reduction, we immediately hit a wider market; our volume goes up, and that many more people can buy something they need. Dick Sears discovered the principle long ago, and we've been rediscovering it ever since."

Sales Mount Fast

Sears, Roebuck zoomed ahead like a jet plane at full speed. From $800,000 in 1895, gross business jumped to $11,000,000 in 1900; and a few years later the company was capitalized at $40,000,000.

By 1910, Sears had moved into its present headquarters (then the world's biggest building in terms of floor space), had opened branch mail-order plants in Dallas and Seattle, and was selling goods at the rate of $60,000,000 per year.

Money was pouring in so fast that when he died in 1914 (five years after his retirement) Richard Sears was worth $25,000,000; while Julius Rosenwald, who survived until 1932, amassed at least $100,000,000, a good part of which went to establish the famed Rosenwald Foundation. In fact by 1921, Rosenwald fortunately was in a position once more to rescue Sears, Roebuck from disaster.

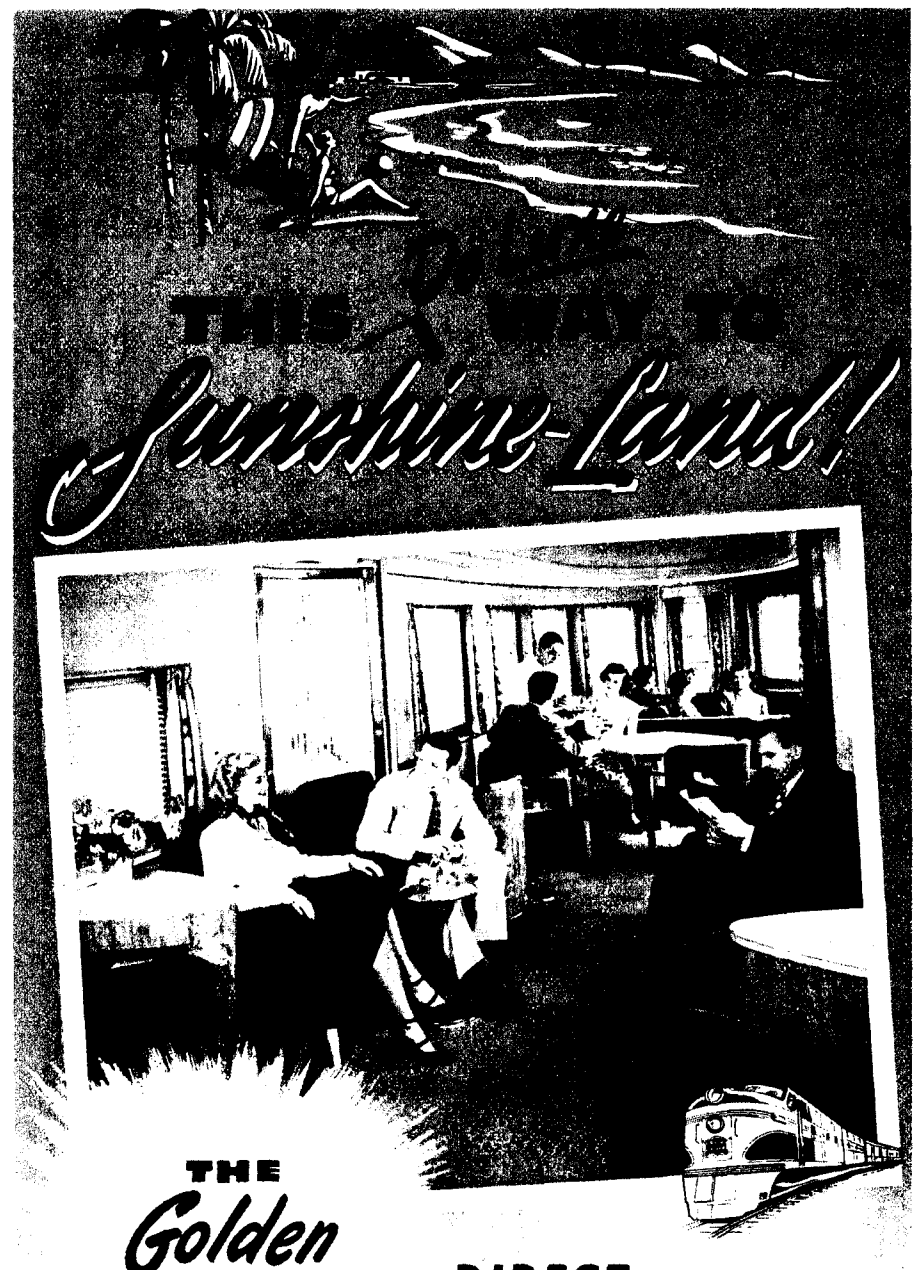
That was the year of a sharp and sudden break in commodity prices which threatened to bankrupt the company, since it had its capital frozen in inventory bought or contracted for at 1920 prices and which now had to be devalued and sold at a $16,500,000 loss.

Rosenwald saved the day with a $21,000,000 personal contribution, and a few months later the company was in the clear again. It was the last time that Sears, Roebuck came within a telescope's sight of anything like a financial crisis.

Cofounder Alvah Roebuck, the man who profited least from the proceedings, remains a curious, rather wistful, but finally triumphant figure. He alternately was pitied and chided for having sold his partnership so prematurely; but that never bothered him.

"It was the only thing that cured my ulcers and let me sleep nights," he used to say. "And that was better than any amount of money." What's more, he really meant it.

Through the years, the Sears, Roebuck catalogues offer an amusing and often amazing review of growth and progress in American merchandising. Part II of this series will appear in the next issue of Collier's



THE Golden State
EXTRA FINE — EXTRA FARE

DIRECT—
CHICAGO to LOS ANGELES
VIA KANSAS CITY, EL PASO, DOUGLAS, TUCSON, PHOENIX AND PALM SPRINGS

Here's luxurious travel indeed . . . room to move around, to chat with other passengers, to enjoy refreshments. It's the Lounge of the streamlined *Golden State,* de luxe Rock Island train to the Sun Country. Private room or sectional Pullmans; reclining-seat Chair Cars, too, with full length leg rests. Dining Car and Coffee-Shop Lounge. Through Sleepers from New York and St. Louis.

Also to California, the daily *Imperial,* featuring economical Tourist Pullmans to Los Angeles, Chair Cars and standard Pullmans to San Diego and Los Angeles. Lounge and Dining Cars—no extra fare.

Rock Island

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

A. D. Martin, General Passenger Traffic Manager 125
Rock Island Lines, Chicago 5, Illinois

Please send free literature and information about:

☐ Kingdom of the Sun ☐ Arizona-California Guest Ranches
☐ Winter Tours ☐ Rail-Auto Service.

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------

ROCK ISLAND LINES ROAD OF PLANNED PROGRESS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warner Lyons climbed to the high seat of the stagecoach. From time to time he felt the back of his head

Valley of the TYRANT

By DICK PEARCE

Concluding the story of a man's fight for his career and the love of a headstrong girl

The Story: In the rich Mother Lode country of California, young JOHN MARLAND was trying to live down an old mistake and resume his career as an engineer. Blacklisted on most dam projects because of a scandal involving a woman, Marland had been given a new chance by genial ROGER HEATH, chief utilities engineer for the city of San Francisco. Heath hired Marland as a levelman with a surveying crew near Tomtown in the Tom River Valley—a region almost unchanged since the days of the gold rush in 1849—where the city was planning to build a dam to complete its water system. But Marland's first job was to find out what person or persons were trying to prevent the building of a dam on the most desirable site. The land for the damsite was owned by the Armsby family, one of whose ancestors had been a freebooting old forty-niner who had made a fabulous fortune out of a gold mine called the Magyar. The mine had been abandoned for years, but it was the ambition of SHERMAN ARMSBY, JR., to reopen the mine and recoup the family fortune. Old SHERMAN ARMSBY, present head of the family, was in feeble health and had lost all of the Armsbys' original wealth, except for a few holdings in land. Using an assumed name, Marland became acquainted with the Armsbys and fell in love with JANET ARMSBY, a proud, dark-haired girl; but he believed that she was committed to marry WARNER LYONS, the richest man in the Mother Lode—a power-hungry but somehow charming tyrant. Marland was befriended by AIREDALE JOE, the cook at the survey camp; he learned that LON BROCK, survey engineer on the dam project, was in Lyons' pay and had falsified a report to make it appear that the damsite the city wanted was unsuitable. Marland fought with Brock, kicked him off the project and became survey engineer himself under his own name. Through the Armsbys, Marland became acquainted with VIRGINIA KANE, a mysterious yellow-haired girl who seemed to be in love with young Sherman. From Janet, Marland learned that her brother had agreed to sell to Lyons the land on which San Francisco already held an option. Leaving the Armsby home at night after a quarrel with Janet, Marland was ambushed by Brock, out for revenge and armed with a rifle. Brock was accompanied by young Armsby. Before he could start using the rifle, Brock became entangled in the branches of the tree he had felled to block the path of Marland's car. Marland ran into a pine woods, stumbled against a tree and fell.

CONCLUSION

MARLAND fought to keep his consciousness, knowing that it would be only a matter of seconds before Brock could disentangle himself from the branches of the fallen tree and begin using the rifle. Marland's chest ached, and his face was sore where it had been grazed by the bark of the tree with which he had collided. Close by, he could hear Sherman flailing against low-hanging branches and yelling ineffectually.

Brock was silent for a moment, and Marland guessed that he was making the final effort to work free of the fallen tree. He must have made it, for now Marland heard his voice, shrill with anger, screaming: "Damn your soul, Marland, come back here!"

Still prone on the ground, Marland heard first one rifle shot—but it was aimed high and the bullet spent itself somewhere in the treetops. But then one shot followed another, quickly; Brock was shouting with crazy anger, certain that Marland had escaped him. He was shooting wild, but his aim was low.

Marland heard Sherman's astonished cry of pain, followed by more *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BRUSSTAR

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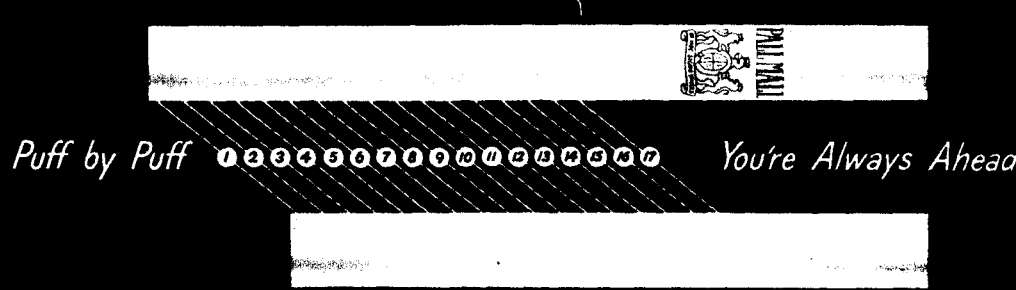
GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH

enjoy smooth smoking

PALL MALL's
greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...
filters the smoke
and makes it mild

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs *or 10...* *or 17...* when you smoke PALL MALL



Study the puff chart! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

Outstanding—and they are mild!

Copr., American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get Off Route 25, Young Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

30 times better than the original estimate.

A group of theoretical engineers was looking at our engine one day. One of them remarked, "If I were making an engine, I certainly wouldn't make it that way."

We answered by saying, "That is the way the engine wanted to be."

Recently, a piston that runs 1,500,000 miles and one that runs 50,000 miles were sawed in half and exhibited at an engineering convention. There I met a friend of mine, an engineer. He said, "I wouldn't have that piston. I don't see how you ever designed a thing like that."

I showed him the card and said, "That ran 1,500,000 miles."

He said, "You couldn't *give* me a piston like that." He pointed to the other one and said, "That's the only one that's any good."

I said, "How do you know?"

He said, "I'm an engineer."

I said, "Yes, but were you ever a piston in a Diesel engine?"

Sometimes we so overestimate what we know that we completely stymie the flexibility of the device to do what it can do. Your customers use your product in ways you never expected. The intelligent, flexible use of an idea is what develops great industry.

To show that these developments work in unexpected places, consider that everybody wonders how we can send so much food to Europe. As all of us know most agricultural work has gone over to the farm tractor, and that has released the horses. In fact, the horse population has gone down about 12,000,000. And every time a horse disappears, four more people can be fed; so that you can feed 48,000,000 more people—and, of course, if they were big horses I think it would be 50,000,000—than you did before on the same land. You don't have to care for the horses. And you don't have to keep the tractor warm in the wintertime.

Everyone says, "Yes, but what you have done now is transferred your energy needs into the coal and oil fields that have been there for years and years, and you are helping to exhaust our fuel supply."

I have heard that for years and years; and by the time we should run out of fuel, we end up by having greater reserves than before. The reason we have these "shortages" is that some fellow gets to working on percentages, and that's dangerous.

A government official once wanted to get out an order to stop making any more Diesel locomotives. There was some difficulty one winter in getting home heating oil, and somebody published a statement that Diesel locomotives had increased the demand 600 per cent.

I said, "Why didn't you start just a few years before that, and it would have been 6,000 per cent?"

We are using, with all the Diesel locomotives that we have out, less than one per cent of our total oil consumption. If we could refine the heavier oil now burned on the railroads to fire the steam engines only, we could run our entire railway system with Diesels and have a little left over.

Last year several of the large oil companies made energy surveys, along with several reports from the Department of the Interior. Three government reports dealt with the gasification of coal to make liquid fuels; the development and mining of shale; and the conversion of agricultural products into fuel.

The interesting thing about it is that our natural gas supply, if converted into liquid fuels, is good for about 33 years at the rate we are using gasoline and fuel oil. There is one piece of shale out in Colorado that has 200,000,000,000 barrels of oil in it. That's six times as much as we have used in all the time we have been using oil.

People say, "We know, but it is going to cost more to get it out."

I say, "How do you know?"

They say, "We just know."

I say, "You haven't tried it yet."

Recently we visited the Bureau of Mines experimental plant at Rifle, Colorado, and they have already advanced the work to the point where they can show you that this oil can be got within the economic range of present-day prices.

"I understand kids pretty well. I'm a school principal trying to earn a little extra money during Christmas vacations"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES E. MARTIN

So we don't need to worry about the fundamental sources of power, or fuel, if we keep our eyes ahead and see what the problems are. And then—if, as and when we get atomic energy—we'll be all right.

Right after the first atom bomb was dropped, one of the big newspapers in New York got hold of me one day and said, "Can we send someone out to Detroit to see you?"

I said, "Sure."

A couple of days later this fellow arrived and said to me, "What are you fellows doing on atomic energy about power for automobiles?"

I said, "Not a thing."

He said, "Don't you think that's a mistake?"

I said, "Not for us it's not a mistake. We don't know anything about it."

He said, "Won't you give us a statement?"

"No," I said, "I can't give you a statement about anything I don't know about, but I can tell you a fellow who will give you a statement." And I sent him downtown to one of our prime consulting engineers.

He came back with a smile on his face and said, "The engine is going to be about as big as your two fists, and the fuel will come in a cartridge about the size of a lead pencil, and it will be good for 50,000 miles. Why couldn't you have told me that?"

I said, "The reason I couldn't is that we have customers."

The thing I'd like to get across is that there are no limits to the undone things. They come along and will come along with the calendar. One way is by invention, one is by discovery (which is usually accidental, of course) and the third is by systematic research. What is ahead of us can be anything you like because, as I said, we know practically nothing about anything. The only thing we do sometimes is to give Latin and Greek names to these things we don't know so that we can get away with it.

I have spent a great many years on the study of the growth of the plant, because that is the whole story of energy. That is, the plant has the ability to catch some of the energy from the sun and hold it. That is the way we get our vegetables and our living and everything else. Also, it is that ability to catch the solar energy and hold it that made our oil and coal fields.

We haven't the slightest idea how it is done, but we know that we can find out if we will do it the way the *plant* wants to do it instead of the way *we* think it ought to do it.

I am mentioning that because we call it the study of chlorophyll. That sounds all right, but the word "chlorophyll" is the Greek word for "green leaf," and we don't know a bit more about it in Greek than we do in English. You would be amazed at how many things we think we know are only a Latin or Greek synonym. We just spring it on some fellow and he is afraid to question us and lets it pass.

I used to put up some money for the summer symposiums in theoretical physics at one of our great state universities. The physicists there often asked, "Why are you so interested in this advanced course in physics?"

I said, "Because we don't know anything about physics, and anything we learn will help along."

They said, "Why don't you come to us? We know the equations for every phenomenon of nature."

I said, "Can you solve the equations?"

"No," they said, "but what are some of the things you'd like to know?"

I said, "I have always wondered why I could see through a pane of glass. Does the light come through the pane of glass, or is it rebroadcast from molecule to molecule?"

"Well," they said, "that's because it's transparent."

Well, if you open Webster's dictionary it will tell you a thing is transparent if you can see through it.

I said, "When you say you can see through a pane of glass because it is transparent, you are actually saying you can see through a pane of glass because you can see through a pane of glass."

I went on to say, "Here's a simple one. If you rub your hands together, they get warm. Why? Why not cold instead of warm?"

They said, "That's on account of friction." They'll talk and talk, and finally they'll say friction is the thing that makes your hands warm when you rub them together. We know absolutely nothing at all about it.

The main thing we inventors are trying to do is to pull apart the elements of a problem and then try to find out whether we know enough about those individual elements to put the whole together. We don't manufacture automobiles; we manufacture pieces which, when put together, make an automobile.

The process of research is to pull the problem apart into its different elements, a great many of which you already know about. When you get it pulled apart, you can work on the things you don't know about. We must get people to understand this procedure.

Organized Research Necessary

Edison was the first one of the organized researchers. He found it necessary to pull these things apart into their different elements. In building a house you need shingles, flooring, bricks and furnace; and you haven't a house until you get the pieces all there. Ideas are exactly the same way. Sometimes the invention you make is entirely different from the utility that eventually results.

The Brookings Institute made the study which said that the more education you had the less likely you were to be an inventor.

I don't know anything about that, but if that is true there must be a reason for it because it ought to be exactly opposite to that.

I think the reason is simply that, from the time you start kindergarten right on through the time you are examined three, four or five times a year, if you flunk it is considered something terrible. But an inventor can fail 999 times, and if he succeeds once he is in. That's the difference between education and invention. The young fellow gets so afraid of the word "failure" that he's afraid to attempt to do anything.

We have taken these young, educated boys, and they turn out to be marvelous inventors after we unloose them. We tell them, "Well, we'll bet you 100 to 1, or 200 to 1, that anything you do will fail. But what you want to do is find out *why* you fail so you will learn to fail intelligently; because the failures are the different steppingstones which lead you to the final answer. Failure is as essential in making inventions as the problem itself, or as practice in learning to play a game."

There is a great deal of argument as to what necessitates an invention. We sometimes say that necessity is the mother of invention. Not necessarily. Necessity was certainly not the mother of the airplane. Nobody wanted to fly, and nobody was clamoring for it. It was mothered by the fact that these Wright boys thought they knew how they could do it.

Thomas A. Edison analyzed his problems and he saw, through the electric light, not only the electric light but the entire electrical industry which has put thousands and thousands of people to work.

These inventions look like frail and unsubstantial things when they start out. It is, however, the opening up of new fields that guarantees you will have employment for everybody and a better standard of living.

Don't let anybody tell you we have reached the end of things at all, because we haven't. We have only reached the end of human progress when we look down instead of up. Our educational systems need to stress the unfinished state of our knowledge about nature and recognize that inventions, discoveries and research are ways of looking up. THE END

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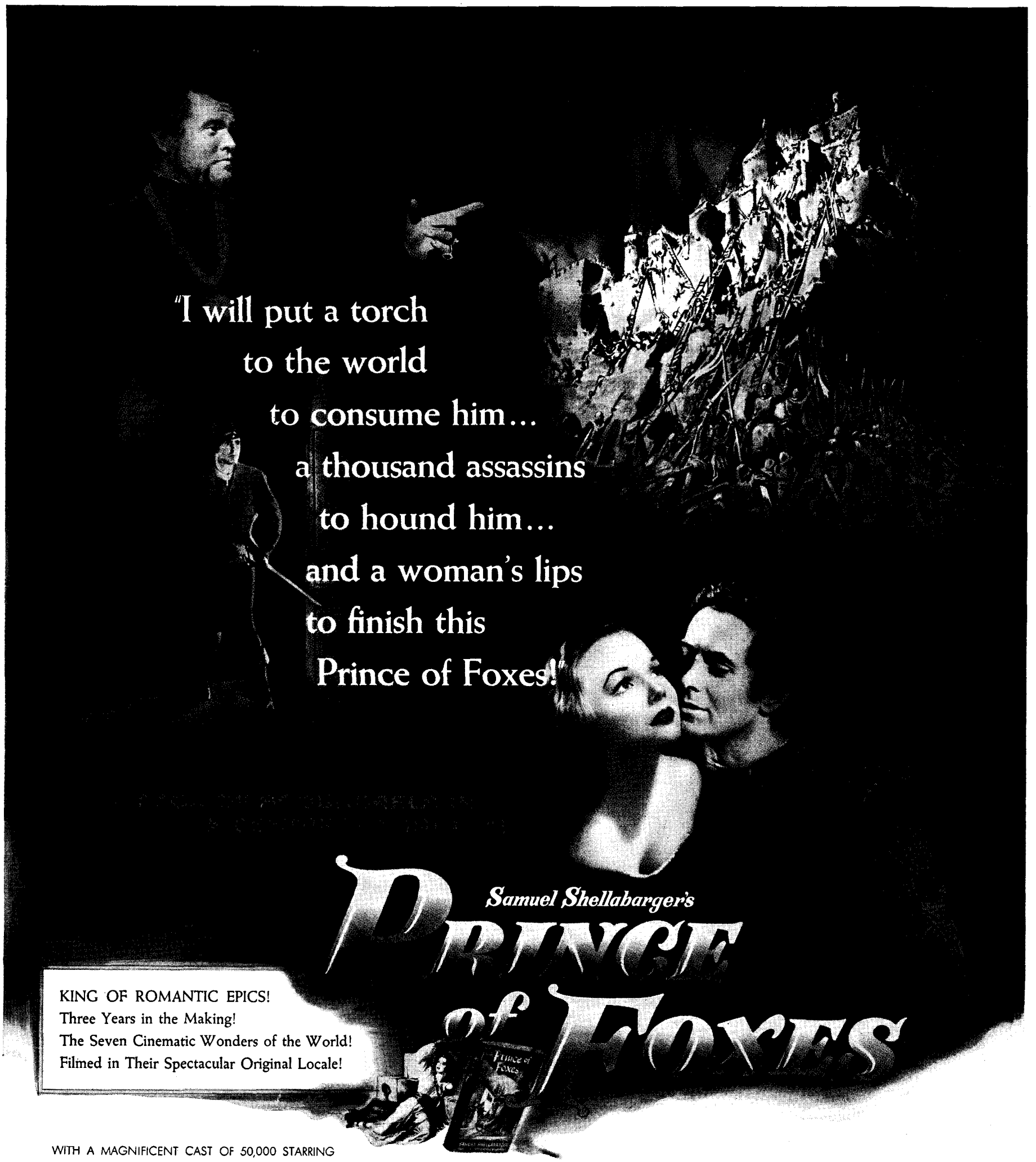

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Valley of the Tyrant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

threshing that died ominously away. Raising himself painfully to a sitting position, Marland saw a flashlight beam advancing upon him and dropped prone again. The beam swung and searched and stopped not ten feet from him, trained downward on the ground. Brock said, "Sherm?" A sudden fear was in his voice.

Marland got to his feet, fighting off dizziness; he took a crouching step toward the light, and then another. In this pure blackness the ambusher could be ambushed; the rifle meant little. But it was not to be. His foot caught on some unseen object, a root or a stone, and he stumbled. The light went off. Brock crashed heavily in the direction of the road. Marland reached it in time to see Brock's car emerge beyond the felled tree. It raced down the road past the camp and toward Tomtown.

Marland ran to the jeep and explored its door pocket for his flashlight. His hand came out first with Heath's .32 automatic. Shoving it into his pocket, he found the flashlight and hurried back into the trees.

Sherman lay face down just as the force of the bullet had sprawled him. Blood welled from the back of his shirt, high on the right side. Marland turned him over. Blood oozed from his chest also; the bullet had passed through. His breathing came faintly, his pulse was all but gone; Sherman was in profound shock, and was going to die quickly unless the bleeding could be stopped.

VIRGINIA and Janet heard the jeep's horn and Marland's urgent shout. They helped him get Sherman upstairs and into a bed, and they looked almost with disbelief at his ashen face and the blood-soaked rags Marland had forced into the torn flesh to stanch the flow. It was Virginia who asked quietly, "Lon Brock?" Marland nodded.

She looked back at Sherman with an expression that Marland had never seen on her; it was bitter and this time the irony was plain, and yet it held a woman's tenderness. "At least," she said, "this is a time when I know what to do. Janet, bring all the gauze you can find. Find a doctor, John. Tell him to bring both plasma and whole blood." . . .

It was 2:00 A.M. when Marland and Airedale Joe drove into Tomtown; there was light only at an all-night filling station where the business street met the highway. Three men were there, talking with animation. Airedale Joe left the jeep and squatted beside them, presently returning.

"They figure they got him boxed in the mountains above Springer," he reported. "He's afoot. Half the town's up there."

"Do you know the way?"

The cook's tone was aggrieved. "I told you, Jack, I was born in these hills. Go three miles north here and cut right."

Joe had more to tell. Marland waiting patiently for it to come out, found the turn. The road started climbing at once.

"Bet you didn't know," said Joe with relish, "that Warne put the dog on his pay roll?"

"I didn't."

"Yeah. A loggin' camp th' other side of Springer. That's how they got on his heels. Brock went back to the camp for his gear. Somebody called up there, lookin' for him, while he was loadin' it. He made it to his car and hit for the high country."

"Lyons up there?"

"Uh-huh. The sheriff and the Tomtown police and everybody else. But Warne'll be runnin' the show."

Springer was a ghost town, made up of two crumbled stone buildings, a general store with a gas pump, and a graveyard, asleep in the fold of a mountain. Beyond it the road found a canyon and wound steadily upward beneath sugar pines grown thick in the butt and vaulting into the night. Marland felt the first mountain chill in his shoulders.

The logging camp was a clearing and lights on their left. The climb was harder now, the road a two-rutted lane. The canyon forked. The cook said, "Right," and Marland turned right into an old logging road. He could feel the sides of the canyon closing in on him little by little until they were cliffs leaning over him. Ahead he saw one fire and then another and another until they stretched across the entire canyon floor. Cars were parked everywhere at odd angles—just as their owners had hurriedly stopped them.

Joe grunted. "He's boxed, all right. This is the dead end. Only way out is up a side, and that's a monkey's job."

"Why would he come in here?"

"Saw the road and figured it 'ud take him somewheres. Some city hunters have got a winter cabin up there."

Everywhere men were gathered in knots or tending the fires, being careful to feed them from this side. Other men were stationed between fires, rifles or pistols in their hands. Marland saw the shape of a massive head above a group near the center, and moved in that direction.

WARNER LYONS called, "Welcome to the party, fellow." A rifle was cradled in Lyons' arms. A thirty-naught-six, Lyons had said that night. Bought last winter, and true to its sights. A foot-long telescope sight glinted atop its barrel.

Marland said abruptly. "What's the plan?"

"Plan? No plan but to hold him there with the fires. Come daylight he's got to walk out to us."

"Then what?"

Lyons cocked his head, amused. His eyes caught firelight; for an instant they shone huge and opalescent as a night animal's. "Then he stands trial. I told you the man had a killer's heart. Next time you'll listen to old Warne. Ask Joe there. Heh, Joe?"

The cook said, "Sure, Warne," and sidled away. It came to Marland that Airedale Joe was afraid of this man whom he had once befriended, and Marland wondered that he had not seen it before.

Marland listened to the voices behind the fires, while he worked at the puzzle of the big man's mind. Lyons was leading the pack against his own creature. He wanted Brock. But dead or alive? How did the shooting of Sherman affect Lyons' schemes? The voices here were good-humored. These men were held only by the excitement of the man hunt; there was no passion in them. They would take Brock alive if they could. Brock, alive and facing prison, might decide to talk. That was why Marland had come. It was a chance.

He said, "I'll be around."

"Good," said Lyons. Marland could not see his smile, but it was there in his voice.

Marland moved among the knots of men, wanting to make sure, watching them grow sleepy and quiet. The chill bit deeper into him, sending him to the jeep for an old sweater and a slicker. He came back and lay down on the slicker near a fire; presently he dozed.

A passing voice brought him awake. "Yeah," it said. "Died just a little while ago. Bullet tore a lung, I hear."

There were two men. They paused and gazed across the fire at the tunnel of black night that protected Lon Brock. The other said in a slow and ominous way, "That makes it a horse of another color." They moved on.

Sherman dead? It could be true. Marland came to his feet striding after them and stopping them. "Who brought the word?" he asked.

One of the men said, "I don't know. Couple fellers that came up in a jeep, I hear."

Marland strode on. The men were all awake, passing on or listening to the news, thinking of its meaning, muttering over it as they watched the sky beyond the canyon's end wall for the first light of dawn.

A larger group surrounded Lyons. He saw Marland approaching and left them and met Marland alone.

Marland said, "Sherman was alive at one thirty. He's alive now. You're stirring this talk."

"You're worked up, fellow." Lyons' voice was regretful. "I feel bad, too. It's true all right."

"Which one of you jokers has been winding the clocks before they are mailed?"

COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

"Two men in a jeep brought the word. I came in a jeep with Joe and I brought no word."

"There's lots of jeeps in these hills. But what th' hell! It won't make any difference unless Lon tries to make some kind of break for it."

"These are your people, Lyons. Either find me the man that brought the word or tell them it isn't so."

"You find him, bucko boy." Lyons was laughing silently at him. "You tell 'em it isn't so."

MARLAND looked angrily at Lyons for a minute, and in that minute realized how completely, how easily, Lyons had outdone him. This crowd would believe what Lyons wanted it to believe. In an hour he would have it thirsting for blood. Marland would not be able to convince a man among them that Sherman was alive. Lon Brock was going to die at break of day.

Marland wheeled away, searching for the cook and finding him asleep in the jeep. Joe came awake reluctantly.

"Lyons is working this crowd up to kill Brock," said Marland rapidly. "I'm going to beat him to it and slip Brock out of there."

"Don't you try it!" The cook was deadly earnest. "If Warne wants him dead then he's a dead man, and you'll get kilt in the killing."

"Come on," said Marland.

He worked back into the crowd and drifted to his right, Joe grumbling beside him, until he reached the canyon's south wall. Two men tended the fire there and guarded the passage between fire and wall. Marland held Heath's automatic in his hand, ostentatious about it.

"There's coffee back by the cars," he told them. "We'll take over here." The men listened to the quiet authority in his voice, nodded and moved off. Marland and the cook sat with their backs to the wall, looking down the row of fires, withholding wood from their own to let its brilliance die.

Marland said, "How far in there to the cabin?"

"Two-three hundred yards. It's almost smack agin the back wall. There's pine on the canyon floor. Jack, you're plumb off your nut."

"Stay put here. If Lyons looks for me, I'm asleep down by the cars. He'll waste time searching. I'll bring Brock out this way if I can."

He waited until some distant hubbub of voices caused the two men at the next fire to stand and turn away from him. He went over on hands and knees and crawled quickly into the shadowed passage between fire and wall. It was too narrow; flame licked at his cheek and scorched his hair, and then he was through and flat on his belly. This twenty feet was the most dangerous stretch.

He inched along, cheek on the rock, reaching ahead with his hands and finding juts of rock and scraping his body across them. Firelight flickered about him; he had the feeling he was as plain to any watcher as a fly caught in a sunbeam; sweat tickled his scalp, and his elbows began to hurt. Then he was through the worst of it. He came up to hands and knees, making faster time, still able to see a little ahead from firelight glow behind him. He reached his feet, back to the wall, and slid along until blackness enveloped him.

Now he could see nothing. He worked along, testing each step, one hand on the wall and the other before him. He had gone thirty yards when his senses warned him he was climbing too rapidly. Dropping to his knees, he reached out to his left and down. Nothing there. He was on a narrow ledge above the canyon

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floor. Slowly he backtracked ten yards; carefully he let himself over the side, hanging by his elbows and upper arms. His toes found level ground and he let go.

He must find the road. It would be here somewhere at his left. He turned away from the wall, and at once a bush reached for his foot and he went down. He rose up, forearm across his face to protect it, and a cedar limb sawed at his neck. In ten yards he fell three times and the third time he lay and panted, aching all over. An interminable time later he reached the road and turned up it. How long since he had left Airedale Joe? Fifteen minutes? An hour? He had lost all track of time; his sweater was shredded; his pants were a tatter.

As he shuffled unseeing up the road his senses called a new warning to him. He raised his eyes. High above him he could make out the top of the canyon's dead-end wall. The sky was lightening. Down here it was pitch-dark still. Up there dawn was coming. He stopped. In twenty minutes the new light would reach down here. His gamble was lost. He was caught between Brock and Lyons. Should he try to go back?

He closed his hands stubbornly and stayed with the road. It made a slight turn; before him rose some bulking solid —the cabin. It was too late for caution. Marland came against it and found the side of the door. "Brock," he called softly. He tried again. There was no answer. His hands explored the door and found a large padlock; it was locked.

LOOKING back the way he had come, he saw the outline of Brock's car ten feet away. A minute ago he had passed it and not seen it; light was coming that fast. Brock could be in the car. Brock could be anywhere around him, that rifle trained on him, waiting for more light and a certain shot. Marland slid around the north side of the cabin and on to the rear. He called, "This is Marland, Brock. Do you hear me? I'm here to save your neck." He waited out the silence, then stepped away from the cabin.

His feet hit rock. It was talus. This was the base of the dead-end wall. But he could not see upward and he puzzled over that until it came to him that he was under a tree.

Brock's call reached to him: "Damn you, Marland! Where are you? What's your game?"

The voice came from above. It was Brock's voice, and again it was not. It had a new tone in it, a querulous edge of fear. Fear of the long, long night, fear of the distant fires that winked at him, fear of the black things that he could not beat down with the arrogance of his shoulders. Brock was somewhere up there on the back wall.

"Listen to me, Brock. Sherman didn't die. With luck he'll live. But Lyons has told that crowd he's dead. Lyons doesn't want you taken alive. He's going to kill you. Do you understand?"

No answer. Marland moved impatiently to the edge of his tree cover, not quite out of it. Time was rushing out; daylight was pouring in.

Brock called down, "What do you want?"

"You know the answer to that." Marland stepped free of the tree and looked up. Brock was there, standing on a ledge forty feet above. He saw Marland, and he swung his rifle around but did not point it.

"I didn't mean to shoot Sherm," said Brock. That edge was back in his voice. "I was shooting at you. I didn't mean to do that either. I lost my head."

"Come down, Brock. You're a clay pigeon up there!"

Brock considered that at length. His thoughts seemed to work very slowly through his mind. "No," he said. "I'm going over the top." He turned to face the cliff and side-stepped to his left, following the upward turning of the ledge.

"You'll never make it." The new light was fast shedding its gray and protective softness. Any moment somebody at the fires would spot him. "He's going to shut you up with a bullet. Don't you understand that? He's afraid you'll talk if you're caught and tried."

Brock hesitated and looked down. "I will talk, too," he growled.

Marland ran up the little talus slope, still keeping below the sight of those at the fires. "I'll take you out, Brock. It's your only chance. I'll walk out in front of you."

"What good would that do? He'd kill me on the way to town, or have me killed in the jail."

"I'll ride in the car with you to town. I'll put our own guard on your cell. Get off that cliff!"

Again Brock deliberated long. Marland saw the blue of his face lift toward the row of fires, then lower again to peer down. "You sure love me, don't you, Marland?" he jeered. "To hell with all of you! I'm going to make it over the top. I'd of made it last night but something got to crawling in my belly."

Brock went straight up the wall, finding handholds that Marland could not see. He swung out and around and then he was moving in a crouch to his right, upward on another outthrust of rock.

"Brock, you're a dead man! Tell me while you can. Why did Lyons buy you?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Brock's rapid progress was giving him new courage. The rifle was in his way. He flung it down, aiming it deliberately at Marland. It struck in the talus at Marland's feet, discharging with an explosion that shattered the canyon quiet and echoed from wall to wall.

A shout from the fires came to them, long and keen. Brock spurted up on the rock face, climbing jerkily. The first rifle fire reached for him but it was all short. A bullet sang off the rock in front of Marland and another thudded into the tree trunk behind him. Brock came up beneath an overhang; he froze against the wall, searching in a sudden panic for one more upward handhold and not finding it. The rifle fire built up steadily.

"Marland!"

"Yes, Brock!"

"I never knew what he was after. That's God's truth. But I'll tell you this. He wants that dam. He wants it up right where I tried to put it for him. If you can—"

Brock never spoke another word. A rifle bullet cut his spine. For a long moment he hung there, his lifeless fingers still gouged into the rock. Then his body arched out and down. It thudded sickeningly upon the rock ten feet to Marland's right, jerked along on the small landslide it loosed, and came to rest at the foot of the slope.

THE shout of the man-pack, triumphant and swelling with its nearness, awakened Marland from an abstraction of bleak horror and warned him of his own danger. If he were found here Lyons could accuse him of attempting to help Brock escape and loose the excited crowd upon him. Bloodletting, once started, does not stop easily.

He ran around the side of the cabin, cut in long and crouching steps behind the brief cover afforded by Brock's car, and sprawled full-length behind the nearest pine. The sound of pounding feet and eager, calling voices reached him, drew abreast and went away from him. He heard a panting voice say, "There's the body. Over there!" Not until the last of the running feet passed him did he stand up and come forward.

Already the sight of Brock's body, lying grotesquely with one side half covered by red-stained stone, had put soberness in the faces of some of the men. But not in that of Warner Lyons. He saw Marland come up and moved deliberately to intercept so that Marland's hot accusation, if it came, would not be heard by the others. The strange light in his eyes had never leaped so high. As they came close together Marland reached out a hand swiftly and laid it upon the breech of Lyons' rifle. The metal was warm.

"It was a remarkable shot," said Marland evenly. "It was the second remarkable shot I've seen you make."

"Now don't get all excited, Harry; it could have been worse. The whole rear end of the police car is bashed in"

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

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"That's nice of you, fellow." Lyons was laughing silently. "But we don't really know, do we? After all, half of the town was banging away at him."

Marland turned away, accepting the fact that he could do nothing. No one would bother to make ballistics tests to find the fatal rifle, just as no one would bother to investigate the whole business when they found that young Armsby still lived. For Lyons was right. Half of the best citizens of Tomtown had pulled triggers in that brief minute of crazy excitement. For the sake of all concerned, Brock's death would be forgotten as quickly as possible.

But Marland had no doubts. Remembering the glint of firelight on a telescope sight, and remembering a neon sign that winked out at an ancient Henry's roar, he had no doubts at all that Lyons' bullet had killed Brock. . . .

Marland was first to reach the cookshack for breakfast. He could feel the puffiness around his eyes; that came from a day and a night of sleep that should have refreshed him, and had not. Deep inside him was the exhaustion of futility.

The cook gave him a sour-eyed appraisal, opened a can of grapefruit juice and set a glass of it before him. Marland sipped it and pushed it back. He unfolded a large-scale map of the basin and bent to it, studying with dulled mind the areas on the eastern slopes of the basin that the map man had delineated in blue. Marland wanted to explore there for sand needed in the concrete of the dam; the crew would begin cutting and burning timber from the blue areas this morning.

The new levelman came in, followed by the rest of the crew. The men ate in silence, sluggish after their week end in town, reluctant to start another week of work. They finished their coffee and wandered out until only the new levelman remained with Marland. This was Steve Catron, a lank and stolid man, like all transit masters a cut above the crew and a cut below an engineer. They bent to the map, discussing the day's work.

AIREDALE JOE came and stood beside them and then peered out through the screen at the sway of the nearest pine. The light morning wind came as usual from the southwest, blowing over the ridge from the Armsby house and up the river.

"It's a good day for burnin'," said the cook. "But I'd watch for a Mono wind. Sometimes they come early."

Marland was interested. "What's a Mono wind?"

"It's a fall wind that builds up in the east. When it comes it comes straight over the mountains and swooshin' down the canyons, and the lookouts in the fire towers don't sleep well."

The map man stuck his head in the door. "Telephone, Jack."

Marland followed him back to the drafting room. The call was from Roger Heath.

"What's going on?" Heath asked. "I feel too blasted far away from things down here."

"All quiet. Nothing since I talked to you yesterday."

"I've been riding the legal department about that canceled permit. They dug out our option on the basin and found it has three months to run, so there's no immediate danger in that direction."

Marland broke in impatiently. "Why don't we just take up the option and buy the basin now? That will settle it."

"Take it easy, John. This is public money. We can't buy the land without a permit for the dam. Listen to this. The lawyers think the big fellow's scheme may be to tie us up in his bribed commission and the courts for months on end. They say he can do it. Wear us down until we get disgusted and agree to compromise on the upper site."

"That makes some sense," said Marland, "but not enough. I tell you he wants Janet Armsby. He loses his hold on her if we give up this basin."

"Maybe. And maybe not. He's using time as pressure on her just as he is on us. She's backed to the wall with a helpless father and a no-good brother and she can't stand much pressure. No woman can in a spot like that."

"She'll stand as much as any man." There was asperity in Marland's tone; he knew it but could not help himself.

"All right, John." A chuckle came over the line. "You're probably right too. Keep one thing in mind about the big fellow. He's improvising. He's had to improvise ever since we tore up his playhouse by getting on to his bribe of Brock. He was improvising when he killed Brock, and he showed us there just how damnably smooth he can be about it."

"Have you come up with any idea why he wants the dam up above?"

"Nothing that makes sense. Maybe if I were on the ground it would help. I'll be up tomorrow or next day, as soon as I can get away from this confounded paper work."

MARLAND hung up and walked back toward the cookshack, his dissatisfaction growing into irritability. The one fact essential to an understanding of Lyons' motives still escaped them all, yet it had to be right here.

Marland went into the cookshack, poured his own coffee and sat with it, staring out toward the river.

Airedale Joe said, "River's dropped again. It's dropped a foot since you come. Snow's all gone in the mountains."

"Mmm-h'mmm."

"I've seen the Tom in the spring when it was a rip-roarin' terror, busting out of its banks and rampagin' over this whole basin. It pulled up big trees and tossed 'em in the air like toothpicks and figured generally it was some punkins. Now look at it. It's old and dryin' up and it ain't got the strength to roll a dead log in midstream."

The cook turned away and began splashing water in the sink. A sudden thought came to Marland, and he said, "If the river floods the basin, why did Brock risk locating the camp right beside it?"

"Because he knew too much that wasn't so," said Joe, growling at a memory that rankled. "I told him when I come here that he might wake up some night and find his bed floatin' off. The Tom don't git that high often, mebbe three-four times in my lifetime, but you never know. He told me to stick to my pots and pans. His stream-flow figures didn't show that much water."

Marland heard the jeep's engine. That was the map man, returning after delivering the crew and tools to the area where they would burn. It came to Marland that he had been sitting here listening for one particular sound, the ringing of the telephone. Janet was not going to call. He went out and climbed in the jeep and took the road toward the Armsby house.

Halfway up the ridge he stopped and sat there, looking westward where the shoulder of this ridge reached out toward the opposite ridge, forming the gorge for Heath's damsite. The Tom entered the gorge, flowed head on into the continuation of this ridge and bent sharply northwestward. Yes, he could see how the basin might flood. The gorge was like the small end of a funnel that had been bent. If too much water rushed in there, it could not get through. It would back up and spread over the basin. That was how the basin floor was formed.

He sat a minute longer, thinking of this, vaguely excited by it and not knowing why. Then he fed power to the jeep and climbed the ridge.

Janet came out to meet him. She read the question in his face and said, "He's better. But the doctor is afraid to move him to a hospital quite yet."

She led him to her small plot of greenery, so ridiculously tiny in the vast wasteland of the formal garden, and sat beside him on the bench with a sigh. Her eyes were shadowed from loss of sleep.

She said, "Virginia is with him. She has been in hospitals so much she can almost qualify as a nurse, you know."

"No," he answered, "I didn't know."

"I had intended to go to San Francisco today to look for an apartment," she said. "Now I'll have to wait until we can move Sherman to the hospital."

"You're going to give up this house?"

"It belongs to Lyons now. Your option doesn't cover the house. At least we can carry out that part of Sherman's bargain."

"Don't do it!"

"Why not?"

"Because Lyons is not going to have his way. He's not going to get any of the things he wants—you, this house, the basin or the other thing, whatever it is."

She regarded him soberly. "You're very sure, aren't you, John?"

He smiled at her and nodded. Janet answered his smile; but when she spoke, her voice was grave. "I've learned about you," she said. "At first I thought you were headlong and impetuous. But I've begun to see that there is logic in the things you do. Like those large bets you made that night when I had the dice. I thought you were showing off. But you wanted to make me believe in myself by showing you believed in me, and you've no idea how much it has helped."

She smiled into his eyes, and the last of the strangeness between them was gone. He jumped up. "But I think it's going to win this game for us. This basin has value to Lyons only with the river removed by a dam above it. That's the meaning of what Brock told me. It has to be. We're close to him. We'll be on top of him soon."

She came to her feet too, putting her arm in his, showing him that she shared his confidence. But she said, "I shall give him this house as soon as possible. It's his. Don't you see?"

He let it go, recognizing the stubborn honesty in her that would keep a bargain with the devil. His thoughts were going back insistently to Airedale Joe's casual talk of floods, reaching with the utmost tentativeness for a dim pattern he saw within it.

"Tell me," he said, "are there any old family records that might contain the basin's history?"

"Father would know more than any records could tell. He has even written a book about the family. If he's—" She left the sentence unfinished; it was not necessary to say more.

"Let's try."

THE old gentleman was in his study, as usual. He pushed back his foolscap and listened courteously to Marland, attentive and rational.

"Let me see," he said. "From the beginning, h'mm? These reaches of the river were first prospected in 1848, a few months after Marshall found gold at Coloma. By 1849 there were thousands of men here, and some of them did handsomely for a time. But by the late 1850s the river was pretty well worked out. A group of Tomtown merchants formed a company to try large-scale ground sluicing by means of dams and canals."

Marland was intent. "Did they?"

"No, they didn't. A spring flood caught them and swept away everything and they gave up. The next year Nathaniel Armsby acquired the property. There was some further hand mining but

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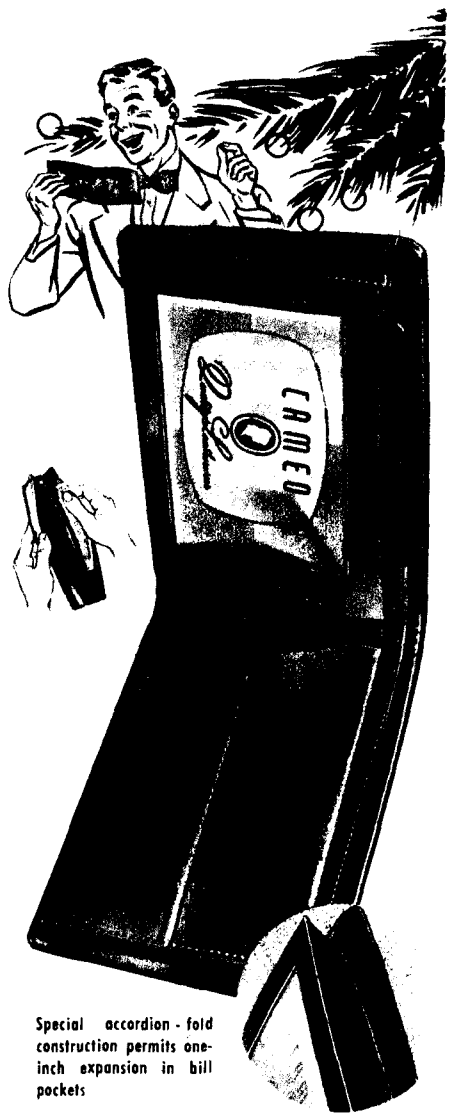

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it stopped after the—um, unfortunate death of a man."

Marland looked at Janet, thinking of the miner who burned to death because he defied Nathaniel Armsby. "Do you know, sir, whether Nathaniel Armsby ever worked the basin?"

"Worked the basin?" The elder Armsby showed patient surprise at Marland's ignorance.

"The ground is worthless. It is sterile, sir." A curious stiffness came into Armsby's jaw. "The earth, sir, and all creatures upon it . . ."

"Yes, Dad," Janet said gently.

Janet walked with Marland downstairs to the door, silently watching his face. Excitement worked powerfully on him. He was close, so close.

She asked, "Was he a help?"

"I think a big help," he answered. He took a step to stand close before her, not touching her. She tilted her head up to him, giving him warmth for his warmth, showing him pride and tenderness and desire as full-blooded as his own. He put his arms about her and she came willingly against him; they kissed gently, then hard and harder with the wonder and delight of lovers. He held her away from him to look at her and smile at her. When he would have kissed her again she put her arms between them.

"I love you, Janet."

"That is what I wanted to hear," she said. She relaxed her arms, as though to remove the barrier. But then she stiffened them again, and her gaze fixed upon the point of his shoulder. She said, "How can you be sure?"

He was puzzled. "I don't know, but I am. How is anyone ever sure?"

She went on hurriedly, emptying out of herself some doubt that would not let her stop. "A few minutes ago, in the garden, you could be sure about Warner Lyons. Some men are always attracted by unimportant things they see in a woman. But it doesn't last. You say you did not love her. Yet you must have thought then that you did, you must have told her—"

He stepped away from her.

"You don't believe me," he said.

"I don't know. It's just— Oh, John, let's not talk about it now! Later—"

He turned abruptly away, found the door and went out. The jeep came to life. His foot jammed angrily down on the accelerator. So this was what to expect the first time in his life he told a woman he loved her. His hurt grew and his anger grew; neither grew so fast as an emptiness that started somewhere in his chest.

DRIVING fast down the slope he saw the plume of smoke that told him the crew had started burning. It brought him back to the task ahead; he struggled to force her from his mind and thought he succeeded, for his thoughts began again to grope toward the dim pattern. It was not so dim now.

The jeep reached the basin floor. Pines and boulders and gravel and some red silt. Worthless, Janet's father had said. And he was right, in a way. No man could scratch a living from it. But there was a hog that could fatten on it. A great hog that wallowed in its own muck and rooted over the leavings of others. A dredge. A huge modern gold dredge that sucked in thousands of cubic yards of gravel each day, and from this recovered even the specks of gold dust so tiny that the human eye had difficulty seeing them.

It seemed so obvious to Marland at that moment that he could not understand why he did not see it from the beginning. But who would dream of searching for gold where ten thousand men had tramped and searched and dug for a century? And there was an answer to that: Warner Lyons, the boy who panned this river to eat, the ambitious man who clawed his way to the top in the rough-and-tumble gold-dredge business, the strange man who studied Nathaniel Armsby, his life and his works and his possessions, to ape and to outdo him.

Marland hurried the jeep into the camp, calling for the cook. Airedale Joe came to the door of his domain.

"Joe," said Marland, "why hasn't this basin ever been worked by a big bucket dredge?"

The cook looked at him curiously. "The big fellers don't come up into the hills. They got to have volume like you find in the flats down below. No flats and no volume in the hills."

Marland waved an arm. "There's at least six square miles of flat in this basin and alluvial that runs to a hundred feet deep. Enough to keep the biggest dredge in the world going for years."

"That's so," said Joe thoughtfully. "Lots of timber here, though. And boulders."

"The trees can be burned off as we're burning them. Today's earth-moving equipment will handle the boulders easily."

"Well, I dunno. Those things cost a lot of money. If I had one I wouldn't want it caught in this basin if the Tom took a notion to go on a rampage."

"Exactly. They cost up to a million dollars. And a flood could pound one to pieces in a night. But suppose you had a dam up where Brock tried to put it, a dam that killed the river above the basin? Then what?"

AIREDALE JOE stared at him, saying in dawning wonder, "Well, I'll be a cook's thievin' second helper!"

"All of which assumes," said Marland dryly, "that the gold is here. I'm betting it is, but I've got to know, And that's going to take time and the crew's sweat."

He swung away to the drafting room, got Roger Heath on the telephone, and talked long and earnestly. Heath's skeptical grunts grew into murmurs of interest.

"I'm going to dig test pits," said Marland. "Checkerboard the whole basin and wash the gravel. Will you find out for me how much a cubic yard a big dredge has to recover to show a profit?"

"Let me make a couple of calls and phone you back."

Marland walked up and down, his mind racing over the things he must do. A week would clean it up. He was certain now of what he would find. After a while, the telephone rang. It was Heath, and now his calm was gone.

"Fifteen cents a yard and a third of it will be profit," said Heath. "Twenty cents or more and he'll be in clover. And I found out something else. Lyons' biggest dredge on the Yuba River will be idle in a matter of a year. He's letting his leases there run out. You figure that one."

"He intends to bring it up here. Then he'll stand in the tower where Nathaniel Armsby used to stand and watch it root and coin money for him."

Marland rang off. He summoned Airedale Joe again. "You worked this river for beans. How much did you average from a yard of gravel?"

Joe grew cautious. "I only worked the likely spots. Maybe thirty, maybe forty cents. What's back from the river toward the ridges I wouldn't know."

"Say he could average twenty cents," said Marland, half to himself. He did some rough calculations and exclaimed, "He'd make at least a million dollars!" Caution overtook Marland; estimating mineral grounds without the facts was one of the world's most bootless games. "We'll bring the gravel here and wash it and find out. You know this business. From here on you're the boss. What do you want?"

"We'd better build a long tom for washing. That'd be quickest."

"I'll have lumber here in an hour. Joe, you're a miner again!"

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Once during the early afternoon, as the long tom began to take shape beneath his hammer, the miner's instinct for secrecy came to life in him.

"I think maybe we'd better keep this thing out of sight," he said.

"No," answered Marland. "The game is in the open now. . . ."

It was late afternoon when Janet heard the approach of an automobile and then the doorbell. Her heart lifted; she came eagerly down the staircase. Marland had come back. But it was Warner Lyons who stood at the door, his big head uncovered.

"Miss Janet." He smiled. "Sorry I could not come before. How is Sherman?"

"The doctor says it's still too early to tell. But he's conscious, and we think better."

"Now I'm glad to hear that. You tell him I'm pulling for him."

Lyons made a little motion as if to go. Yet he held his place at the door, politely sympathetic, looking past her into the hall.

"I would like to help," he said. "Anything. Just name it and it's done."

"You're kind. There is nothing. Won't you come sit down?"

He smiled at her and stepped to his right. Before she could speak he was through the doors; he walked straight to the mantel, spread his legs before it and stared up at the portrait of Nathaniel Armsby.

Janet said in surprise, "You've been in this room before."

His stare moved to her, distant and reluctant, only gradually giving her his attention. "Once," he said. "A long time ago."

He turned away from the portrait and followed her into the living-dining room, sitting on the couch where Marland had sat two nights before. She took a chair facing him.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, "that we will give you the house as soon as Sherman can be moved to a hospital and I can find an apartment in San Francisco."

"Leave here?" He was incredulous. "This is your house. You'll stay."

"No. It is yours."

"It belongs to the Mother Lode. And you belong to the Mother Lode, Miss Janet. You and I—"

She knew what was coming, and she wanted desperately to avoid it.

She jumped to her feet. "The Mother Lode is dead!" she cried. "Dead and forgotten by everyone but you!"

He came slowly up from the couch, his eyes full upon her and filled with shock that turned to wrath and then little by little to hurt.

His words came to her in a whisper, "Don't ever say that to me again. Not so long as you and I live."

He went past her and was gone. She heard his car start and go away from her, down the hill toward the basin.

MARLAND was absorbed in the mechanics of the long tom's riffle and paid no attention to the car. Airedale Joe said uneasily, "Here comes trouble."

Warner Lyons walked across to them, his expression bland but the line of his mouth loose and heavy from the stress of some powerful emotion. He examined the long tom with his eyes before glancing at the cook and bringing his gaze to rest on Marland. "Is this the way you build dams, fellow?" he asked.

"Sometimes," said Marland, "we have to do strange things to get a dam started."

Lyons said, "Where are you going to prospect?"

"The whole basin," Marland replied curtly. "Down to bedrock."

"So?" Lyons nodded, as though it were a casual thing. "I see you've started burning too."

"I have."

"I don't mind the burning. But the other—yes. I think I mind. I think you'll have to forget it."

Their gazes locked. Marland said, "I know what I'll find. I don't really need to prospect. But I'd do it now even if the city of San Francisco ordered me not to. I'd do it for one reason: because you told me to forget it."

Lyons' big head settled a little toward his chest, almost pensive. He spoke to the cook without looking at him. "Go to your shack, Joe."

"Stay where you are, Joe!"

Airedale Joe took another step away, standing undecided.

All at once loathing filled Marland, making him want to put an end to this, making him wicked. He said, "I've got a question, Lyons."

"Shoot."

"A long time ago Joe sent you up to the house on the hill for a skillet. Did you steal it like a man of sorts or did you beg for it like a dog?"

"We had a sort of implied invitation —nobody asked us to come, but nobody asked us to stay away, either!"

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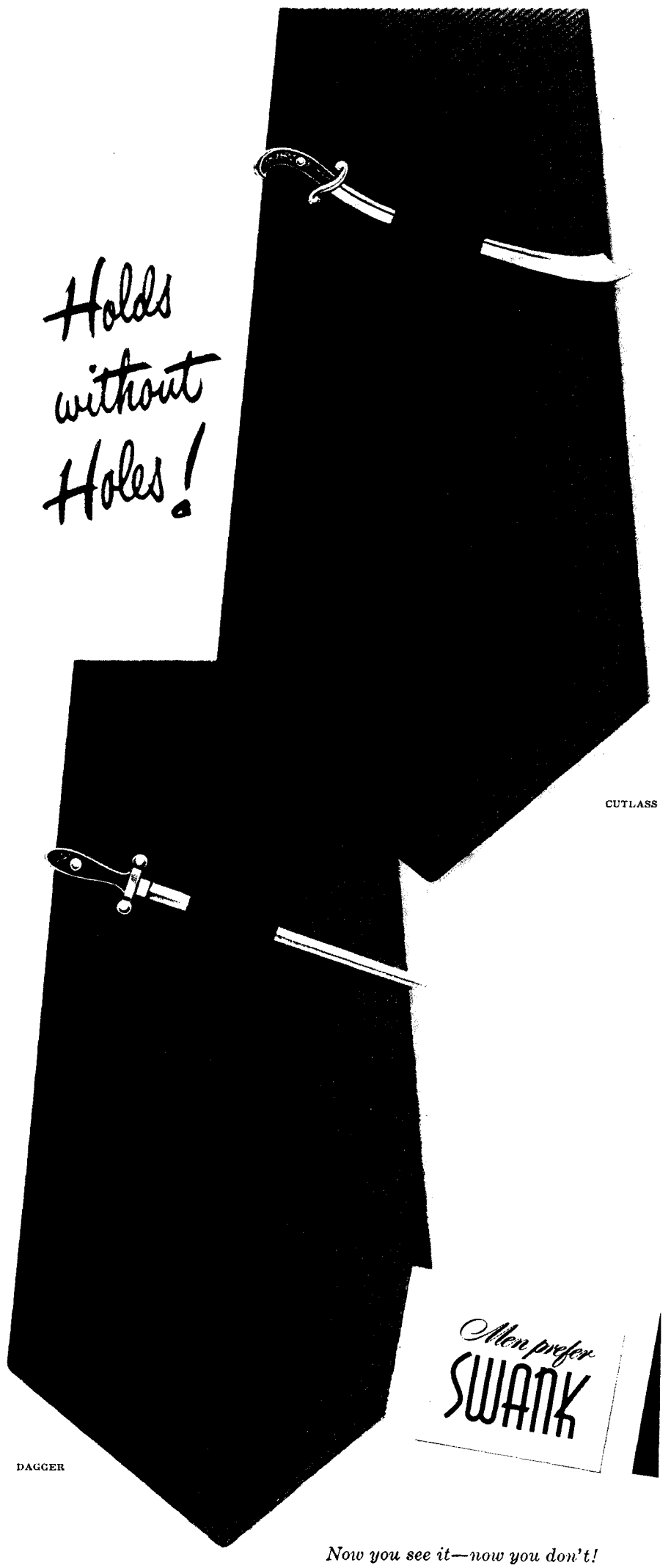

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Marland was watching those big hands. He heard the cook's anguished "Jack!" and he heard some formless sound come out of Lyons. Then the great hands came for him. He raised his eyes to the hinge of Lyons' jaw and swung his fist against that point, landing true with all the force of his shoulders.

Lyons swayed—but only a little. His eyes, fixed on Marland, never wavered. His hands came on. One found Marland's left forearm. It gripped there, pulling Marland to him. It freed the forearm and gripped the biceps. It moved to Marland's shoulder, to Marland's throat. The other hand joined it there even as Marland struck again and again into the deep flesh of Lyons' belly. The weight of Lyons' body came on, carrying Marland down, going down with him, the hands never losing their rigid grasp. Lyons' eyes were closed, his face contorted. That much Marland saw before he began to lose consciousness.

Airedale Joe reached the long tom in three jerky steps. He picked up the hammer he had been using, turned and took one step toward Lyons. There he stopped, fear working all through him. He took another step. With a cry he swung the hammer in a wide arc, striking blindly.

It found the back of Lyons' head, scraping a furrow to the bone and glancing off. Lyons crumpled. His body rolled off Marland's body.

When consciousness returned to Marland, Lyons was staggering to his feet. Not a word was spoken. Lyons rocked back and forth, seeking his bearings, then walked with the exaggerated care of a drunken man to his car. He sat there, wiping at the blood that flowed down the back of his neck. He drove away, hunched over the wheel.

Marland said, "Thanks, Joe."

The cook was staring after the car. "No thanks. He took me by the throat once, a long time ago. It squeezed somethin' I needed out of me. I never thought I'd find the guts to even the slate."

Joe looked at the hammer in his hand. He went on: "It was when he was a kid and me and him was workin' the river. We found some flood gold and I went on a toot. Or did I tell you that? I wouldn't let Warne drink, so he went out and found his own bottle. I grabbed it out of his hand. He went for my throat in that same blind, crazy way. It took four men to pull him off." Joe paused. His expression grew distant. "I ain't really faced up to a man since. Ever' time I tried I saw them hands comin' for my throat."

WARNER LYONS made one stop on his way to Tomtown. It was at the bridge across the Tom. He left his car and made his way down to the river's edge beneath the bridge. Soaking his handkerchief in the cold water he cleansed his neck and held it as a compress to the deep open wound in the back of his head.

Continuing to Foothill House he put his hat on to hide the compress and tramped up the stairs to the second floor. He climbed to the high seat of the stagecoach and sat with his head sunk into his shoulders; his eyelids drooped in a reverie that loosened his jaw muscles and made his face dreamily placid. From time to time he felt the back of his head; street lights had come on outside before his exploring finger came away dry from the mat of hair and blood.

He stepped down from the coach and stood swaying, annoyed to discover that he was a little lightheaded, that weakness had come into his arms and legs. He tramped down the stairs, climbed into his car and drove out of Tomtown and across the bridge, turning in at the Armsby road.

SLEEP came late to Marland. He twisted on his cot, listening to the wind overhead grow fitful and build up strongly, only to die away and presently blow fitfully again. As his thoughts progressed along their tortuous course they came back to one fact he could not escape: he loved Janet as he had never loved any other woman—with his whole heart and mind and body. In time a dull languor possessed him, and then sleep came . . .

He awakened with smoke strong in his nostrils. In the first stupor of returned consciousness he thought his bed was on fire, and leaped from it. At the door he met smoke that eddied and swirled all about him. He remembered the burning at the east end of the basin. The crew had not killed its fire, and it had got loose in the night. He cursed and ran back in for his clothes.

Running to the crew quarters he saw a light come on there and heard voices full of sleepy alarm. He yelled through the screen. "Everybody out! Axes and shovels. Hurry it up!"

The tool-house lock resisted him. He was fumbling at it when he saw a column of fire flash to the top of a tree not a hundred yards beyond the east edge of the camp clearing. That was when the truth hit him. This was not the crew's carelessness. No fire could travel so far in a few hours even with a wind to push it, and the wind had been against it.

Catron the levelman came up, bent low and coughing. He called, "There's fire across the river north of us. It's half around us!"

"Go to the road and check that side," ordered Marland rapidly. "Send another man to look below."

But he knew what they would find. He knew with a dismal certainty that he had misjudged after all the strange fire that glowed in the eyes of Warner Lyons.

The men made their way to him through the billowing smoke, calling out to him. There was no fear among them; they did not know. Marland passed out tools, though it was useless.

"Stay here," he commanded. "Stay together."

He studied the smoke, trying to find a direction in the wind. It eddied and drifted and did not lie upon the ground. That was odd. The southwest wind had died and there was no wind. He remembered how it had grown fitful before he found sleep.

Catron came back. "It's across the road," he said. "Man, this fire's been set!"

"Easy, Catron. Who did you send below?"

"The cook."

Some of the men had heard Catron speak. They crowded around nervously, trying to peer through the smoke, some beginning to wipe with their arms at their eyes.

"Sit on the ground," said Marland. "Use a handkerchief or your shirttail over your nose."

He saw a pinnacle of flame outline another pine, this time straight north across the river. All about him the night was growing lighter and the smoke was roiling thicker; he felt the first warmth on his face. And he felt relief as he saw Airedale Joe emerge out of the changing murk.

The cook was fighting for breath. "There was *two fires down there*," he gasped. "I saw 'em come together. Now it's burnin' clean across."

So they were ringed. And the flames were too close to try to fight them with backfires. Marland fought down the impulse to make the attempt, to try to save the camp as well as themselves.

"We're going into the river," he said. "Keep close enough that you can always reach out and touch somebody. Come on."

They soaked their clothes and stood or sat in the water at first. Some were joking about their lost possessions. They thought they were safe.

But Marland knew better. Standing there, he saw flames lick out and take the cookshack with a roar. And he felt something, a wind that came hot and strong down the river and touched his cheek. It died, then came stronger, straight down the river out of the east, bringing smoke and the crackle of fire with it. What was it that Airedale Joe had called it? A Mono wind. A blessed Mono wind.

"Everybody up," he called. "Follow me downstream."

They waded down until they met the line of fire. It was no longer advancing upstream in search of them. The rising wind struck it and forced it to double back upon itself. Marland watched the edge of the fire falter and begin to die and cool. Then he led his men into the sanctuary of the wind. In the river they were wet and miserable, but they were safe. The other wall of fire raced down the river behind them and reached for them in vain. It met the backfire created by the wind shift, and it too began to die.

Marland peered westward with a new anxiety. He could see nothing, but he knew the westward flank of the fire was being fanned by the wind. Perhaps even now it was leaping before the Mono, westward down the basin, southwestward toward the Armsby house. Long before it was wise to do so he led his crew back upstream, through destruction that still smoldered, and so at last arrived where the trees were still green. But the east wind continued to bring smoke.

ON THE slope where the road from Tomtown dipped into the basin, Warner Lyons sat in his car and watched the fires around Marland's camp grow into a closed ring. His shoes and socks and pant legs were soaked from crossing and recrossing the river. A streak of burned flesh ran up the back of his left hand almost to the elbow.

A man can burn his own, can put his possessions through the cleansing ordeal of fire. It was his basin, bought and paid for. Nathaniel Armsby fought stubborn fools with fire down there. What Nathaniel Armsby had done, Warner Lyons could do. And do better.

His eyes shifted to the east end of the basin, where other flames lighted the sky. That was where Marland's men had been burning during the day. It was the sight of their fire this afternoon that had planted this genius stroke in his brain. Tonight after firing the camp he had reset that fire. That was the master touch, the Lyons touch that even Nathaniel Armsby never possessed. Tomorrow when an investigation was made it would appear that Marland's men had failed to kill their fire. The investigators would conclude that the fire had been spread to other parts of the basin by vagrant winds, or an animal fleeing with fur afire.

With its survey crew dead, San Francisco would be set back for months on its dam. Time and delay. That was what the fire gave him when nothing else could. Time to bring against Miss Janet the pressure that would crush her and shape her to his demands. Delay that would force San Francisco to compromise, to abandon this basin and build its dam up above where he must have it.

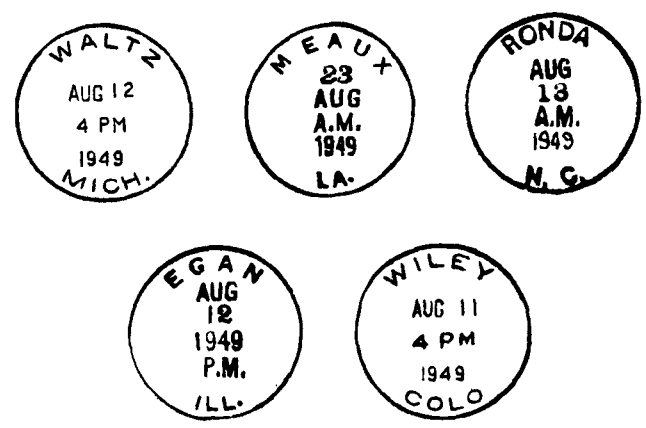
Returning his gaze to the constricting ring of yellow around the camp, he saw the cookshack go up in a blossom of yellow-blue. That was the butane in the stove. Marland was dead by now. John Marland, who drew kings so surely from a deck, who looked so boldly upon Miss Janet, who asked an unforgivable question. It was too bad. Lyons liked the man. He frowned over that. Can a man like another man, yet kill him? He must think that out someday.

Sunk in his reverie, he did not notice the first sighs of the new wind about him. It grew strong and steady and still he sat there, in the grip of a peculiar lassitude that blurred the edges of his thoughts and made them pleasant fantasies. The flames beyond the camp had grown to a solid column of fire half across the basin, flying westward, when he came awake. Even as he stared down, the fire crowned and began to leap from treetop to treetop. He lifted his stare to the darkness beyond, to the Armsby mansion that was there though he could not see it. His mansion. Taken by him from Nathaniel Armsby. His by right of conquest now. His by right of succession someday. The Lyons mansion.

He turned the car around and raced up the slope to the road fork. Skidding in the gravel, fighting the wheel, he got the car into the ridge road to the man-

Picture Postmarks

HOWARD SPARBER



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sion. The car crawled. Faster. He had to go faster. It was three miles. The fire was crowning. Faster.

He saw the mansion ahead. He saw lights and figures of people in the yard. He sped on, past the mansion, down the slope. Now he was ahead of the fire. Now he was in front of the fire. He stopped the car and jumped from it, and was vastly astonished when his legs gave way and he fell. This rubbery weakness. He had lost too much blood.

But no matter. He was up. He knew what to do. He had fought many a fire. Build a backfire. He ran into the trees. An ax. He had no ax. No shovel. Never mind. He had hands. His great hands that could do anything.

He ran on. Now there was smoke, and heat, and tree trunks stood out plainly against the flames. He could see them. Why could he not avoid them? Why did he keep running into them? Why was he on the ground? His arms. Something was wrong with his arms. Why did he lack the strength to push himself up? It was hot. It was suffocatingly hot. He had come too far. That blinding light straight above him. That was flame in a treetop. But it couldn't be. If it was that close he must stand up and run. He must rub this fire out of his legs, his back, his hair. He must . . . he must . . .

THE fire did not reach the house. One prong, the main one, ate straight down the basin and died in the rocky defile of the damsite. The other one rushed up the slope toward the house, but began to lose its terrible momentum where the trees grew smaller and sparse. It reached the garden. There, in that tangle of decay, it was forced to creep along the ground, sending wind-blown embers uselessly against the slate roofs and stone walls of the house.

That was where Marland and the others stopped it. Marland and the crew, forced to travel afoot the same loop of road that Lyons had covered so quickly, were joined at the kill by fire fighters arriving from Tomtown. By midmorning the flanks of the burn were under control too.

It was many hours later that they found Warner Lyons' body. They knew it was Lyons because his car was not far away, and because the charred figure on the ground had a large cranial structure and extraordinarily big hands imprisoned beneath his sprawled body. . . .

Marland and Roger Heath finished poking around in the smoldering ashes of the camp. They climbed silently into Heath's car, and silently drove to the Armsby house. The crew was there, quartered temporarily on the third floor.

Heath pulled up beneath the portico.

"At least," he said, "it resolved all our old problems. You can build your dam now, John. In a week you'll have new problems. That's the way it goes."

Marland nodded. This was Heath's casual way of telling him that his status was changed. He was no longer survey engineer, in charge of preliminaries. He was project engineer, in charge of the dam's construction. The bargain was kept.

"We'll get on with it," he said. He knew he did not sound pleased. But that was because he was tired. Too much lost sleep, too much nerve strain. Heath understood such things. Tomorrow would be different. "The first new problem is already here," he added. "But it's yours, not mine."

"That so? What is it?"

"The gold down there in the basin. What will you do about it?"

"What would you do?"

"Let it lie." Marland spoke earnestly, surprised at the intensity of his own feeling. "If you take time to dredge it out, the dam will be delayed. Water is more important to the West now than gold. It's even more important to the Mother Lode."

"Gold settled California," said Heath reflectively. "I'll not run the stuff down, though I've never had much of a hankering for it. But water is our real gold, isn't it? It's clean gold that you can store right out in the open instead of hiding in a hole in the ground at Fort Knox."

Marland started to step from the car. Heath stopped him.

"A man dropped in my office yesterday," said Heath. "He had heard that you were working for me. A Reclamation Bureau engineer by the name of Arthur Clyde."

Marland sat quite still. "Yes?"

"He said to tell you that it happened again. Same way, a different man. He understands now. Does that mean anything to you?"

"It does." Marland climbed out and stood there smiling. "It means a very great deal. As you damn' well know."

"That's good." Heath waved his pipe and was gone.

Marland walked up to the door, rang and waited. Project engineer. His own dam. And the old ostracism of the bureau engineers would be lifted now. He felt good. He should feel exuberant. He did not, and he knew why. He must try again to make Janet believe, yet there were no words he could say.

Virginia Kane let him in. She smiled at him and said, "Janet is in the kitchen with your cook. I'll get her."

"No. Let me see your patient first, if he's awake."

In the long night of crisis for everyone, young Sherman had passed his own crisis. He was going to get well. Marland wanted only to show him a friendly gesture, to tell him that he need not worry for his part in Brock's ambush. Even so, that act remained a piece of viciousness, springing from Sherman's weakness and his odd relationship with Brock. That relationship in some way touched upon the mystery of this girl.

He said, "Virginia, what did Brock do to you the night you went for the walk with him?"

"I have told you," she answered, "he did nothing." Before Sherman's door she stopped and looked up at Marland, gravely considering his curiosity. She gave a little shrug; her hands went to the buttons at the side of her slacks. "This is why," she said.

She stepped out of the slacks and stood before him in blouse and shorts, watching his face with the old pain and loneliness back in her eyes. Marland looked down. Instantly he was ashamed of his prodding curiosity. For both her legs were wretchedly disfigured from thigh to ankle. Below her right knee, deep gashes of sunken flesh extended the length of a hand down both sides of her leg. Her left leg was crooked above the ankle, and ridged with scars. Above her knees, scars crisscrossed her legs in long ridges and furrows.

This was her secret that Brock had discovered with his brutish force. The discovery had taken all of his ardor out of him. He had turned away from her.

Marland stooped and touched the scars gently, not quite knowing why, vaguely understanding that he owed her the gesture in behalf of his sex. When he came erect there were tears in her eyes. He said, "They must have been lovely legs once."

"They were," she said.

"Do you want to tell me how it happened?"

"Yes." She put on her slacks, her composure returning quickly. He wondered at that, until he realized that there had been an increasing steadiness in her, a lifting of her spirit, during these days she had devoted to Sherman's care.

"Sherman and I lived together in San Francisco," she said simply. "I loved him and was waiting for him to realize that we should get married. One night we had been to a party, and he drank too much. On the way home he lost control of the car. We went into a ditch and turned over. I was thrown out, and my legs were pinned beneath the car."

The memory of that time made its shape upon her face as she continued: "I was in hospitals for two years. The multiple fractures were so bad that the doctors could do very little at first but save my legs. Then it began. Bone splints. Breaking them again and resetting them to try to straighten them. Skin grafts. They said I would never walk. But I did. Then they said I would never walk normally. But Janet and I fooled them again."

"Janet?"

"Janet was wonderful. She has always been wonderful. She made me want to walk again. She made me come live with them when I left the hospital although I—I wouldn't come until it was understood that everything was finished between Sherman and me. He said he wanted to marry me, but he knew he didn't mean it—and I knew."

Marland said, "But everything is not finished between you, is it?"

"No," she answered. "He needs help now. With help he will change."

"Maybe," said Marland.

"He'll change," she repeated.

Marland smiled his defeat, knowing it was no use. "Don't let him take you for granted again," he said. "Make him work for you. A hard job that will make him sweat and give him time to think about himself. You stay here. I'm going to offer him such a job on the dam."

TEN minutes later Marland emerged from the room. Virginia stood waiting with disinterested calm.

"He'll take it," said Marland. "Maybe he means it."

She nodded. "If he had refused, it wouldn't have made any difference," she said.

"Yes. I suppose I should have known that. He'll know it too. Good luck, Virginia."

Marland made his way slowly toward the kitchen. He must find the words for Janet now, must try to make her see that in all the world there was only one woman.

Airedale Joe was in the kitchen, looking about him at its dimensions with jaundiced eyes. Janet was no longer there. Marland searched in other rooms and could not find her. He stood irresolute in the hallway, thinking that this was a reprieve, that he had been given more time to search for the words.

That was when she came down the staircase. She walked to him, laughing a little at the expression on his face. "While you were in with Sherman," she said, "Virginia ran down and told me you had come back. Sometimes women have to conspire against a man, you know. She gave me the chance to rush to my room and make myself pretty for you. Am I not pretty?"

"You are lovely," he said. He reached for her, not quite believing that he would not have to find the words, not really believing until his mouth found hers and her eager lips told him there were no doubts.

Much, much later, when he tried to speak of it, she stopped him.

"I wanted you to fall in love with me," she said. "I think I began wanting it the night I slapped you. I did everything I could to make you love me. Now it's my job to hold you against other women. And I shall do it."

"You'll find it easy," he said, smiling.

For a moment she was grave. "All women have their times of doubt. I have had mine. It will come again, for that is the way we are. When it does you must remember to tell me and show me that you love me."

He matched her gravity, though there was the beginning of laughter in his eyes as he replied, "My duty and my pleasure."

THE END

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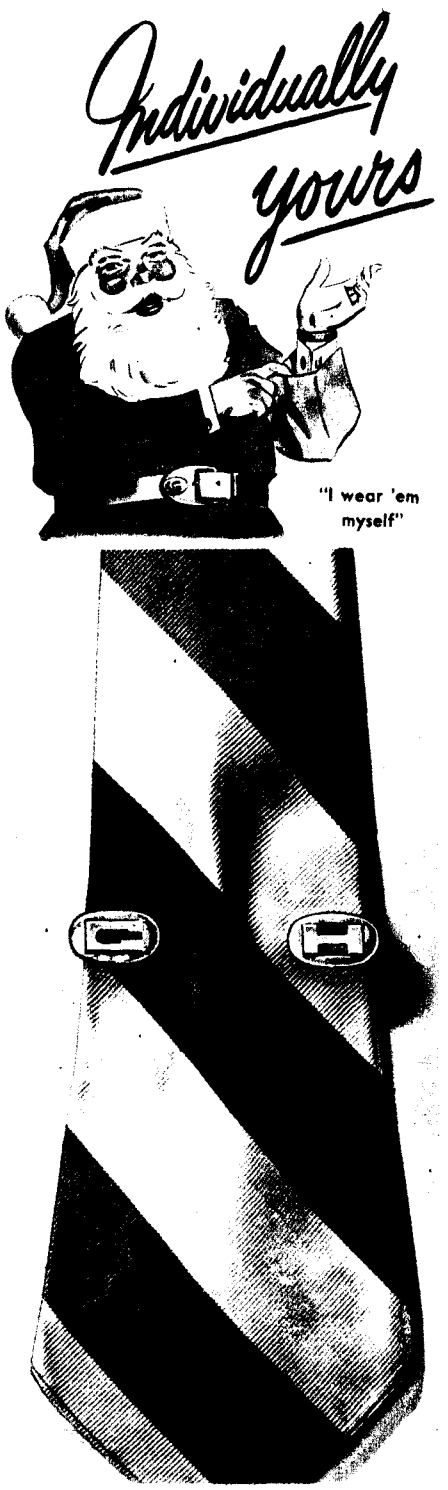

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HADLEY men's jewelry

Cinderella Rides Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

nonsense about Cyrus Sayre Falkland? *Is* he getting married?"

Mrs. Dean shook her head. "I wouldn't know," she said. "But there is a rumor." Mrs. Dean had been in society herself up until 1929, when her husband had jumped out a window for the reason that was so popular that year. She still had the varnished look of a society matron, though the years and decreased means had caused it to peel a little; and she still had a few connections among people whose names were important to society pages. It made her an invaluable assistant society editor.

She picked up a glossy print from her desk and handed it to Merryweather. He looked at it bleakly. The photograph showed a girl of extraordinary good looks in very expensive clothes.

"Am I supposed to know who this bespangled chit is?" Merryweather asked. "It arouses all my basest appetites—but what of that? Is young Cyrus going to marry this broad?"

Mrs. Dean clucked. "You have written about her many times," she said. "We have other pictures of her with rather more on. But I supposed this would be the most appealing to you." Merryweather grinned; Mrs. Dean really was invaluable.

"Her name is Germaine Landis," Mrs. Dean said. "And she is the debutante of the year. The real thing, too—none of your upstarts. Her grandmother was a Van der Pool."

"Likely-looking filly," Merry said. "I ever tell you about the time I picked a filly named Mata Hari to win the Derby and she—"

"If you tell it again we'll miss the deadline," Mrs. Dean said.

MERRYWEATHER'S face wrinkled like a prune. He studied the portrait and said, "So they got her entered for the Falkland Cup, huh? Well, it's the biggest matrimonial purse in the world, at that. Let me see the art on young Cyrus and tell that journalism student that's supposed to be working here to get the lead out of his pants and dig me up the other entries. We got one of Dotty Gascoyne in a bathing suit." He leered. "I ain't so old I can't remember *that*," he said.

Swiftly he ran through the huge stack of pictures Mrs. Dean handed him from a Manila folder marked FALKLAND, CYRUS SAYRE. He said, "Compared to Morgan's old Corsair that yacht of Falkland's ain't so big." He paused at a snapshot showing the Falkland heir in the uniform of a lieutenant (j.g.) in the United States Navy. "Not a bad-looking lad," he said. "Kinda like his mama. And don't tell me *her* grandma was a Dulac of Baltimore, because I know it as well as I know Whirlaway's grandma was Ormonda. Get Her Majesty on the phone; we better find out what she's got to say."

Mrs. Fergus Falkland, always referred to by the society editor of the Chronicle as Her Majesty, was not always in sympathy with the press; she regarded it as sometimes a little *too* free where her only son was concerned. But she was known to have a weakness for old Merryweather. This was attributed by envious rivals to the fact that Merryweather had promoted several prize fights to raise huge sums for one of her pet charities.

Mrs. Falkland was In Residence on Fifth Avenue and would speak to Mr. Merryweather of the Chronicle. He shouted into the phone, "Hello, how are you? What's this about a new candidate to be your daughter-in-law? Name of Germaine Landis. Anything in it?"

Whenever Merryweather heard Mrs. Falkland's voice, he at once thought: Class. Blood'll tell in women same as in horses, he thought. He was thinking this as Mrs. Falkland said, "Such a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"I didn't have to call you up to find that out," Merryweather said. "I lost my teeth but my eyesight's still sharp enough to recognize a pretty girl. In about one hour and nine minutes, I got to write a piece. Is this one going to be the bride of the world's most eligible bachelor or not?"

"Not that I know of," Mrs. Falkland said, "and I rather imagine I would. Of course Cyrus has known her since she was in her cradle."

"Takes the edge off, huh?" Merryweather said. "Well, he's got to marry somebody, hasn't he?"

"Oh dear yes," Antoinette Falkland murmured. Even when she murmured, her voice was crystal-clear. "Of course he must marry. But I've an idea he'll wait until he's thirty. That's still over a year."

In his mind's eye, Merry could see her face, a delicate, distinguished olive-tinted oval. Always when he sat with her in the big library from which she directed her vast and varied philanthropies, he thought: I wish I could have seen her when she was young. She must have been something to see. But now, for all its power and humor, it was a sad and weary and broken beauty.

He said, "What's he waiting for? Pretty choosy, ain't he?"

There was a pause, and Merryweather chuckled to himself. She's trying to think of a gracious way to snub me, he thought. What Mrs. Falkland said was, "In his case, it's—necessary to choose rather carefully, isn't it?"

A quotation leaped into Merry's head. *His will is not his own, for he himself is subject to his birth. On his choice*—what the hell was it?—*depends the safety and the health of*— Of course you couldn't say *state,* not in a democracy; have to find some other way to put it. Both sides, though, would eat up that kind of stuff. Love it and write nasty letters about it.

In these changing times, the power of an industrial fortune like the Falkland's could support the safety of the whole economic structure or bring about disaster depending on how it was used.

No wonder his mother wanted him to choose his bride with care. Besides, young Falkland was supposed to have ideas of his own. The gossips said he was inclined to idealism—a dangerous tendency in a young man of wealth.

For the first time it occurred to John V. Merryweather that Antoinette Falkland, who had accepted all the duties and responsibilities her husband's will had placed in her hands fifteen years ago, would be glad of a strong young daughter-in-law to share at least her social and philanthropic obligations.

Mrs. Falkland's voice interrupted this fleeting meditation. "If they would only— You see, Merry, one does wonder if one will ever be loved for himself alone. Cyrus is really a lamb, you know. I—I simply couldn't bear it if someone married him just for his money. He has —ideals, you know."

"Ideals are all right," Merryweather told her. "Only he better stay out of politics if he expects to keep 'em."

There was faint rebuke in the lovely voice. "Cyrus is interested in politics, of course. Very much interested. One has to be, nowadays. But, Merry, hadn't you better stick to those soap operas you write—I can't stop *those*—but political matters are hardly within your—"

"Soap operas?" Merryweather yelled. "Soap operas! Why, let me tell—"

THE receiver clicked. After some sputtering, Merry hung up also. Through the doorway—upon which hung no door, Mr. Merryweather having removed it on the premise that no newspaperman was any good off the city-room floor—came the sound of loud voices and ringing bells as the city side picked up speed before edition time. Grim satisfaction flooded Mr. Merryweather. Of course it was understood that he never quoted Mrs. Falkland without express permission. Her trust had news value. And of course he'd leave out the serious stuff—it didn't belong on the society page. He'd write about the Social Scepter, and the Crown Princess, and all that lovely money. Just the same, to him this was no longer mere pap; this was in its way a better story than any they would have in the city room. More far-reaching.

"Good heavens, those Steedmans again. Quick, dear, get out the projector and the movies of Junior!"

COLLIER'S CORKA

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He named the debutantes, with comments like those on a form chart. First the Debutante of the Year, Germaine Landis, and her beauty and blood line. Then Rosalie Vanderhoff, last year's favorite and still in the running. That, Mr. Merryweather wrote, would unite two great fortunes. Before placing your bets it would be worth while to consider that Miss Vanderhoff, who didn't have to marry for money, might have an edge.

Also, there was Babs Tait, who had forsaken society to carve a career for herself as a model, a career which she would doubtless be willing to sacrifice. Still, it showed stamina and staying power. And that glamorous—here Mr. Merryweather winced but wrote bravely on—movie star with whom of late Cyrus Sayre Falkland was said to have danced until dawn was a flashy entry for the long-shot players. An English beauty of title and family who could use some American dollars.

All these Merry mentioned at length sufficient to fill his column and titillate the vulgar curiosity of his millions of readers.

He did not mention Bessie Keegan, of Tuckapack, New Jersey.

He had never heard of Bessie Keegan. Merryweather didn't know it, but Miss Keegan was an added starter.

THE Rosebud Beauty Salon was on the main street of Tuckapack, between the Bijou, where they mostly showed B pictures, and the First Class Garage, Jake Fuceli, Prop.

Outside, the Rosebud was painted white with a purple trim, selected by Mrs. Clara Wilkins, its owner and operator. Inside, was the robin's-egg-blue lobby, practically filled by the cosmetic showcase and the cash register; and beyond were two booths of plywood curtained in canvas.

On this bright June morning, the air of the Rosebud was electric, for Clara Wilkins, in the first booth, was finger-waving the blond tresses of none other than Miss Germaine Landis, while edged into the corner on a three-legged stool sat Germaine's dearest friend and closest rival, Miss Rosalie Vanderhoff. They were spending the week at Suffolk Acres and it was, Miss Landis explained, too hot to go clear into town for your hair which got so messy in the pool.

"Of course I'm sure you can do it just as well anyway," Miss Landis added politely. Mrs. Wilkins haughtily agreed.

After that the two forgot all about Clara Wilkins; they went on chattering as though they were alone on a desert island. And nothing warned Germaine Landis that she would have done better to bridle her tongue, since she was honestly and deeply in love with Cy Falkland.

For in the Rosebud, as in its metropolitan cousins, what was said in one booth could be clearly heard in the next. Bessie Keegan, giving a perm to the wife of Tuckapack's leading—and only—lawyer, had no need to stretch that rubber ear of which her young brother Lloyd had once warned Jake Fuceli.

At first, Bessie was listening not so much to what Miss Landis and Miss Vanderhoff said as to how they said it. These were not the first visitors to honor the Rosebud from great estates and country houses and breeding farms adjoining Tuckapack. The very first time, Bessie had thrilled to the difference in voice and accent between these magic creatures and her local customers. Her own gift for mimicry must have something to mimic.

Bessie could imitate the voices of all the leading movie stars, but she had found no one on the screen with the real thing—no one with a voice like that of Myra Matthewson of Suffolk Acres, or Mrs. Hardinge of Westbridge Manor, where the greatest came to stay. True, Mrs. Hardinge was horsy; she popped out with words which Mrs. Stodorf, the lawyer's wife, called crude. But she had the kind of voice which Bessie Keegan was determined to possess.

Just when Bessie began to listen to the sense as well as the sound of Germaine Landis' voice she couldn't have told. Probably at the mention of Cy. For Cy must be Cyrus Sayre Falkland.

Merry Weather In Society had long been Bessie's bible. On the previous Sunday, its many readers had had many reactions to the racy coverage of the Falkland Stakes. To Bessie, it had simply been fuel to the steady, hot fire of her ambition.

When she was ten, Bessie Keegan had made up her mind to marry money. That was nine years ago—and nothing had happened since to make her change her mind. She wanted to get out: out of the Rosebud, out of the ramshackle, crowded Keegan house down by the Junction, out of Tuckapack and even New Jersey. She wanted to get out of all this and into the great and wonderful world of the rich and fortunate.

All she had to work with were her good looks, her brains, her guts and her knowledge of men. Bessie thought these would do. There was nobody to help her, nobody at all. Very well—she must do it herself.

From the next booth she could hear Germaine Landis speaking, and her words suddenly produced full-blown in Bessie's brain the plan that would open the door into the world of the rich. It would be the back door; but that didn't matter: the important thing was to get in.

"If Myra doesn't get her new maid pretty soon," Germaine Landis was saying, "she'll go mad, poor darling." To anyone who read Merry Weather In Society as conscientiously as Bessie did, it was no trick to know who Myra was. She was the elegant and always audacious Mrs. Adam Farraday Matthewson.

And she needed a maid. Bessie's hands closed tight and Mrs. Stodorf gave a squeal of protest. Bessie paid no attention to her. One of the lovely voices was drifting through the plywood again. "You know Myra never dreamed Blanche would really leave her, though in a way you can hardly blame her. Myra *is* difficult. I adore her, but she must be simply poison to work for."

BESSIE KEEGAN closed her hand with an iron grip on the first lever by which to lift herself into that world of pleasure, leisure, possessions and privileges, of round upon round of revelry, of luxury and indulgence in which Mr. Merryweather had taught her to believe.

Bessie was using one of the perm clamps as a sort of symbol, and she brought forth a real howl from Mrs. Stodorf. Bessie didn't care, for she had heard departing footsteps.

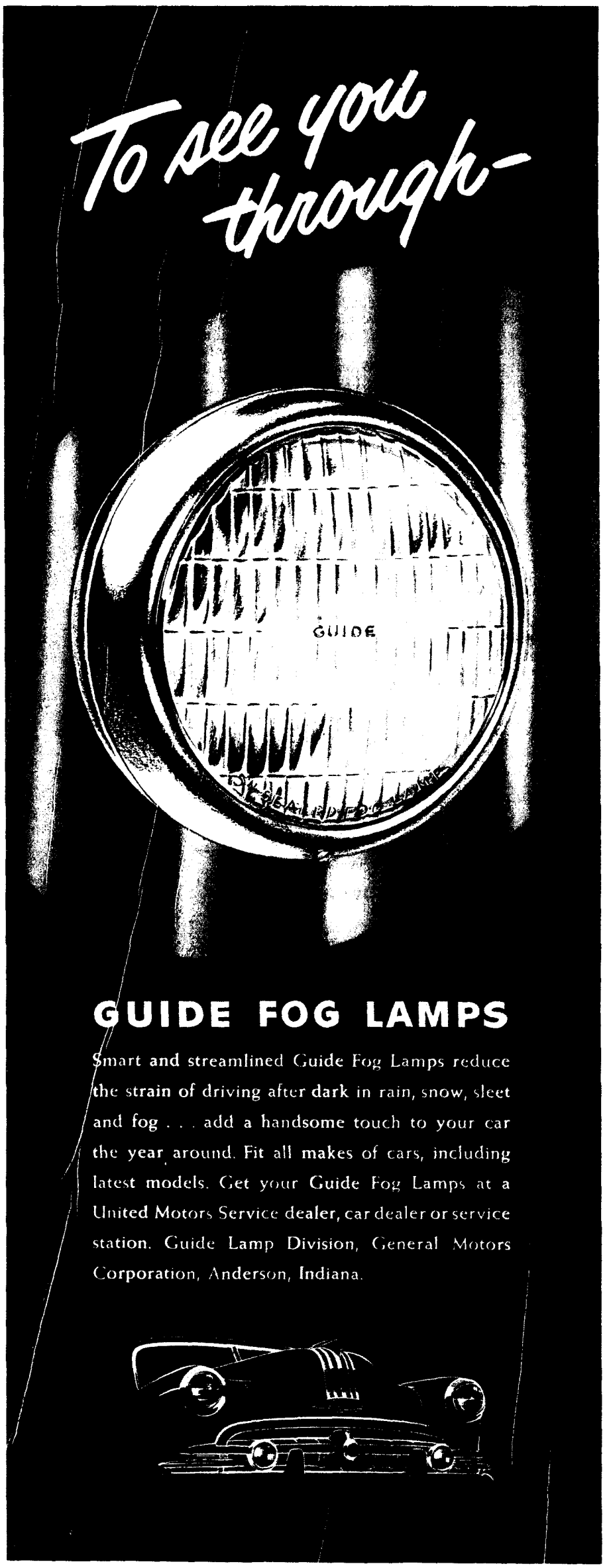
Germaine Landis and Rosalie Vanderhoff were already outside and had reached the station wagon, when they heard a voice say, "Could I please speak to you a minute?"

Being nice girls really, neither Miss Landis nor Miss Vanderhoff realized that this voice was full of sex and the spell of sex, though Jake Fuceli, lounging in front of his garage, felt his scalp tingle at the sound.

"I couldn't help overhearing about Mrs. Matthewson needing a maid," the small girl in white said to them. "I have a beauty license. Could you tell me what else is required?"

At this, both Miss Landis and Miss Vanderhoff began to laugh so hard that they could hardly see. So that when Myra Matthewson said, "But what is this girl like?" they were vague.

Actually, the cheap uniform of her profession made her all but invisible to them. It hid the incredibly tiny waist and delicate hips, the fragility of her body, which came from malnutrition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in childhood but was nevertheless destined to be the delight of great dressmakers, who would design fashions to display them.

Bessie stood and waited, very still and expressionless, until Germaine was able to speak through her laughter. "I am so sorry; it's just that Mrs. Matthewson requires so many things," Germaine Landis finally said.

"I'll tell you what," Miss Vanderhoff said, "buzz over and see her yourself. You know where it is? Have you a way to get there?"

The girl said, "Yes. How would late this afternoon be?"

"Splendid, I should think," Miss Landis said. "We'll tell her you're coming. Five-ish?"

Having thus unwittingly scotched her own chances of happiness, Germaine Landis then climbed into the station wagon and took off.

"Jake," Bessie Keegan said. When he strolled over, she lifted her eyes to him under lazy lashes and said, "How's about taking me for a ride this afternoon?" She gave a little chuckle. "Say—five-ish?"

Jake said, "Why not?" His black eyes glittered with interest. "What you up to, Bessie? You got that look in your eyes again."

"You don't like the look in my eyes you know what you can do," Bessie said.

"I like it," Jake said, "it slays me. Only you ain't foolin' me. I know you're on the make again. Who isn't? We could stop somewheres and have dinner—"

He was now talking to himself. With a shriek Bessie had fled; she went into the Rosebud like a strip of white paper in the path of a tornado.

As Bessie put it later, Mrs. Stodorf was one jump ahead of a four-alarm fire. She had reason. The booth was full of her lamentations and a strong *smell of scorching hair.*

Bessie leaped to turn off the heat. She said, "I'm sorry. Honest. I thought Clara would—she was right here—"

BREATHING fire and brimstone, Mrs. Stodorf departed; and Clara Wilkins, hands on hips, stood regarding her employee.

"Well, young Bessie," Mrs. Wilkins said, "if you'll be so kind—"

Right there she stopped. Bessie wasn't paying her any attention; her eyes were upon distant shores, upon far and greener pastures:

Yachting parties on hot nights, with tall, cool drinks. Paris in the fall, for clothes. A place called Sea Island, another place called Bermuda—you went to them in winter and still had a little tan left in June before you got a new one at Suffolk Acres and Bar Harbor. Hunt breakfasts, with the men in their pink coats. Breakfast in bed, with a tray of silver and bright china and delicate linen, like pictures in the magazines. The Right People, the Charming People of Mr. Merryweather's column.

"Well, young Bessie," Mrs. Wilkins said again.

Absently, Bessie said, "Save your breath, Wilkins. I'm quitting anyhow."

This was further than Mrs. Wilkins had intended to go. Bessie Keegan was too good at her work, even if she was too fresh. Mrs. Wilkins said, "Don't be silly."

"I've got me a job where I can learn something," Bessie said.

"Trouble with you, you know too much already," Mrs. Wilkins said darkly. "What is it you want to learn this time?"

"Oh—how to eat," Bessie said, "and choose underclothes, and how to treat servants when you get them, and what to do when people drop in and how to invite them and what to talk about and—"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Wilkins, "I can't stand it. You certainly have got your nerve."

"Well, you have to, don't you?" Bessie Keegan said simply; then she walked out of the Rosebud Beauty Salon without once looking back. It never crossed her mind that maybe she wouldn't get the job with Myra Matthewson. She did have one little qualm about her decision: Papa wasn't going to like this a little bit. And Bessie was fonder of Papa than anybody on earth—except, naturally, Bessie.

SHE got the job. Dressing for dinner that night, maidless and fuming, Myra Matthewson told her husband about it. In the Social Register, they were MATTHEWSON, MR. AND MRS. ADAM FARRADAY. (TWOMBLEY, KATHARINE ALICE MYRA.)

By his many friends, Mr. Matthewson was addressed as Moose, a name he had earned on many a playing field from Lawrenceville to Princeton to Meadowbrook. In his days as a sports writer, Mr. Merryweather had always referred to Moose as America's leading sportsman. What with his play at a No. 3 on the American polo team, his amateur golf championships, his cups in the Honolulu Yacht Races, to say nothing of his steeplechase riding and his success as M.F.H. of the Suffolk Hunt, few could dispute Moose's claim to that title.

Myra Matthewson, who wore her dark hair long, because most people wore theirs short, said to her husband, "Thank God, I got a new maid! There don't seem to be many."

From his dressing room, Moose said, "That gets me off the hook, too. I wasn't cut out for it."

"This one is too marvelous," Myra said. "A hairdresser from Tuckapack. She informed me she never makes the same mistake twice."

"More than I can say," Moose bellowed.

"She will be something new under the sun," Myra said.

Two buzzes sounded through the beautiful big suite. That meant the telephone was for Moose. One buzz, of course, was for Myra. At the warm welcome in his big "Hi! How's the boy?" Myra stopped listening. Nobody exciting. Just somebody Moose liked.

However, it turned out to be Cy Falkland.

Moose came from the sitting room and said, "Cy's chucking us for dinner. Went down to bawl out old Merryweather about that matrimonial sweepstakes piece. Cy ought to know better than to argue with the press—especially with Merryweather. Still I can see the boy's point—he thought it was rough on Germaine. Anyhow, he ended up having to umpire a kids' ball game out in the sticks. One of Merry's noble causes. Moose paused, then said, "How about that? Germaine's a nice girl."

"She is indeed," Myra said, "only duller even than most nice girls. Not that you can ever tell what Cy will do. Naturally, he isn't normal."

"Take it easy," Moose said. "I've known a lot of men in my time and if I were in a really tight spot—"

COLLIER'S

"It wasn't much of a proposal—he just asked me to marry him"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"You'd rather have Cy with you than anybody," Myra said. "Nevertheless a man in *his* particular tight spot cannot be normal—let's face it. The theory is that he can marry any woman in the world. But they all behave as if he were royalty, and that's the wrong approach to Cy. They also make the mistake of pretending to ignore his money. Cy takes his money very seriously."

"You've got something there," Moose said. "I hope he'll find a wife with a sense of humor. She'll need it."

"Don't we all!" said Myra. "By the way, just what is Cy up to? He has some very queer friends. Elder statesmen and national committeemen and all those odd people he was in the Navy with. He hasn't decided life is real, life is earnest or anything, has he?"

Moose studied her a moment. Then he said, "Far as I know, he's gone off to Far Rockaway to umpire a ball game. He said he'd be down late tonight. That leaves you a man short for dinner."

"Darling," his wife said, "there's a strap inside that hooks, between my shoulder blades. Would you mind?" She backed up to him; she was very tall, but even so he had to bend a long way. She said, "As it happens, Cliff Quarrier dropped in, driving back from Washington, so it's all right."

Moose peered down his wife's beautiful back, his big hands fumbling. "Cliff Quarrier, huh?" he said. "He been writing any more poems that don't rhyme lately?"

"His poems," Myra said, "are divine."

"He'll tell the world," Moose said, and realized it was easier to laugh at Cliff Quarrier's charm for women than to explain it. "There," he said, "that does it—you're safe."

"Thank you," Myra said, "you do very nicely, but I will be glad just the same when Bessie moves in."

"You look might purty," Moose said. He took her in his arms, almost fiercely. "You're my girl. Still love your old man—after all these years?"

"U-mm," said Myra. Her dark, slanting eyes were very bright. "Hadn't you noticed we are usually referred to as Darby and Joan?"

He still held her. He said, "You'd better love me. I'll break every bone in your pretty body if you don't. And, as they say, Daddy ain't kiddin'."

"Do tell your pal Merryweather in advance," his wife said. "I've always longed to read Merry Weather In At the Death."

THE Keegans were gathered around the big table which filled so much of the dining room their backs touched the dark-brown, figured wallpaper.

At the head of the table, in his Sunday best, sat James Keegan. His dry, furrowed wisp of a face shone brightly above the stiff collar two sizes too big for him. This, to Jim Keegan, was the big moment of the week. All the children home. Like he'd promised Mother. Except Tony. Tony was still in the Army. He was a corporal now.

At the foot of the table, in the little print dress she'd worn to church with him, sat his little Bessie, best-loved of his children.

He said, "You're not eatin' anything, Bessie."

Bessie looked at the slab of overcooked, grainy pot roast, the slew of greasy gravy, the two gray potatoes and three limp carrots. At her best, Aunty Mae wasn't much of a cook. Today her hay fever was bad.

"It's too hot to eat," Bessie said.

In this warm, muggy air, she was sickened by the smell of the food. She was disgusted by the table manners of her young brothers—Frankie's elbow jostling her on one side and Ham's on the other. She hated Aunty Mae, breathing down her neck as she handed the big cups of coffee, and spilling some as always into the saucers. At this moment Bessie Keegan knew she didn't care whether she ever saw any of her family again.

Except Papa. You had to love Papa.

Papa had shoved his dinner plate into the middle of the table and begun on his hot apple pie with ice cream from the drugstore. A greedy lull fell while Aunty Mae dished up for the rest of them.

Now was as good a time as any.

Bessie squared her shoulders and lifted her chin. "I got a new job," she said.

That stopped them. They stared at her, a circle of suspicious and startled eyes. Jobs were important.

Jim Keegan's fork, loaded with pie and ice cream, stayed poised in the air. After a moment, the ice cream melted off and made a dull smack on the tablecloth. "You got a good job," Papa said.

"This is better," Bessie said. "I'm going to Suffolk Acres."

The circle of faces closed in. Her father put down his fork. They didn't like it. In the first place, it was new. They knew Suffolk Acres, all right. Tuckapack lay cheek by jowl with big estates.

Solemnly James Keegan said, "What you going to do there?"

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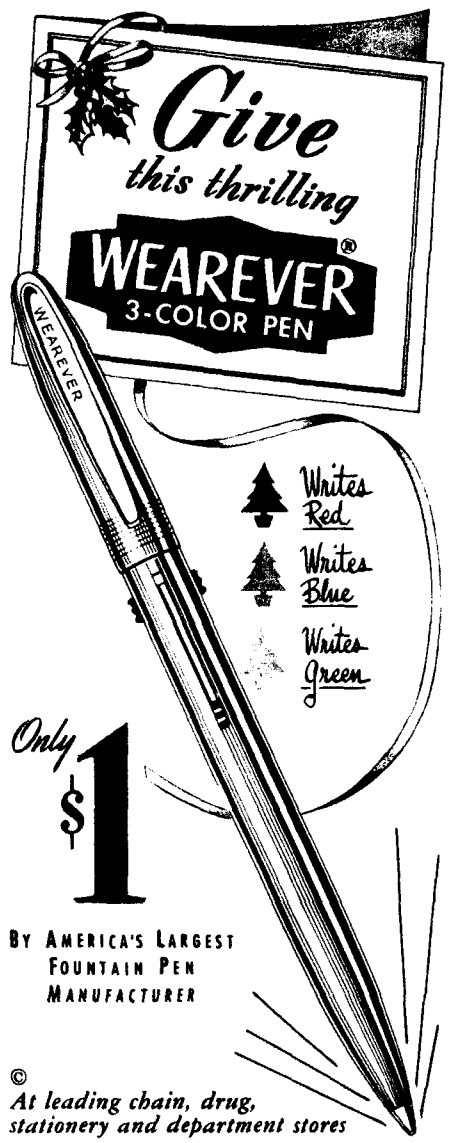

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"I'm going to be Mrs. Matthewson's secretary, Papa," Bessie said. When Bessie lied, she just lied, avoiding trimmings. "She wants I should live there."

"Live there!" said Aunty Mae. "Why—you'd be nothing but a servant."

Bessie gave her a level glance. "I'd be paid, anyhow," she said.

James Keegan had grown stern. His head lowered slowly. When it came to what Papa called Principle, he won back some of that dignity of which fear and a hard life had robbed him.

"I don't want you mixed up with that kind of people, Bessie," he said. "Your mama would of wanted you should stay home with me and your brothers to protect you until you get married. We have got a certain standing in this community. We always been independent. We got a good name."

Nobody made a sound. They did not dare look at one another. In a way, it was kind of pitiful. It was true enough that James Keegan, at least, had a good name. In that part of Jersey, they'd tell you if Jim Keegan did a job for you, you'd not find anything done careless. Not many men left could point stone like Jim Keegan.

The old man was sorting his thoughts, the way he did his tools. If he'd only been able to do more for Bessie. She was ambitious. He knew that. Look at the way she'd been head of her classes at high school. The principal himself had told Jim Keegan they'd never had a smarter girl, she ought to go to college. They couldn't afford that, and Bessie was in too much of a hurry anyhow. She wanted to get ahead.

Long, long ago he had wanted to get ahead himself. Go on his own. Build fine little stone houses and sell 'em. Only there never was any way to get money for the materials to put up the first one; it'd have been too much of a gamble for a man with a growing family that needed a pay envelope every week.

He said, "Bessie, you don't know. Lots of them folks have loose ideas, dear. You don't know such things, but Papa does. They're rich people, over there. It'd maybe make you discontented with your lot, dear. They might treat you like you wasn't as good as they are."

"I'm not," Bessie said, "but I can learn a lot there."

Papa said, "You stay home with your own kind of folks, till you get married to some nice man like Jake Fuceli's got his own business or that Mr. Pauley. Looks to me like you got plenty of chances, Bessie."

THE scrape of Bessie's chair made them jump. She sidled around the table and put her cheek on the top of Papa's hair. She said, "Don't you worry, Papa. I can look after myself."

The old man shoved himself up with his palms on the tablecloth. He wasn't much taller than she was, and their eyes were level. There was a force in her eyes that confused him, until she smiled; then there was a light, the way stone looked if the sun hit it slantwise about sundown.

"I don't like it," Papa said. His voice sounded like maybe he could pretty near cry. He was having a little trouble with his teeth, the way he did when he got upset. They didn't fit very good any more. But he got them anchored. He said, "You be a good girl, Bessie."

Bessie kissed him on the cheek. "Sure, Papa," she said, "I promise." She grinned at him. "And what's more, I'll make it pay better."

"Money isn't everything," Papa said.

To that, Bessie said nothing. . . .

Jake Fuceli drove her, early the next morning, over to Suffolk Acres. They crossed a little river on a narrow, old, stone bridge, and swung up the long winding avenue under spring-green trees darkening now with summer sun.

"You're jittery," Jake Fuceli said.

"I won't be, once I get in the ring," Bessie said.

They passed the rolling lawns and the meadows; a quarter-mile track and rambling white stables came into view, and Jake brought the car to a jarring stop. His thumb jerked toward wide gates which opened into a gay, beautifully tended garden. A curving path led up to a big, rose-brick house, glowing like a jewel in the clear, early light of the morning. "I don't know what you're up to," Jake said. "I hope *you* do. This is as far as I go. If you're going in the servants' entrance, you can sure as hell walk."

She was staring away from him, at the gleaming mullioned windows; he could see the line of her jaw and the hollow under her close-set little ears, and the pulse throbbing in her throat. As though he couldn't help himself, he grabbed her, pulled her back toward him and held her with one strong young arm, his face hard and dark.

Bessie didn't move. She wasn't worried about Jake, she knew how to handle Jake. Only thing that was tough to handle was her own hot and overpowering response. But Bessie meant to get her price for what men had taught her, early, too early, that she possessed and that they wanted. Even though it meant fighting, as she fought now, to control the flame that ran through her nerve ends, she meant to hold out for her price.

Jake Fuceli gave her a look of reluctant admiration as she pulled away. He had felt that leap of response all right.

"Whatever you think you're up to," Jake said, "don't start kidding yourself. Like I said, you'll always be my girl. You'd be better off if you come along with me now and we got married. I'm not crazy about you learning anything. You know enough to suit me—and anything you don't know, I can teach you."

For a moment she clung to him. It would be easier. To turn back, to marry Jake, to give up this strange and arduous campaign to conquer a foreign country, to forget it and take what was at hand.

Then she let go, suddenly. She fumbled for her suitcase, got out of the car and stood a moment, one hand on the door. Jake Fuceli's black eyebrows lifted. Okay. He could wait. She'd come back. If she didn't, he could always go and get her.

He said, "Be seeing you on your night out, huh?"

Bessie said, "Sure, Jake." Jake spun the car and went down the avenue at a breakneck pace.

Bewildered, Bessie started up a dark, soft, narrow road between the velvet lawns, a road lined with lilac bushes taller than she was, on which only a few wilting purple plumes still lingered.

Out of nowhere, without warning, a black horse came around the curve of the house, and in a frenzy of fear Bessie realized she had taken the bridle path. She had never overcome her childhood terror of horses, and every muscle in her body froze. She couldn't move. She was a small, gray, abandoned statue in the horse's path.

Her panic somehow infected the black horse, which reared back in a panic of its own. The horse kicked in many directions at once and then went up on his hind legs, waving Bessie violently away with his front feet.

The rider had no time to look at the girl standing there—he was too busy with the black horse. Finally he brought the horse down on all fours and lifted him sideways, going with him as though they were one piece. The muscles under the rider's tight polo shirt rippled and flowed with the muscles under the shining black coat of the horse—and then they were by, roaring down the path like the wind. He gave a sort of wave with his gloved hand, and a sound came back, half shout, half apologetic laughter.

It was, it had to be, in a way, rather like the old tale of King Cophetua and the beggar maid. Only this time the king hadn't so much as seen the beggar maid. She had seen him. She had seen Cyrus Sayre Falkland. She knew it was he, because she had memorized every feature of his face from the photographs which appeared so often in Merry Weather In Society.

SHE felt faint and icy cold in the sunshine. A wave of utter, black despair engulfed her; never again as long as she lived would she smell lilacs happily. Doubt came up in her throat and tasted like tears.

How they would laugh! Anybody. Everybody. Even the black horse would laugh if he knew. Even the horse had known she didn't have any business here.

They locked people up for thinking the things she was thinking; they drove beggars away from the gate if they dared to eye the throne. Maybe not in King Cophetua's day. Now they did.

After a while her knees stopped buckling and she began to walk, doggedly, slowly, toward the great, stately, beautiful house. She thought of all those other girls—the ones Merryweather had written about. If I fall on my face I'll be in damn' good company, Bessie Keegan thought. They had everything. She had nothing. They'd failed. Maybe nothing was what it took. Maybe today could be an omen.

ZIUQ

Once again, a quiz in reverse. If you can't figure out the questions that prompted the answers below, see next page

Answers

1. (A) Grin rummy, (B) Canasty (C) Stripped poker.
2. The Voice, the Body.
3. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.
4. Texas, California, Montana.
5. Empire State Building, Chrysler Building.
6. Irving Berlin, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky.
7. The 50-yard line.
8. Yankee Clipper.
9. Stage, screen and radio.
10. Death of a Salesman, Miss Liberty.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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ZIUQ

See preceding page

1. What are the favorite card games of (A) optimists, (B) ill-tempered persons, and (C) nudists?
2. What would you call Marie McDonald if she could sing? What would you call Frank Sinatra if he had a body?
3. What colors does a punched eye assume before it finally settles on black?
4. What states are considered the most wonderful in the country by the people of Texas, California and Montana?
5. Name two New York skyscrapers in which it is illegal to set bonfires in the elevators.
6. Who wrote the music generally credited to Irving Berlin and who wrote the music generally credited to 124 Tin Pan Alley song writers?
7. Where would you hang the wash for seven families?
8. What would you call a Vermont barber?
9. Name a type of coach, a mosquito repeller and a train announcer's ambition.
10. Fill blanks in the following sentences: "I nearly laugh myself to —— when I think —— how I fooled —— real-estate ——." "Since I'm in jail, I sure —— my ——."

The grass path branched and led her around the house. Through the bow windows she saw gracious, lovely rooms. Patterns of rich colors, red and green and gold and purple and ivory. Gleaming wood and tall silver vases full of flowers. Such things as she had never seen before.

Something began to burn through her discouragement. Might as well shoot the moon. I hate pikers, Bessie Keegan thought. If you're going to gamble shoot the whole blooming works.

A deeply vestibuled oaken door was before her, at the top of four brick steps. When she rang, it was opened by a man in a butler's white coat of imposing dignity. Bessie looked at him with awe.

She said, "I am Bessie Keegan, Mrs. Matthewson's new maid."

As she went into the dark cool hall, the words went with her. Mrs. Matthewson's new maid. Mrs. Matthewson's new maid. That ought to show her. In spite of their echo, mocking her, her will was feeding her again, feeding the dynamo of her ambition.

Her ambition said, *This man and no other.* This man who in and of himself represents and possesses everything in the world you want. Everything. She steeled her will to accept, to agree.

The only question was: How?

Something would come to her hand. If she kept her mind on it every minute of every day and every night, if she put her back into it and never let anything distract her, or any defeat drive her from the path, something would come and she would know how to use it. She was on the ground, that much she had gained. Something would give her a chance, the one chance, the right chance. She willed it until she knew it.

And she was right. The chance came.

Five months later, almost to the day, that letter of Myra Matthewson's—that incredible letter—fell into Bessie's hands. By that time, she had learned to wear a different shade of nail polish, but the nails under it were just as ruthless.

The exalted Mrs. Falkland was awaiting her morning coffee. Quite often she waited for it, because she woke up so early. Earlier and earlier. No servants were about at such an hour. And if she installed a percolator, there would be such a to-do about her not sleeping. Margaret was capable of telling the doctors, and what was the use? They couldn't do anything. At least not anything they weren't doing already. It would just mean more talk.

Sometimes, sitting in the big window that overlooked Fifth Avenue and the park, she drifted back to the days before her husband died. It was borne in upon her that in a way she too had died then. Part of her anyhow. The warm and happy and joyously-in-love part. Or perhaps she had only put it away in lavender, in rue and rosemary.

Now it wouldn't be long until she could take it out again, shelter it in the sweet cloak of immortality and walk through the valley to find him. Fergus, she was quite sure, would be waiting for her. He might even, being Fergus, come a little way into the valley to meet her. If that was allowed.

She found she had no fear, only a little stage fright. Only one thing troubled her profoundly—leaving Cyrus. If she didn't have to leave him so *alone*. As she had told her friend, John V. Merryweather, who had helped her so much for her Mothers Of America fund by putting on those extraordinary prize fights, Cyrus needed the right woman to share his burden. For Cyrus, his mother was beginning to suspect, went a good deal further than his father in his devotion to such abstruse ethical ideas as the brotherhood of man. Fergus, though a dear, had grown up in the roaring days when, as a matter of sacred principle, dog ate dog, and the devil took the hindmost.

Down in the vast emptiness of the great house, which Antoinette Falkland had never really liked, a clock struck seven, booming through the enormous, majestic, lonely rooms. The avenue and the drives of the park were coming to life. The lovely shadows and the cool freshness of dawn's breathless silence were fleeing before a hot summer sun.

A DOOR opened softly, and Lissa came in with a tray, and just behind her Margaret Sawyer.

Mrs. Falkland smiled at them quickly, enchantingly, so that they would not think she'd had a bad night. "D'you know," she said, "I think we shall be able to get away to Dower House this week? As soon as the Veterans' Ball is over. I shall be so glad." Then, as she contemplated the tray, upon which were several small dishes with silver covers, she added, "It looks lovely, Lissa."

If only they weren't so devoted. So —touchy. One had to be so careful. Then she reproached herself for lack of gratitude. Lissa had arranged her wedding veil, when Antoinette DuLac prepared to walk to the altar with Fergus Falkland in the most brilliant wedding of her generation. And she could remember well the day when Fergus came into her rooms at Zydercliff-on-Hudson,

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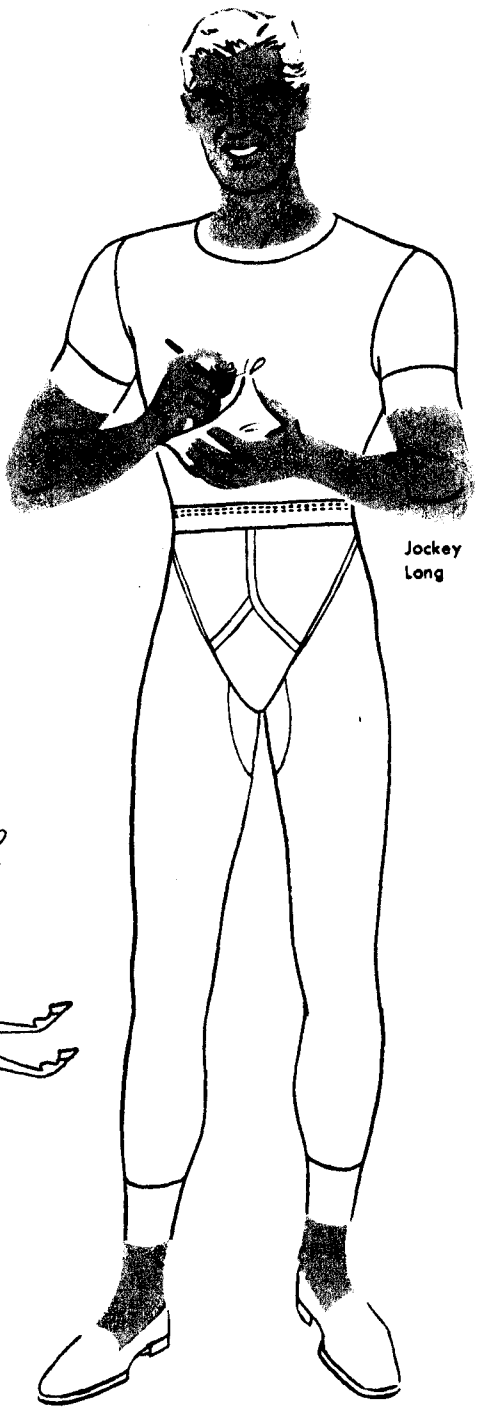

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the vast baronial Falkland estate that was his true ancestral home, bringing a round-faced young woman named Margaret Sawyer. "But—will I need a secretary, Fergus?" young Mrs. Falkland had said. Fergus, kissing her first, had answered, "Yes, my love, you will."

Now she had four secretaries. Presiding over them all, Mrs. Falkland knew their worth, and she hoped they would remain and work happily under Cyrus' wife when he got one.

Margaret Sawyer was still Mrs. Falkland's right hand. They had grown old together, she and Margaret and Lissa.

Lissa said, "I've fixed you a nice poached egg."

With these ominous words she removed one silver cover. Mrs. Falkland said faintly, "It—it looks beautiful, doesn't it?"

Lissa hovered, a dark cloud. In the end, Mrs. Falkland had to give her a regal glance of dismissal and she went away into the bedroom to make the stiff, hard bed which the doctors had ordered and which Mrs. Falkland had abandoned with relief two hours before. The bedroom, with its enormous bath and dressing room, this high-ceilinged sitting room and the library beyond, used now as her office, were like an apartment.

Margaret had laid all the New York and Washington morning papers on the table beside her. Between the headlines and the poached egg, which continued to glare at her with its evil yellow eye, the fabulous Mrs. Falkland felt the day was beginning badly. Then she remembered that Cyrus was flying up early from Washington and her face brightened.

"Margaret," Mrs. Falkland said, "do you think—listen!"

SOMEONE was taking the steps with a clatter, a gay young voice was shouting directions in the hall, the door banged and Cyrus was there.

His arms engulfed her and she felt his fresh, thin, living young cheek against her own. Watching the two of them as Cyrus perched on the arm of Mrs. Falkland's chair, Margaret Sawyer thought they made a distinguished picture, he in the heyday of his big, lanky, rawboned youth, she so beautiful still, in spite of what Margaret alone knew.

"Cyrus," his mother said.

"Yes, my pet," said Cyrus.

"Could you do anything about that egg?" Mrs. Falkland said.

"Egg?" said Cyrus.

Mrs. Falkland averted her eyes. "Lissa poached it," she said, "and it would hurt her feelings. But I simply *can't*—"

Cyrus located the egg. "I see what you mean," he said. He studied it. "What this needs," he said, "is to be disposed of."

Delicately he lifted the egg, which shuddered oozily on its raft of toast, and started for the door.

In the doorway stood Lissa, registering a disapproval which might well have addled an entire hencoop. Cyrus instantly put the egg in his pocket.

But Lissa was not even aware of the egg. Her rolling eye had another cause. "There's a Mr. Merryweather," she said. "He wants to see Mr. Cyrus, and he won't take no for an answer."

Merryweather, on her heels, had all too obviously been disobeying the General's edict against Drink. A man who Drank, the General said, would never make a good newspaperman. Any hint that some of the traditional greats had taken liquor was put down as a canard fostered by the enemies of a free press, probably radicals. He himself, the General said, did not drink and he would not tolerate it among his employees. What the General didn't know—Merryweather always figured—wouldn't hurt him.

Having made a low bow in the direction of the lacy figure in the great chair and greeted that lady as "Your Majesty," Merryweather got on with it. The press dinner he had gone to Washington to attend had left him sober as it found him. Even the gathering of a few rare and congenial spirits after the dinner had been merely convivial. It was the porter on that sinister overnight milk train from the nation's capital who had caused his downfall.

" 'Mr. Merryweather,' he says to me," Merryweather said, " 'you had not ought to put no more ice water in your nice hot stomach. When a man's got a slight thirst of a morning,' he says, 'there's only one drink for him. That's beer.' "

HAVING thus established the porter's sole responsibility, Merryweather grew grave.

"I don't feel well," he confided wistfully, "but sick or well the General expects every man to do his duty, the miserable old crumbum." He turned, listing dangerously, to the lacy lady in the chair. "You got a good boy," he said, pointing a finger at Cy's middle. "Called balls and strikes almost as good as Bill Klem. All I want to know, what is he going to Europe *for*."

"Cyrus!" Mrs. Falkland said.

Her son's hand fell on her shoulder. "Business," Cyrus said, "and to take a look around. I'm interested in our foreign policy. Who isn't?"

"Those Washington reporters," Mr. Merryweather said, "are in a rut. They didn't even know you'd been to the White House. Probably they had been drinking."

Cyrus Falkland said, "I'll tell you why I'm going to Europe, but you can't print it."

"Son," said Merryweather, "you want to know what endears me to my colleagues? It's my frankness. I'll be frank with you. Your mama is a great lady. If she'll accept them from a man who has been drinking beer before breakfast, I offer her my loyal respect and admiration. But if it's news, I'll print it."

"It's not such all-fired news as all that," Cy Falkland said, "and it's all ex officio and without portfolio or else it's a waste of time. You could get in trouble."

Merryweather snickered. "Never been out," he said. He waggled an admonitory finger at the tall, thin young man. "Free press," he howled. "We gotta have a free press. Don't you tell *me* what to print. This might be a first step. You got something up your sleeve.

"You're going to Europe for some reason that's got to do with the Marshall Plan and how it works or something. You didn't have to go calling on the White House to get permission to go on a pleasure trip to the Riviera. You're wising yourself up for something. I may not be as sharp this morning as I usually am, but I can see that. Cyrus, I got a story to write for my column, and the truth is that beer didn't set so good, and the only yarn I can remember real good is the one about you. I got to print it."

"I wish you'd wait and talk it over when you're rested," Cy said.

"News," said Merryweather, "waits for no man."

"What you need," Cy Falkland said, "is some food."

Merryweather shuddered.

"Like a nice poached egg," Cy Falkland said.

Merryweather looked. He said, "Hell!" and turned a little green.

As he led Merryweather away, Cy Falkland said cheerfully, "Don't worry, Mom. Greatest little guy in the world when he's sober. He will be, and then we'll compromise."

This, apparently, they did.

Merryweather was inclined to regard the egg as dirty pool. On the other hand, as young Cy Falkland pointed out, the upheaval it wrought had saved him from going to the office in a state of which the General would certainly have taken a narrow and bluenose view.

And nothing was said in Merry Weather In Washington about any ex-officio duties young Cyrus Sayre Falkland might have undertaken for the White House or any permission to view governmental activities in Europe he might have been given. The column merely speculated as to whether, on a summer tour of Europe, the world's most eligible bachelor would be presented to a princess of one of the few remaining royal houses.

Hardened as he had become, used to it as he should have been, the column set young Cyrus Sayre Falkland's teeth on edge. He was still desperately embarrassed by publicity. A little wistfully, he sometimes wondered if just once in his whole life his name would be mentioned without his bank balance. He wondered if he would ever be mentioned in a newspaper for something he had done—some service he had honestly rendered his country, which he honestly loved. And now and then he wondered about girls.

COLLIER'S "Now I'll need some accessories. Handbag, gloves, yellow convertible . . ." NED HILTON

The truth was that he had never seen a girl he wanted to marry. And any tiny, tender bud of romance withered so quickly in the hot glare of the spotlight; it withered under the suspicion that in any love affair his money must be involved. He had determined that when he found the girl, the girl he would know was different from all the others, the girl he would recognize as his by divine right—when he found such a girl, he would take her to his arms, no matter what the gossips and the meddlers had to say.

Reading Merryweather that day he wished, as he so often did, that his older brother, Sonny, had not been shot down by the Nazis. Not only because he'd loved the guy such a lot; but because Sonny, with his rugged convictions and his scientific mind which saw a plain truth without emotional hazes, had been so much better fitted to be the Falkland heir. If Sonny had lived, Cyrus would have been free to follow where his mind and heart were leading him.

He missed Sonny a great deal more than he allowed his mother to know. Nothing could take Sonny's place—least of all Myra and her gay hunting set and her parties and the beautiful girls she invited so often to Suffolk Acres.

Moose Matthewson came the closest to being a substitute for Sonny. Cy went to Suffolk Acres to tell Moose about his new job—an unimportant little job, really, and yet one in which he might be of genuine service to his country. Taking this job was a first step for Cy, and he didn't care what would be said by the trivial-minded people who believed every word of Merry Weather In Society. They would believe that he was on a pleasure junket amid the ruins of Europe.

Well, that's what he wanted them to think, at least for the moment. His mentor and friend, the elder statesman (last of the great moderates), had approved this as sound strategy. And he was a politician as well as an elder statesman; he had convinced Cy that nowadays you *had* to be a politician if you expected to get anything done.

All this Cy told to Moose in his brief visit to Suffolk Acres before leaving for Europe. Or rather, he told Moose as much of it as he thought he would understand, which was not perhaps very much. "It's a first step, Moose," Cy said. "A first step out of the butterfly life—away from idleness and the humiliation of being known as merely *rich* . . ."

UPSTAIRS, in her third-floor bedroom, Bessie Keegan was getting ready to take her second step toward the butterfly life, idleness and the exquisite pleasures of being merely rich. She had taken the first step when she walked out of the Rosebud Beauty Salon.

Once again, Bessie read the letter Mrs. Matthewson had given her to mail. It was addressed to Mr. Cliff Quarrier, and Myra should have known better—really she should have—than to entrust it to Bessie Keegan. Dressed in the plain gray uniform of a servant, Bessie had steamed open the letter. Its contents were every bit as interesting as she had suspected they would be.

They would be interesting to Mr. Cliff Quarrier, to whom the letter was addressed; to Mr. Moose Matthewson and —so Bessie hoped—to Mr. John V. Merryweather, Moose Matthewson's good and loyal friend.

The chance had come. Bessie folded the scented sheet back in its pretty envelope. She walked to the plain dresser of her plain little room and looked at herself in the mirror.

"You're on your way, my girl," Bessie Keegan said, blowing a kiss to her image. "You're on your way."

(To be continued next week)

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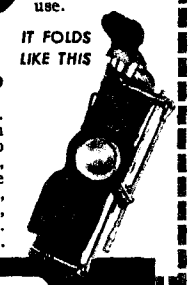

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Don't You Cry for Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

chest while he was sleeping. Robert's wife, a town girl, had that look she always seemed to have when she came to the house, as though she couldn't believe that Robert had ever lived in such a place as this. Angie stood up and gave the pine chair to Sidney's wife, who was six months gone with another child. Rosemarie hitched at her shiny stockings. Only Angie seemed not to be a stranger to the room and the old man in the brass bed.

When Flick began to speak in that tired, sick voice, Angie choked up. She crept quietly from the room and sat on the front-porch swing. She looked out over the river, not seeing it or the hills beyond or the sky above. She drew her plaid shawl against the stirring chill of the October afternoon.

"Flick," she whispered, not knowing why. "Flick."

She heard the children leave the room, closing the door behind them. She heard Robert talking. Robert worked in the new factory, wore town clothes even on his day off. His wife would wear nothing but silk next to her skin.

"We haven't got room for her," Robert was saying. Of course he meant Angie.

"Amelia's expecting," Sidney said. "That lets us out."

"We've only got one bedroom," Rosemarie said. Rosemarie had an apartment over the feed store. She ate in town restaurants—even breakfast.

Robert, buttoning his blue coat, came out on the porch first. Sidney coughed and scraped his feet on the porch boards. Rosemarie eyed the new print dress Robert's wife was wearing.

"If he—" Robert didn't look at Angie. "If he should start to go—"

Angie tightened. "No," she said. "No, he ain't—"

"He's been failing fast," Robert said.

Sidney nodded. "You maybe ain't noticed it."

"It's all in what he takes a mind to," Angie said. "He could live forever or he could lay down and die like an old coon dog. He's just that stubborn."

Robert touched her arm. "We'll come back this evening, me and Eva."

"Eva and I," Robert's wife said.

ANGIE looked up at Robert. Before he'd married she'd always felt closer to him than the others. "Somebody's gotta do somepun to stop him. Maybe you could . . ."

"Don't worry, Mama," Robert said. "We'll take care of everything." He turned toward the porch steps. His wife had him firmly by the arm. The others followed—all except Sidney's wife who waddled up to Angie, with the smallest of her children clutching her skirt. "I'll stay and help cook'n clean," Sidney's wife said. She always looked grotesque by the sixth month of pregnancy.

Angie shook her head. "No, it's somepun I gotta take care of mysef."

She stood watching them file down to the road, the grandchildren trotting ahead, glad to be free of the house where the old man lay wheezing in the brass bed. Angie watched them out of sight, then stood staring at the empty twist of the road. The children had left her alone in a way she had never been alone before.

She was still standing there, staring at the emptiness below, when Ben's widow, who had never set foot in the house, opened the red gate and started up the path. The late afternoon shadows had moved a quilt's width across the yard since the children had gone.

"I heard," Ben's widow said.

Angie nodded.

"Lemme make you some tea," Ben's widow said, and Angie let herself be led out into the kitchen.

She sat staring at the steaming cup while Ben's widow went in to see Flick. She might have been gone a long time, Angie had no way of knowing.

"You ain't touched your tea," Ben's widow said when she came back to the kitchen.

"He needs somepun to hold onto," Angie said.

"I'll hotten it up."

"He ain't dying. He's just took a notion to stop living."

"He gimme the brass bed," Ben's widow said, and when she saw Angie stiffen, she quickly added, "It was only right."

Angie fretted the neck of her house dress. "It ain't Flick's nature to be so forgiving. A li'l maybe, but not so much."

WORD spread through the Creek Orchard hills that Flick Loomis wasn't likely to last the night, and people who hadn't set foot on Flick's land for years started coming to the house. The women went to the kitchen carrying covered dishes and hen eggs, lemon pies, jars of apple butter, pickled melon-rind preserves.

The men, fumbling their hats, went to the bedroom to pay their respects and patch up quarrels over Woodrow Wilson, infant damnation, bobbed hair, free textbooks, Wall Street and county tax assessments.

Old Mrs. Poulton, who hadn't spoken to Flick since the Al Smith campaign, brought Angie a rag rug and told her to be brave. Mrs. Poulton was crying when she came out of the bedroom.

"Flick was a good man," she said, and Angie tugged at her handkerchief. "Just set in his mind on things."

By nightfall everybody had come to the house except the preacher, who, Angie knew, would come around suppertime, and Gus Falk. Flick's boundary fight with Gus had gone too deep, had put Flick to too much lawyer expense ever to be settled, even on the brink of salvation. Angie set the table for the preacher.

"You gotta bear up," the preacher said, drinking the first of three glasses of hard cider.

Two years before, when the preacher first came to Creek Orchard, he and Flick had got in a Scripture argument, and when the preacher had opened the Loomis Bible to Chronicles and showed Flick where he was wrong, Flick had called the young man a freethinking atheist.

Flick had never gone near the church since then. For a while he'd tried the Holy Pentecostals, but they'd disagreed on total immersion.

"Man was born to die," the preacher said. He ate all of a fried chicken except the mean pieces. He also ate a mound of potato salad, some stewed tomatoes and two helpings of butter beans. He ate half a lemon pie, drank a pot of coffee, and then while Angie was doing the dishes, he went into the bedroom and sat with Flick.

"He's made his peace," the preacher said when he came out of the room. "He gimme some money for the new church."

Angie's head jerked up. "How much?"

"A hunnert dollars."

Angie moaned.

"He's beyond worldly things," the preacher said.

"But *I ain't.*"

The children came back later that night. Flick gave Robert the gold watch that great-grandfather Loomis had picked up on a Wilderness battlefield. He gave Sidney his quarter-horsepower motor. He gave Rosemarie the gold locket Angie wore to town church.

"He'll give 'way the roof over my head," Angie said.

"It pleasures him to do it," Rosemarie said, polishing the locket with the flat of her thumb.

Robert held the gold watch up to his ear. "You couldn't bury him with a watch like this."

Angie crumpled up the handkerchief she'd been shredding all day. "I ain't buried him. He ain't dead yet."

The room was hushed for a moment. Sidney sat with the motor on the floor between his feet, as though afraid someone might try to snatch it from him. He cleared his throat. "I wonder did he mean I was to have the 'tachments, too?" Nobody said anything. Sidney said he reckoned the other things went with the motor. "I might as well put 'em all in the car."

"What about his gold cuff links?" Rosemarie said. "They'd go nice with that li'l blue blouse I got. The one with the French cuffs."

Angie sat up straight. "No."

Rosemarie shrugged. "I was just wondering."

After the children left, Angie fell asleep on the couch. She woke up in the night, strained to hear the rusty sound of Flick's breathing in the bedroom, then dozed off again. Next time she woke up she crept softly into the bedroom to see if he had the quilt tucked around him, then she lay down on the couch again, but she couldn't get to sleep, so she tiptoed back to the bedroom and sat beside Flick.

She worried about not having sent for Dr. Lyle, although she knew it wasn't a doctor Flick needed. It was something to bring the old bull-roar of rage from deep down in that sick chest, gasping for the contentious air Flick had breathed all his life.

"It's up to me," she said to herself as she eased gently into the bed beside Flick. "Ain't nobody else gonna do anything, only me."

As usually happened when she had trouble sleeping, she got to thinking about Gus Falk. The court fight had cost more than the disputed land was worth, even though it did have their well on it.

Flick got the well in the end, but for what he had spent on lawyers he could have sunk a new well, and that wasn't counting the twenty or thirty cents a week she'd had to spend since then to get things sent out from town, when she could have walked across the hill and bought them at Gus's store. Angie multiplied twenty cents by four, eighty cents a month, and then eighty by twelve, to get at the cost of a year. She counted herself to sleep.

AT THE first lightening of the sky she sprang up, dressed hurriedly, straightened the house against an early caller, then slipped out the back door, cutting across the hill path to Cassville.

"It's a chance I gotta take," she kept telling herself. "It's the only chance I got."

Flick was awake and calling for her when she got back. His calling of her name was a weak and pitiful sound to hear.

She hesitated for a moment outside the door, then opened it. Flick's face was hollow and stubbly gray, his eyes bleared. Angie trembled, queasy with panic at what she was doing.

"I . . . I . . . brung somebody to see you," she said.

Flick stared at her through the red-streaked film of his rheumy eyes. She stepped to one side, and Gus Falk edged

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inside the doorway. Angie waited for Flick to rise up shouting, like the dead on Judgment Day, but there was no sound in the room, only the rustling of the leaves outside, like a girl walking by in a new party dress.

Flick raised his hand feebly. "'Lo, Gus," he said.

Angie's legs buckled. She had to lean against the door frame.

"Hear you're feeling low," Gus said.

"Gus, I'm going."

Angie stumbled away from the room, and dropped on the front-room couch. She was crying. Flick was the same as dead.

Sidney's wife came by after breakfast and sat on the couch with Angie. Gus Falk had left without Angie's hearing him. Flick was coughing in the bed.

"Flick's dying for sure," Angie said, and Sidney's wife reached out to take Angie's clenched hand.

"He'll maybe come through it."

"No. Not now."

SHORTLY before noon Gus Falk came bustling back to the house with something that looked to Angie like a government paper. He ran up the steps, burst into the front room, panting. "Is Flick still . . .?"

Angie nodded, her eyes on the paper in Gus's hand.

"We're sure gonna miss old Flick," Gus said and scurried happily into the bedroom.

Angie waited for him to leave, then she dragged her rocker into the bedroom and sat with Flick. He seemed to have shrunk to the thinness of a fence rail beneath the blanket. He said it was like ice in his legs.

"What was 'at paper Gus had?" Angie asked.

Flick let it out a word or two at a time. He had trouble with his talking. Gus had paid a town lawyer to draw up a paper for Flick to sign. The paper gave Gus the disputed boundary land. Angie stopped rocking.

"But it's got our well on it, that land," she said.

"We can keep on drawing our water, like always," Flick said. "Gus gimme his word on it."

"Is it in the paper wrote down?"

"No. Gus said it was no need to." Flick rubbed his hands over the cold streaks of pain in his legs. "Angie, get your water bottle and hotten it up for me. It's the only thing gives me any relief."

"If it was me, I wouldn't trust Gus Falk."

"Thas no way to talk about a friend'n neighbor."

Angie snorted. "A friend'n neighbor you ain't spoke to in twenty years."

Flick looked pained. "I've made my 'mends, Angie."

Angie stalked out of the room, grabbed up the water bottle, and headed for the kitchen sink. She turned on the water. It ran for a long time. She was studying. She went out back of the house. She didn't hear Ben's widow at the front door.

"Angie!" Flick called, and when she didn't answer, he called again, his voice a little stronger this time, with an irritable saw-edge. "Angie!"

Ben's widow skittered in, a yellow tape measure dripping through her fingers. "I wanta see will the bed fit my corner," she said, and her voice was like singing. She began to measure the bed. "I knowed you wouldn't mind."

Flick grunted. "Nobody cares what I mind." He roused up in the bed and shouted for Angie. "Honey! Dammit, *honey!*" He grabbed the cowbell Angie had put on the chair beside the bed and began to shake it angrily.

Ben's widow gave a little cry of delight. "It just fits."

"My legs is freezing and—" Flick frowned. "Fits what?"

"My corner."

Angie stood framed in the doorway, holding the empty water bottle upside down. Flick threw the cowbell to the floor. "Why ain't you filled it?"

Angie took the measure of her words like the aiming of a gun. "Fill it with what?"

Flick stared up at her through the sick blur of his eyes. "No. No, Gus wouldn't do 'at to me."

Angie shrugged. "Just try'n run some water outta the spigot."

Ben's widow sat down on Angie's side of the bed, testing the give of the springs beneath the mattress. Flick lay for a while, stunned.

"Gus gimme his solemn word," he said, and the muscles of his jaws lumped out like two bee stings. "Me laying here in the bed dying, and him setting there cheating and lying at me with his goddam lawyer paper."

Flick began to cuss so hard it shook the bed, nearly spilling Ben's widow on the floor. She gasped. Flick turned on her with a roar. "Git out'n my bed!" He bolted up, the quilt falling away from the flannel undershirt which covered his chest and arms. "What kinda loose living is it when a man's own widowed kin comes sneaking into his bed?"

Angie put her hand on Flick's shoulder. "You'd best lay still."

"Still! With people cheating and shaming me in the bed!"

Ben's widow pressed against the foot of the bed, her hands clenched whitely over the brass rail. She'd been waiting a long, long time to tell Flick Loomis off. Now she told him, but he wasn't listening. He was trying to wriggle out from under the quilt. Angie held him back.

". . . and that ain't all," Ben's wife was saying.

"Git 'er outta here!" Flick shouted, and Angie tried, but it took some doing. Ben's widow was spitting fire all the way, flailing her arms and bumping against the furniture. Angie tried to steer her, but she didn't seem to bend like ordinary people. She was still sputtering when Angie maneuvered her through the front doorway.

"I thought he'd reformed," Ben's widow said, "but he ain't."

Angie smiled. "He's just took up living where he left off, thas all."

When Angie got back to the room, Flick was on his feet, his thin, flannel legs wobbling uncertainly. Angie helped him on with his shirt. He swayed, leaned against her, breathing with a rasping heaviness. He lunged for his work pants and almost fell.

Angie put her arm around him, and a leg at a time she managed to get the pants on him.

"You're in no fix to be going out," Angie said.

"Dammit, woman, don't be telling me what kinda fix I'm in. I reckon I—" He broke off, glaring at the washstand. He pawed beneath the blue-an-white bowl. "Where's my gold watch?"

"You give it to Robert."

"I no such a thing." He brushed past Angie, snatching his hat from the wall peg by the door. Angie ran after him and put his plaid Mackinaw on him.

"You gotta take care of yourself," she said.

"Go get me my watch back."

"What about your li'l motor?" Angie reminded him.

Flick jammed his hands into his Mackinaw pocket, swearing. "Now which one of 'em stole *that?*"

"Sidney."

Flick shook his head in wonderment. "A man gets a li'l puny spell and right away his children all come running home to rob him naked."

"Keep your neck buttoned up," Angie said.

WHEN Flick came back home, he had a jar of white whisky under his arm and a cut over his left eye. He also had the lawyer paper Gus Falk had brought him to sign. He lighted a match to it and let it burn in the dry sink.

"You know somepun? That damn' Gus was still lying at me. Swore up'n down by all thas holy he didn't turn off my water."

Flick lifted the Mason jar halfway to his mouth, then froze, staring at the wrench on the kitchen table. Fresh leaves were sticking to the muddy handle. He put the Mason jar back on the sink and looked at Angie. She was slicing potatoes. He went over to the table and picked up the wet wrench.

"Where . . . how'd this get in here?" he asked.

Angie didn't answer. Flick brushed the mud and leaves from the handle with a slow swipe of his hand, and when he looked back at Angie, it was as though she were somehow different.

"Well," he said, "I better go turn on my water."

Angie nodded. "You do 'at."

Flick opened the kitchen door, then stood with his back to her, the wrench in his hand.

"Angie . . . that time I hit you . . . I don't know how I ever come to do such a thing as that."

"It don't matter, Flick. Things happen."

"I'm a lot easier in my mind now I told you I didn't mean to do it."

"I know you didn't."

"You always know, Angie."

She reached up for her big black skillet. "Most always." THE END

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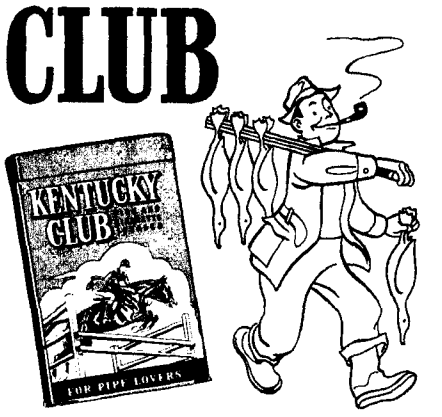

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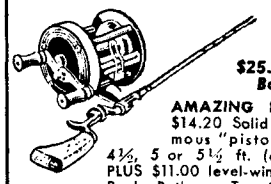

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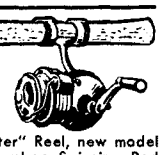

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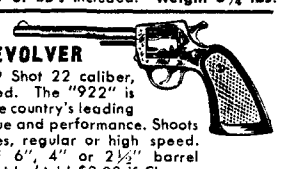

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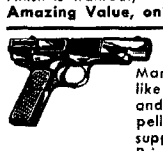

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Collier's Sectional All-Star Teams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Both upsets pivoted around Donora, Pennsylvania, the small steel city near Pittsburgh which also produced a baseball player named Stan Musial.

Donora's Lou (Bimbo) Cecconi was the Pitt halfback whose runs and passes bewildered Northwestern. Donora's Arnold Galiffa was the Army quarterback whose soft, lobbed passes spread the Michigan defense, setting up the Wolverines for Jim Cain's fatal thrusts at tackle. So Donora places two men in the All-East backfield, Galiffa and Cecconi.

There were four hard-running contenders for fullback: Gil Stephenson of Army; Fran Rogel, Penn State; Pete Zinaich, West Virginia; and Ralph Pasquariello, Villanova. Stephenson, fastest of the four, got the job.

Hillary Chollet, Cornell's rugged runner and pass grabber, moved into the other halfback post opposite Cecconi. Like Cecconi, Chollet was a full-time employee, equally valuable on offense and defense. Eastern coaches rated Chollet as the finest defensive back since Glenn Davis played safety for Army.

It was an off season for Eastern centers, but John Pierik of Cornell blocked solidly on offense to win the position from Colgate's Brud Davis. Still, neither Pierik nor Davis matched the play of Chuck Bednarik, Penn's All-America center of last season. Penn missed Bednarik up front, but—fortunately for the Quakers—Coach George Munger possessed two aggressive guards, John Schweder and Bernie Lemonick, who closed the middle gap. Of the two, Schweder was more consistent; he shares All-East guard posts with Bernie Barkouskie of Pitt.

Holland Donan of Princeton and Gerald Walters of Brown topped Eastern tackles. Dan Foldberg of Army—Galiffa's favorite passing target—and Villanova's Dan Brown were outstanding among the ends.

This resurgence of Eastern teams should not be a temporary development, judging from sensational performances turned in by sophomore backs. Specifically, Harry Agganis of Boston University pitched footballs in a manner which, to New England fans, recalled the great days of Charlie O'Rourke at Boston College. Navy also produced a sophomore quarterback with obvious T-formation qualifications—Bob Zastrow.

Midwest

Minnesota's power and Notre Dame's speed dominated discussion of Midwestern football through most of the season. Minnesota's power shows up in the two positions—center and tackle—allotted to Gopher stars in the All-Midwest line-up. Notre Dame carried off three nominations, but the Irish stars were spotted at predominantly offensive posts—quarterback, fullback and end.

That Irish end, of course, was Leon Hart. At 245 pounds, Hart combined amazing defensive agility with tremendous offensive power. He blocked devastatingly. He caught passes. And he steam-rollered the opposition on Coach Frank Leahy's pet end-around plays.

Less spectacular than Hart, but one of the finest all-around linemen in recent Big Ten history, was Bob Wilson of Wisconsin. Wilson backed up the line on defense (he's a converted center) and supplied the blocking which revitalized Wisconsin's running attack. As Coach Bob Voigts of Northwestern commented: "Wilson is big, tough and versatile. He'd make any football team at one position or another in the line."

Leo Nomellini of Minnesota and Al Wistert of Michigan, All-America tackles last year, made strong bids to retain their positions. They outclassed Midwest opposition, although Wistert—hampered by leg injuries against Army and Northwestern—did not quite equal his 1948 effectiveness.

Northwestern's Rudy Cernoch, another fine tackle, steadied Northwestern's forward wall after the disheartening defeats by Pitt and Minnesota.

Best sophomore tackle in the Midwest (or anywhere else) was Notre Dame's Bob Toneff.

Michigan State had the best pair of guards in the nation, Don Mason and Ed Bagdon. Other Midwest guard contenders were Lloyd Heneveld, Michigan; Earl Banks, Iowa; and Johnny Lundin, Minnesota. Over the season, Mason and Bagdon were top men in this powerful quintet.

Good centers, scarce in the East, were abundant in the Midwest: Clayton Tonnemaker at Minnesota; Tom Novak at Nebraska; Bob Fuchs at Missouri; and Jack Lininger at Ohio State. The best, biggest (and fastest!) was Tonnemaker.

The quarterbacks—Pete Eliott and Frank Tripucka—who guided Michigan and Notre Dame to unbeaten seasons in '48 had been graduated. Michigan could not find another Eliott and the Wolverines' attack sputtered. But Notre Dame uncovered Bob Williams, Tripucka's equal in every department—ball handling, passing and play calling. Among Midwestern quarterbacks, Williams was supreme.

Minnesota lacked big, hard-hitting backs to complement its big, hard-charging line. There were many such skillful, heavy-duty backs elsewhere in the midlands: Jerry Krall, Ohio State; Lynn Chandnois, Michigan State; Dick Braznell, Missouri; Larry Coutre, Notre Dame; and Chuck Ortmann, Michigan. For size, speed and durability, the Midwest halfback posts went to Chandnois and Ortmann.

Emil Sitko moved from halfback to fullback in Notre Dame's T-formation attack with no loss of ground-gaining effectiveness. Sitko had the quick start and early speed to maneuver around end, and his leg drive shook off tacklers on quick openers.

Northwestern U.'s Art Murakowski, playing up to '48 form, would have challenged Sitko for the All-Midwest fullback slot, but Art slumped far below his '48 performance in the early games.

South

Kentucky was the big surprise down South. The Wildcats, rated as third-flight material in preseason polls, quickly revised all estimates by clawing first-flight Mississippi, 47 to 0. A sophomore quarterback named Vito (Babe) Parilli passed for one touchdown, ran for another and set up a third in the massacre of Ole Miss.

"We could have been third-flight," admits Paul Bryant, Kentucky coach, "but Parilli came through. He made us first-flight."

Parilli, the section's best quarterback, was the only sophomore nominated for the All-South team. His backfield associates are veterans: Charlie Justice of North Carolina; Herb Rich of Vanderbilt; and Ed Price of Tulane.

Rich usurped the All-South halfback position earmarked early in the season

Poetic Justice

THE LOCALE	THE JUSTICE
Detroit	A collection firm's car bearing the legend "Bad Debts Collector" was sold at auction because the firm owed money on it.
Hackensack	A man in jail for robbing 79 homes was notified that his own home had been robbed.
Boonville, Missouri	Somebody stole the car of a lecturer while he was speaking on "Shoes and the Benefits of Walking" and he had to walk home.
San Francisco	Two hours after a man turned in $67 he found on a clubroom floor, he was notified that a relative had left him $4,000.
San Francisco	The traffic department employee who had painted the white line on a bridge was fined for straddling it with his car while driving across.
New York	A painter was fined for smoking while he was putting up "No Smoking" signs on a river pier.
Philadelphia	A man charged with hit-and-run driving could not appear in court because he was in a hospital recovering from injuries received from another hit-and-run driver.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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for Florida's Charlie Hunsinger, who never quite played up to his 1948 form.

"Rich was the work horse in a strong Vanderbilt team," reports Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech coach. "He accelerates swiftly, hits hard and he's durable. He must have carried the ball on 40 per cent of Vanderbilt's running plays."

Justice was the man who really made North Carolina's deceptive single wing attack go, although his running and passing contributions were not always evident in the statistics. When opposing coaches rigged special anti-Justice defenses, North Carolina shrewdly used Justice as a decoy.

"You couldn't cover Justice adequately without stacking your defense," a frustrated coach reported. "If we overshifted and stopped Justice for a few plays, they ran a reverse for a touchdown on the next sequence."

Price was controlled by Notre Dame at South Bend, but that unhappy performance did not disqualify him for All-South fullback honors. Significantly, a Notre Dame lineman remarked after the game: "When Price hit you on his kickoff returns, you felt it down to your toes; but he couldn't run his own interference."

There was no question about the end nominees, Red O'Quinn of Wake Forest and Art Weiner of North Carolina. The only question among Southern coaches was: "Who's the better pass catcher?" They're still arguing. Peahead Walker, who may be prejudiced (he's O'Quinn's coach), says, "Red's the best college pass catcher since Don Hutson was at Alabama in the middle thirties."

Bob Gain of Kentucky and Lou Creekmur of William & Mary, hard-to-move 240-pounders, anchor the middle of the All-South line; and two aggressive guards, Jimmy Crawford of Mississippi and Bob Ward of Maryland, and Harry Ulinski, Kentucky center, complete the All-South forward wall.

Southwest

Coach Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian should know a good passer when he sees one. Dutch coached both Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien. After Texas Christian came from 19 points behind to tie the Oklahoma Aggies at 33 all, Dutch was asked what he thought of his 1949 passmaster, Lindy Berry.

"Well," Dutch said, "Berry completed 22 of 33 passes for 270 yards and two touchdowns. He made two other touchdowns—one on a 10-yard run, the other on a 78-yard punt return. I'd say he was as good a passer as Baugh or O'Brien—and he's a better runner than either of them."

This verdict, endorsed by Meyer's Southwestern coaching colleagues, placed Berry on the All-Southwest team at halfback opposite George Thomas of Oklahoma. Thomas excelled at punching out short-yardage gains. "A good man to have around any time you're stalled on the three-yard line with fourth down coming up," say the coaching reports on Thomas.

There was no scarcity of good quarterbacks and fullbacks in the Southwest. Leon Campbell of Arkansas topped the fullbacks in a three-way battle with Ray Borneman of Texas and Kyle Rote of Southern Methodist. Doak Walker, All-America quarterback last year, was slowed by injuries and weakened by a midseason attack of influenza. Even so, Walker was Southern Methodist's most feared back. Despite brilliant work by Darrell Royal of Oklahoma and Adrian Burk of Baylor, Walker retained the No. 1 quarterback ranking in the section.

Coach Matty Bell's Southern Methodist Mustangs didn't drop a game in Southwest Conference competition until they lost both of their 1948 offensive spark plugs—Gil Johnson and Doak Walker. Johnson turned pro and joined the New York (Football) Yankees. The Mustangs missed him, but they survived victoriously until Walker was injured midway through the crucial game with Rice. When Walker went out, Southern Methodist was flattened by Rice.

Rice's conquest of Southern Methodist spotlighted the pass catching of end Jim (Froggy) Williams. "Against Southern Methodist," Coach Bell testified, "Williams was just about the best end I've ever seen. He caught two touchdown passes and set up two other touchdowns with fine catches."

Williams shares end assignments in the All-Southwest line-up with Jim Owens of Oklahoma. Owens was necessarily less spectacular than Williams, because Oklahoma was primarily a running team. But, says Oklahoma Coach Bud Wilkinson, "It was Owens' blocking on sweeps and downfield that made our wide stuff work."

Oklahoma placed another talented linemen in the All-Southwest line-up—tackle Wade Walker (no relation to Doak). The remaining line positions were filled by Thurman McGraw, Colorado A&M tackle; Lewis (Bud) McFadin, Texas guard; Jack Halliday, Southern Methodist guard; and Joe Watson, Rice center.

Far West

West Coast fans had enough happy moments to make them forget the way Michigan manhandled Stanford. California whipped Wisconsin, UCLA drubbed Iowa, and Southern California tied Ohio State. And who knows? Maybe this is the year the Pacific Coast champion finally will upset the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl.

California demonstrated that it was *not* a one-man team; the offense of the Golden Bears did not disintegrate after All-America fullback Jackie Jensen accepted a professional baseball contract at the end of his junior year. Instead, Frank Brunk, who had filled in sensationally for the injured Jensen in the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day, came through again. Brunk is the boy who scurried 102 yards in the fourth quarter for Cal's winning touchdown against heavily favored Southern California.

Bill Martin, who slammed over for two touchdowns in Southern California's rousing 14-14 finale with Notre Dame last December, kept up the good work against Midwestern opposition. Bill rammed across for two more touchdowns against Ohio State and another 13-13 tie. "He hits hard," commented Wes Fesler, Ohio State coach, "hard as those Minnesota linemen."

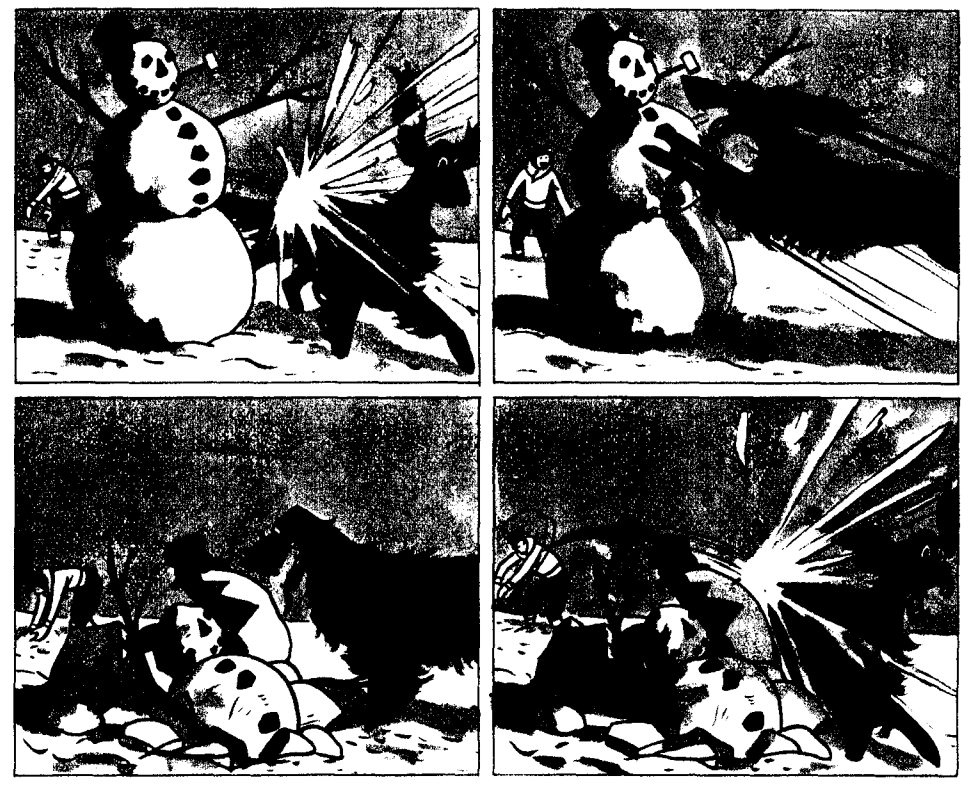
Martin took over Jensen's fullback job in the All-Far West backfield, which includes Ollie Matson of San Francisco and Bob Sanders of Oregon at the halves, and Eddie LeBaron, College of the Pacific, at quarterback. LeBaron was virtually a unanimous choice, even though two other capable quarterbacks—Jim Powers of Southern Cal and Bob Celeri of California—worked harder schedules.

"As a ball handler and passer," reports Jeff Cravath, Southern California coach, "LeBaron was in a class by himself. He could hide that ball from everybody—even the officials."

California's sturdy line contributed two men to the Far West team—guard Rod Franz and tackle Jim Turner. Bob Wilkinson, UCLA, and Ken Rose, Stanford, topped Far West ends after Santa Clara's Ellery Williams was knocked out of contention by midseason injuries. The other three line posts went to solid, capable performers: Volney Peters, Southern California tackle; Vern Sterling, Santa Clara guard; and Leon McLaughlin, UCLA center.

Franz has been rated as the best lineman on the West Coast, but his ranking nationally depends on the comparison of his work with the performances turned in by outstanding guards on the other sectional All-Star teams. Similarly, Collier's board will measure all 55 of these sectional finalists for the 60th All-America football team, the best of the best, to be named in next week's issue. THE END

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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The Ward Heeler and the Lady

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"I'd be glad to, Steve," she said and blushed again. That was three times, surely par for the course.

"Maybe you'd have dinner with me afterward," he said. "My vote may hang in the balance."

"Well," she said, "in that case . . ."

He took her hand and said, "Tomorrow, then."

Mary Alice neither screamed nor struggled.

"What time tomorrow?" Paul asked. He was still peering out the rear window.

"Are you going too, Paul?" I said.

"Yes."

"Where were you," I said, "when tact was being passed around?"

"With Steve," he said and grinned briefly. The stinker had dimples.

AT TONY'S, Steve and Mary Alice talked a good deal in low tones, and I had an idea that little or no politics got into the discussion. They danced together beautifully. While they did, Paul and I sat.

"Who is this Mary Alice?" he said finally.

"I'm glad you asked," I said. "For a moment I thought you were dead."

"Who is she?"

"Mary Alice is the daughter of Jonathan Haversham, who is in the banking business," I told him. "She employs a secretary. Me. I am five feet four, good disposition, fond of dogs and men, very adept with a cheese soufflé—"

"What's her interest in politics?"

"She wants to do good," I said. "Lots of nice people do, you know."

"I know," he said. He resumed the silence he was so good at.

"Now tell me about yourself," I said brightly.

"I'm a friend of Steve's," he said, and grinned. My voice of experience began to ask: "Why so closemouthed?" But when Paul grinned he showed his dimples again and I stopped thinking clearly. I am not ordinarily impressed with dimples, but when his appeared, I languished. When I languished so did our conversation.

What information I got about our new friends came later from Mary Alice. We got back late so I stayed over with her. She sat in front of her mirror, brushing out her hair and looking wonderfully pleased with herself.

"His name is Stephen McGrath and he's a lawyer," she said. "He was a pilot in the war. He dances nicely and he has a nice smile. Would you believe that we're both actually reading the same book right now? I mean, common interests. You know."

"Is he for good government?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she said. "He told me he hates Ramsey. He likes tennis and Bach and—"

"Easy, now," I said. "Let's give this thing the clear cold eye of intelligence, before we go overboard. What do we really know about these lads? For all you know, Steve could be a criminal lawyer, or a lawyer-criminal."

"Oh, no!"

"How do you know? And what were they doing at the meeting? They aren't Reform party members, and just plain citizens don't go to political meetings, as we well know from our recent attendance."

She wasn't paying close attention. "I feel I know a great deal about Steve," she said quietly.

"Okay," I sighed. "What about Paul?"

"Paul?" she said. "Oh. He's a friend of Steve's."

"Thank you," I said, rolling over in bed, "and good night."...

We met at my brother Howard's apartment, in the downstairs hall, the following afternoon. Steve and Mary Alice greeted each other eagerly. Paul the Inscrutable got the conversation off to a brilliant start and then withdrew. "We shouldn't have come here, Steve," he said.

"Forget it," Steve said. "Can we see your brother now, Sally?"

My brother has no legs. He lost them both in the war. It may sound callous to say it as bluntly as that, but if I try it any other way I cry. Howard and his wife have two children and they live in a one-flight walk-up, and that's very hard for Howard to manage with his artificial legs.

"I don't want anybody to think I'm making myself out a special case," Howard said to Steve when they met, "but the city built those apartments specifically for veterans."

"That's right," said Steve. He looked very grim.

"I could have got in, all right," Howard said. "All that Ramsey's man wanted was a thousand dollars under the counter. I told him what he could do with his apartment."

Mary Alice said, "Now do you see why we need a Reform party, Steve?"

"We need reform, all right," Steve said. "Mary Alice, I think I know somebody who can help here. I'll call you tomorrow."

I couldn't keep still any longer. I said, "If I'm not too nosy, Steve, who is this man you know? And what would he do to get Howard an apart—"

"Sally!" Mary Alice said. "What's got into you? She's just joking, Steve."

"Ha, ha," I said.

"They're legitimate questions," Steve said, and he looked distinctly uncomfortable. "I'd sooner not go into all that right now, though, if you don't mind."

"Of course not," Mary Alice said.

"There are several things I must tell you—in a day or so . . ." Steve said, lamely. "You'll still have dinner with me, won't you, Mary Alice?"

"Of course I will."

That seemed to cheer him a great deal.

"Maybe tomorrow night, too," he said.

"That sounds nice, Steve," she said.

They went on that way for a while, and then it was time to go. Paul the Bell Ringer said so.

"You are obviously the restless type," I told him. "Are you ever happy where you are?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"Are you ever seen in public without Steve?"

"Sometimes."

"No more questions," I said wearily. He was on his way out the door when he stopped and grinned.

"You're cute," he said.

"Oh, boy," I said.

He was gone. A fine romance . . .

THAT night, I didn't go to dinner with Mary Alice and Steve, just on the chance that they might get to be alone. I did wonder who this Steve was and all, but he seemed like an awfully nice guy and dinner is only dinner. It was a forlorn chance, anyway. Paul was with them and he stuck it out to the very door of Mary Alice's apartment. She told me she shook hands with both of them before she went in.

"A fine romance," I said. We were at party headquarters handling the mail and phones. I was doing my regular morning job of clipping the newspapers for the files. "Maybe I could manage to have Paul run over or kidnaped or something."

"I'm sure Steve likes me," Mary Alice said, somewhat forlornly, "but he does seem very careful never to be alone with me, doesn't he?"

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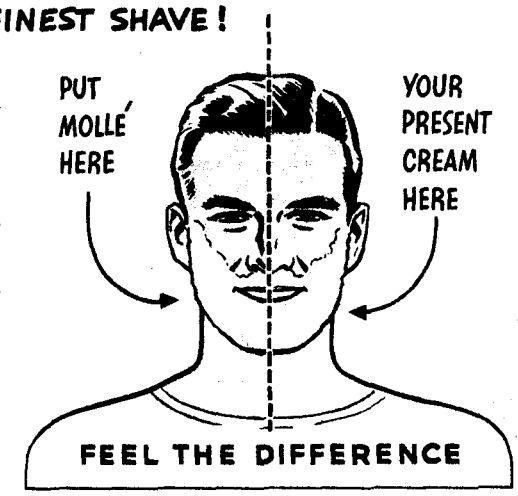

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"It's that Paul," I said. "Steve's crazy about you, and vice versa, I might observe."

"He *is* nice," she said.

"It would still be a load off my mind," I said, "if we had the slightest idea who— What do you know?"

That's when I saw the picture on the inside front page of the Courier. It showed a group of men walking down some wide stone steps. I remember wondering why so many newspaper pictures show people either going up or coming down stone steps.

"What is it?" Mary Alice said.

"Here's Paul's picture in the paper!" I said.

"That's nice," she said. "What has he done?"

"It hardly shows his dimples at all," I said. "Steve's in the picture, too."

She came and looked over my shoulder. I thought Paul was easily the handsomest man in the picture. And after all, he had said that he thought I was cute.

"Oh, no!" Mary Alice said suddenly.

"I'd know him anywhere," I said. "See, his mouth is closed. Of course, it isn't flattering, but—"

"Sally, don't you see what it says?" Mary Alice asked.

"Says? Who reads the printing?" I said.

Then I read. The caption on the picture said something about a group of men active in the current election campaign. The other was Stephen McGrath, young leader of the Twentieth Ward. Not a word about Paul.

"Ward leader!" I said. "Steve?"

THE phone rang. I lifted the receiver quickly, mainly because I didn't want to look at Mary Alice. Her face had a stricken look, and I wasn't feeling very happy myself. I suppose we should have known who the ward leader of the Twentieth Ward was, but how many people do? I mean, it's not like a mayor or a President.

Mary Alice said, "He's in the Ramsey machine himself. He's one of them. He was just—"

"Hello. Reform party," I said into the phone.

"Sally? May I speak to Mary Alice, please? This is Steve."

"Ah," I said. "You couldn't have timed it better."

"What's that?"

"I'm not sure she's here, Steve," I said. I turned to Mary Alice, who now looked mad enough to eat ward heelers alive.

She took the phone and said, "Hello, Steve."

"Mary Alice," I said, "maybe he can explain . . ." She wasn't listening.

"Oh, isn't that wonderful, Steve!" she said. "It's all arranged for Howard? Isn't that nice!"

She paused for a moment. Then she said, "No, I don't want to write down the name of the man Howard is to see, Steve." He must have thought she was kidding, because she said, "No, Steve. It's very kind of you, I'm sure." Another pause. Then the storm broke.

"We don't want any favors from the Ramsey machine, Mr. McGrath."

It wasn't very nice from there on. She told him what she thought of him, and of the Ramsey machine, and of the combination of the two. Only once did she slow her attack. That's when she said, "Steve, how could you do it? Why did you do it?"

He probably didn't have a very good answer and she didn't listen anyway. In a few thousand well-chosen words, she told him never to darken her door again. Then she slammed down the receiver. She looked as though she would cry at any moment.

"Well," I said, "that's that."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said.

The phone rang and I told Steve that Mary Alice had gone. I tried to say something comforting to Mary Alice. The phone rang again and I told Steve that it was no use calling.

"You tried to warn me, didn't you, Sally?" Mary Alice said.

"Sure," I said bitterly. "I told you so and doesn't that make everything fine?"

It just wouldn't add up, somehow. Steve wasn't the type to be one of Ramsey's boys. I dreamed up a couple of possible explanations—maybe he was an F.B.I. man, or a newspaper reporter working on an exposé—but even my romantic young mind gagged on those.

My romantic young mind insisted, though, that Steve really loved Mary Alice. "Suppose you were a ward heeler and fell in love with a lovely young reform worker," it argued. "You'd want to break it to her gently, wouldn't you?" Steve had said he had something he was going to tell us. He'd even made some anti-Ramsey statements. Maybe he had been cleansed by the love of a good woman, and planned a new start. My mind gagged again. Whatever he had said, the fact was that the minimum entrance requirement into Ramsey's circle was that a man be a highly accomplished liar.

I alternated the balance of the day between brushing Steve and comforting Mary Alice. Whenever I had a chance, I thought about Paul. At least he hadn't said anything that would commit him politically. He hadn't said anything, really.

It was a bad day, no matter how you approached it. With primaries just two days off, our people began reporting that the Reform campaign hadn't taken the voters by storm.

Most people in our city normally vote Independent, and Ramsey had control of the Independent party. Those who don't vote Independent vote with the Conservative party. The Reform ticket began to look like something less than a sure thing.

Steve's calls had tapered off to about one every half hour by the time the day drew to a fitful close. Mary Alice had stayed at her job all day, but it had cost her something.

"You'd better go home and get a good long rest," I told her, wishing against all political ideals that she would see Steve for just five minutes.

"Would you mind if I went home with you, Sally?" she said. "I'm afraid he'll . . . well, he knows where I live, and I couldn't—"

"Sure," I said. "I'll whip us up a cheese soufflé and we'll have a jolly old evening. Who needs men anyway?" In politics, this kind of thing is known as the tactical lie. It didn't fool either of us for a minute.

I suppose Mary Alice and I did exactly what any other pair of self-respecting, heartbroken women would have done that evening. We picked away at the cheese soufflé, which I had burned to a nicety, and after supper we climbed into our oldest pajamas and brooded over a pair of detective stories from the rental library.

In a common act of defiance, we didn't bother putting up our hair.

ABOUT ten o'clock the doorbell rang. It was Steve. I could tell by looking just in back of him. Paul was there.

Steve said, "Sally, I had the devil's own time finding where you live." His face was drawn and tired. He looked as though he had been through a sizable wringer.

Paul said, "Make it quick, Steve, for crying out loud!"

Steve handed me a slip of paper. He said, "Here's the name of the man Howard is to see. He'll get him an apartment."

Mary Alice had come up behind me. "Give the paper back to him, Sally, please," she said.

Paul said, "Steve, we can't stay here." He sounded desperate.

Steve was looking at Mary Alice with a strange expression on his face. There was longing in his look and something else I didn't understand. He cleared that up for me in a hurry.

"Please stay out of this, Mary Alice," he said quietly. "This has nothing to do with you."

Her face was flushed. She said, "I will not stand by and watch the Ramsey machine buying votes with favors."

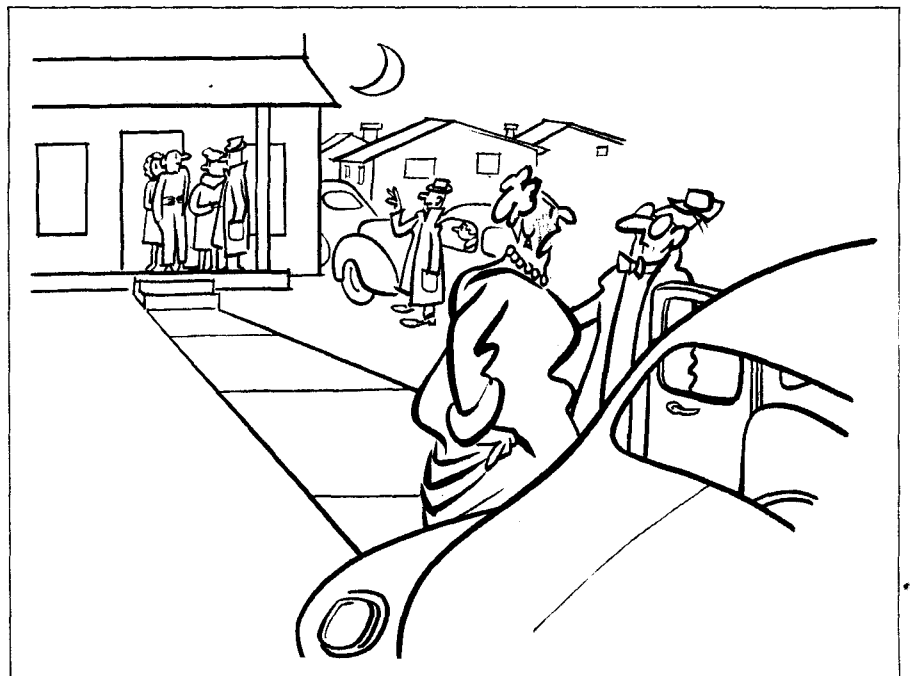
Steve took a deep breath and his lips tightened.

He said, "I'll buy anybody's vote by seeing to it that he gets what's coming to him. And no teatime citizen is going to tell me that's wrong."

"And no ward heeler is going to tell me that a Ramsey man is anything but a cheap crook and a gangster," she flared.

"Sure," Steve said bitterly, "all politicians are crooks and the only good Indian is a dead Indian. I know the phrases. We found out what the phrases meant, overseas. We also found out that if you're going to fight, you've got to go where the battle is. That's something you do-gooders have never bothered to figure out."

"It takes a peculiar mentality," Mary Alice said coldly, "to consider that



"And there I sat like a perfect fool all evening! I think you deliberately told stories I hadn't heard just so I couldn't help you out with them!"

COLLIER'S — TOM HUDSON

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you're insulting someone by accusing them of wanting to do good."

"Everybody wants to do good, but damn' few people are willing to go out and work at it," Steve said. He tugged impatiently at his tie and loosened his collar. "My God, there are millions of dollars tied up in our city government! Some pretty smart men are in control right now. They aren't going to turn it over to a bunch of amateurs just because they wake up two weeks before primaries and call Ramsey names in public."

"I'm sure your motives are noble, Mr. McGrath," Mary Alice said. "You almost make me believe that a ward heeler is an apostle of good government."

"I'm a ward heeler because I was willing to take basic training in politics," Steve said. "You reformers won't get into the Independent party because there's a dirty fight going on there and you don't want to get mixed up in anything that isn't nice. We're not too proud to fight."

"If you can't beat them, join them," Mary Alice said. "Is that your idea of a fight?"

"Look," Steve said. "Ramsey has set up a primary procedure so complicated that it would make you dizzy if you ever tried to figure it out. Your Reform party would never even get on the ballot if Ramsey didn't want it there to split the unorganized vote. I've been trying for weeks to get that across to your pigheaded party leaders."

"Mr. McGrath, I—"

"They just can't understand that you've got to slug it out on Ramsey's own ground. We're building an organization in the wards. We've learned how to get out the vote and how to make deals and how to protect ourselves in the clinches. Ramsey isn't losing any sleep over the Reform party. We've got him worried because we're cutting the ground out from under him. We're going to take over his machine, and put it to work for the people."

Mary Alice's blue eyes were flashing but her voice was controlled when she said, "I'm sure I admire your political skill, Mr. McGrath. It was certainly shrewd of you to take your friend Paul along as a witness whenever we have been out together. You'll be glad to know that I have no intention of using anything you may have said to me."

Steve's shoulders sagged and he looked very weary indeed. He said, "I'm sorry you won't understand, Mary Alice. Let's go, Paul."

PAUL grabbed him and hurried him away, calling, "Good night," over his shoulder. He was gone again.

"Good Night, Sweetheart," I muttered, and closed the door. Mary Alice was sitting tight-lipped on the sofa.

"He's got a lot of nerve talking about good government," she said. "A Ramsey man is nothing but—"

"Wait a minute," I said. I was beginning to smarten up. Late, as usual. "Steve may be a politician, but that doesn't necessarily mean that—"

That's when we heard the shouts from the street and Paul's voice, yelling, "Look out, Steve! He's got a knife!"

"Come on!" I shouted and we ran for the stairs and practically flew down to the street. I was just pulling open the front door when we heard the shots. There were two of them, spaced pretty close together. We charged into the street.

Men seemed to be running in every direction. As we came out, I saw Paul throw down a pistol and take off after a big man who was running up the street. Steve was sitting on the sidewalk, leaning up against the building. He had his hand to his shoulder. Blood oozed slowly between his fingers.

Mary Alice let out a shriek and ran to him.

He grinned and said, "I'm okay. Wouldn't be, if it weren't for Paul. They sure grew them tough in the Infantry."

Up the street, Paul suddenly left his feet in a flying tackle and brought down the big man he was chasing. I ran up to them.

"Look out, Paul!" I yelled. The phrase had a familiar ring. "He's got a knife!"

Then Paul got a hand loose and swung it. There was a loud cracking noise and the wrestling stopped abruptly. Paul rolled over and sat on the big man's chest.

He said, "You can put down that brick, Sally. He's cold."

I did have a brick in my hand, but I'll never know where it came from.

SUDDENLY the street seemed to fill up from building to building with yelling people and policemen and patrol cars with their sirens going.

"Four of them jumped us," Paul told the police. "I may have nicked a couple of them but it was lousy shooting." He prodded the man he was sitting on. "Rocky Jenkins," he said. The policemen whistled.

"Ramsey's boy," they said. "This is going to be fun." Paul got up and they scraped the big man off the sidewalk and carted him away.

"Let's find Steve," Paul said. What else had the big dope ever said?

We pushed through the mob and fought our way upstairs to my apartment. Steve was bleeding gently on my couch, with two white-coated doctors fussing over him and assuring everybody that it was just a superficial knife wound and he'd be all right. Mary Alice was holding Steve's hand and muttering little tender nothings that nobody paid any attention to but Steve.

"What does this do to Ramsey, Mr. McGrath?" one of the crowd said. He had a scrap of paper and a pencil in his hand.

"Blows him wide apart," Steve said calmly. "He must have been more scared than we figured if he'd try beating me up. We're going to pin his ears back in the primary."

"How about the Reform party?" the reporter asked.

"We've been dickering," Steve said. "I think they'll come along with us now. I think I've proved my good intent—the hard way."

Everybody laughed and started to talk at once. Steve shouted, "Wait a minute, now! Let's get it straight that we'd never have been able to pin this on Ramsey if it weren't for my pal and self-appointed bodyguard, Paul Ennis."

"Bodyguard?" Mary Alice said.

"Bodyguard?" I said.

"What else?" Paul said. He flashed the dimples and winked at me. I languished enthusiastically.

The reporter turned to Mary Alice and said, "I guess you're pretty proud of him, ma'am. You haven't got anything you want to add to this, have you?"

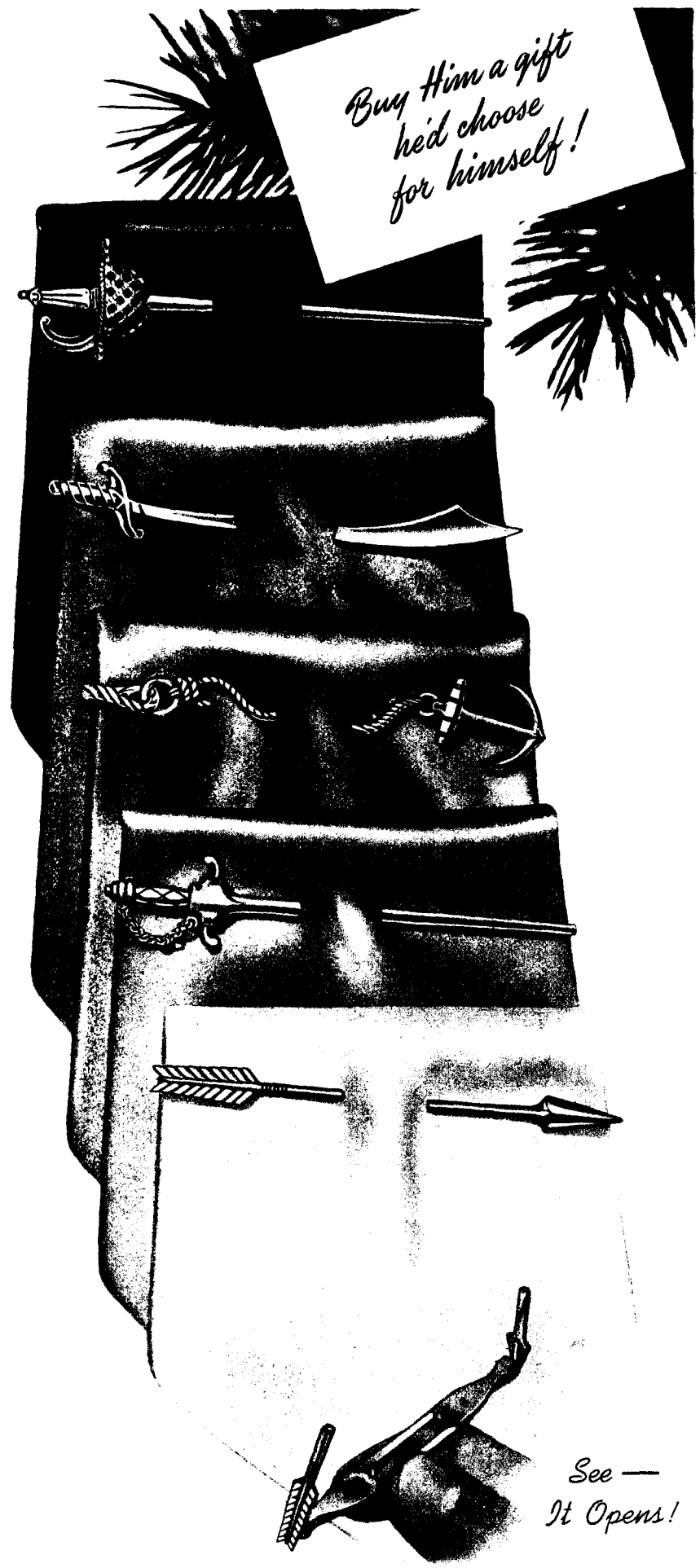
Mary Alice was still holding Steve's hand. She had a happy puzzled look on her face that defied description. She seemed to be painfully letting go of one concept and just as painfully latching on to another.

"I believe . . ." she told the reporter, then paused and swallowed hard. "I believe that we've got to slug it out on Ramsey's own ground. We're building a new organization in the wards and we're going to win!"

Then everybody was cheering and Steve was kissing Mary Alice and I hardly knew what was happening except that somebody had me by the hand and was leading me out into the hall. I neither screamed nor struggled.

When we ducked around a corner of the hallway I remember thinking that maybe Paul would say something now, but he didn't say much. Mother always used to say that talk is cheap. Mother was so right.

THE END



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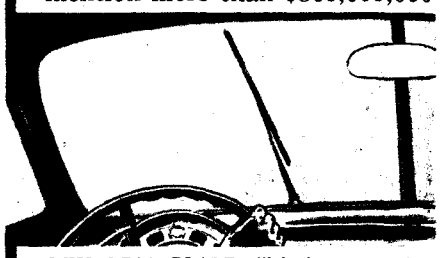
Stationed at Frankfort, Commissioner Crowe is active in Kentucky's safe driving campaign.



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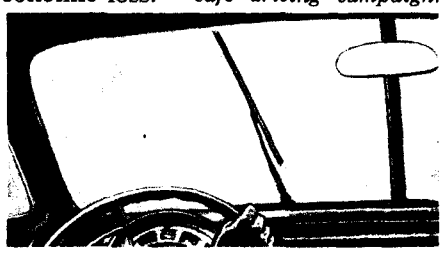

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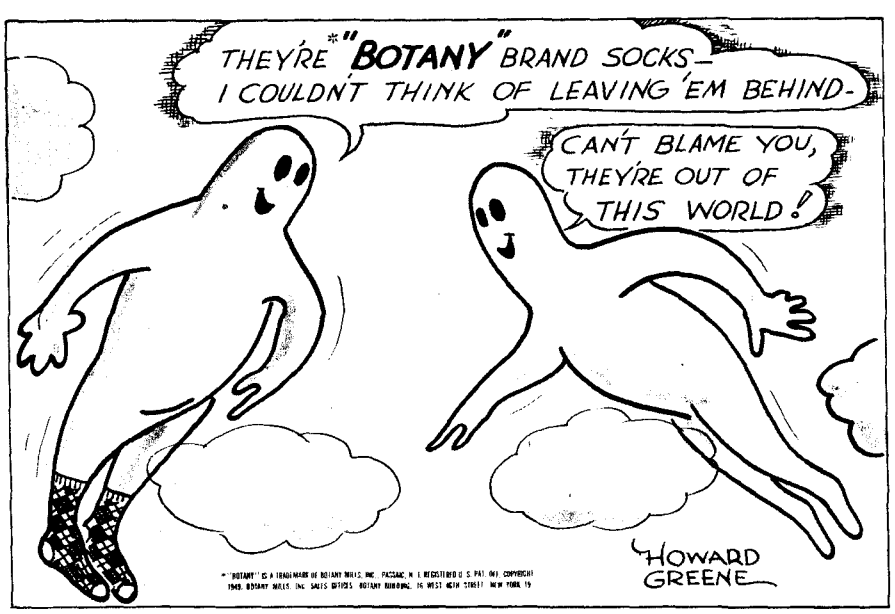
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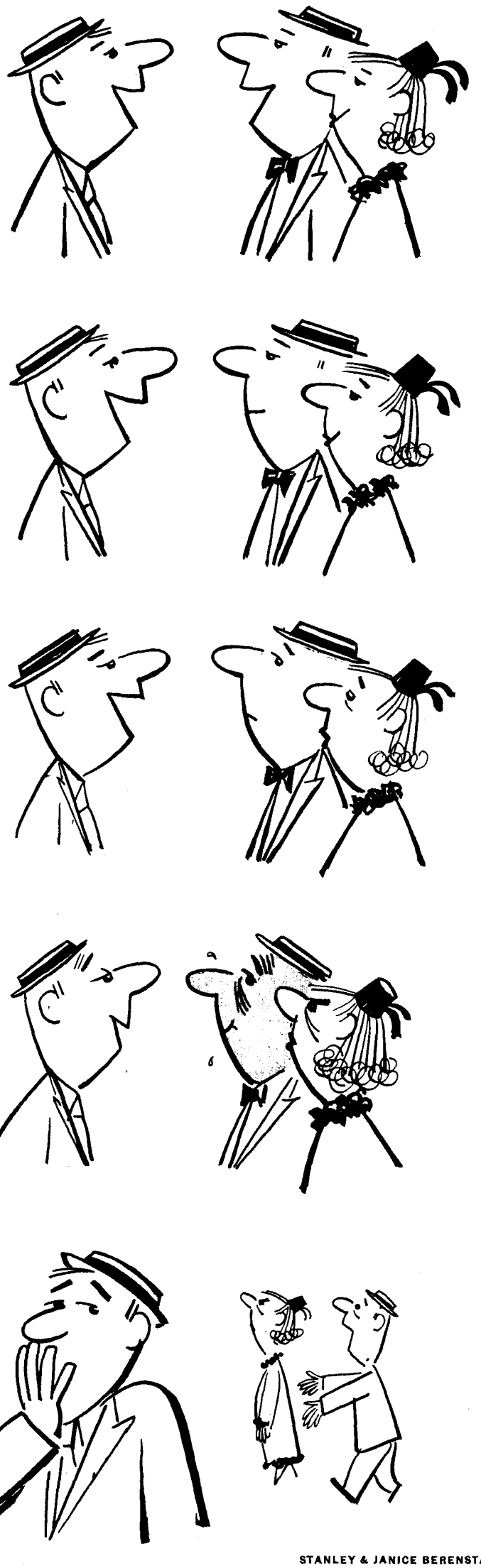

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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The King's Man, Charlie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

never lived anywhere else until he went to Washington in 1942 to become First Secretary of the British Embassy.

The elder Campbell is remembered in New Orleans as a "die-hard" Britisher. He sent his four children to New Orleans public schools and to American colleges (Charlie went to Tulane), but he never let them forget their British heritage. Three of the four Campbell children, thanks to his forethought, were born in England; the fourth, unhappily, arrived in New Orleans because of a "miscalculation" as to time. Each summer until World War I the children returned to England with their mother, and in New Orleans the Campbell library was kept well stocked with the latest books and periodicals from "home."

Young Charlie thus grew up feeling like a British colonial. It was more by accident than by design that he became a newspaperman in America, instead of returning to England to serve an apprenticeship in a shipping firm or to enter His Majesty's Service.

He studied engineering at Tulane but in the third year began to tire of it. A next-door neighbor, Stanley Arthur, a political writer on the New Orleans Item, advised him, "Since you like to read so much, maybe you would like to work on a newspaper." Charlie jumped at the suggestion and, with Arthur's help, got a job on the Item.

Vance Johnson, author of this article, is a Washington Correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle. An ex-Nieman fellow, he began newspapering in Texas

Charlie had developed an omnivorous appetite for the printed word at an early age, finding Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope delightful fare long before he grew out of knee pants. At the age of nine he read with great relish the complete official transcript of the Senate inquiry into the sinking of the Titanic, a morsel he ran across in the public library one afternoon while looking for a new book. By the time he entered high school he was ranging far in the field of British and American history.

Makes Rapid Advance

He took to newspapering like an Englishman takes to boiled potatoes and in three years—at the age of twenty-two—had risen from reporter to city editor of the Tribune, a morning tabloid published by the Item.

Newspapermen who worked in New Orleans in the lusty twenties recall that Charlie was a convivial, hard-working, quick-thinking city editor who took a great interest in beginners and much pride in his ability to spot budding talent. If he was ever guilty of a serious error of news judgment, the incident has been forgotten. It is remembered, however, that two young Item writers of the period who were regarded by Campbell as absolutely "hopeless" prospects were Carl Carmer, author of Stars Fell on Alabama and other best sellers, and Hamilton Basso, well-known author who now writes for the sophisticated New Yorker magazine.

Until World War II, Campbell was happy in his newspaper work. He loved New Orleans and never thought of going elsewhere. But on that bleak September Sunday of 1939 when Britain and France declared war on Germany, he forthwith reported to the British Consulate.

"We are at war," he told the consul general. "What am I supposed to do?"

Three years went by before his repeated offers of service to the crown received serious consideration. For Campbell, those years passed with agonizing slowness. His friends say he became increasingly fidgety—and "more fanatically British than ever."

During this period, the Campbells are said to have performed a daily ritual around the recording, There'll Always Be an England. Charlie would play the record as soon as he got home in the evening. Immediately the four Campbell children—Charles Argyll Patrick Stuart Hall Howard; Sheila Elizabeth Eugenie; Ian Philip Neligan Nelson Hilaire Violette; and Morna Margaret Eleanor Donald—would rush into the room and snap to attention.

"Will there always be an England?" Charlie would ask.

"Yes," the children would reply in unison, "there'll always be an England."

Better Press Relations Needed

While Campbell was fretting in New Orleans, His Majesty's emissaries in Washington were encountering a distressing amount of unpleasantness with the newspapers. Relations between the embassy and the American press had left much to be desired for many years. British civil servants were reticent in the presence of newspapermen almost to the point of rudeness, and even after the United States entered the war the United Kingdom continued to receive a bad press. Particularly was this true of His Majesty's ambassador, Lord Halifax.

Being a lord, Halifax was automatically suspect in the eyes of the Washington reporters. He was a master of hounds at his local hunt in England and, worse still, he had been foreign secretary at the time of Munich and thus was thought of as an "appeaser." He stepped off a British battleship in Chesapeake Bay with an umbrella, the very symbol of appeasement, in his hand—a fact not overlooked by the reporters. Pictures of him in a red coat riding in one of the more fashionable hunts in near-by Virginia appeared in the newspapers.

The embassy seemed determined to prevent anything from reaching the papers which might convey a different impression of him. There was one notorious incident in which the embassy tried to suppress a picture which an enterprising Washington Post photographer took of Halifax giving his autograph to two girls who had recognized him during a walk in Rock Creek Park.

It was about this time that Harold Butler, the minister who was in charge of all British Information Services in the U.S., decided that something had to be done about the situation and that Campbell, because of his American newspapering background, was ideal for the job.

Campbell arrived in Washington in November, 1942, leaving his family behind in New Orleans "because I was not at all sure the job would last or that I could stand it," and immediately plunged into the task of correcting the internal situation at the embassy.

He says now that the main fault had been that embassy officials "lacked appreciation of the fact that the press is a vital part of the American scene—something that had to be reckoned with." Reporters, he told his colleagues, were not peculiar people merely to be tolerated, but perhaps the most important links between His Majesty and the American people.

"We should be damned glad they are here," he would say.

Correspondents who had contact with the embassy at that time say a remarkable change occurred almost at once.

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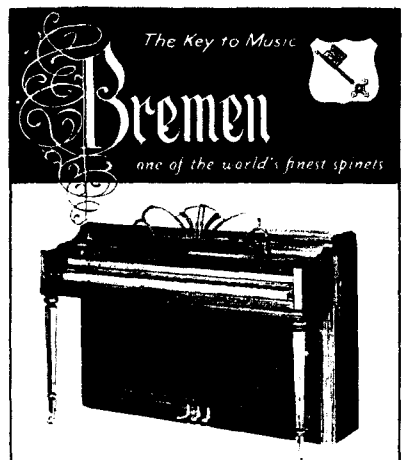

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John O'Brien, of the Philadelphia Inquirer and the president of the Press Club, says that before Charlie arrived the embassy was "a bastion of austerity." Afterward, however, "a reporter could call up and find somebody to talk to—he could get an answer to a query promptly, when it would do him some good."

The embassy wisely left Campbell largely to his own devices. Once he had straightened out the mechanical aspects of press relations, he launched into a campaign to "humanize" Halifax in the public prints. Being personally impressed with what he likes to call the ambassador's "patrician simplicity," he arranged for Halifax to meet small groups of correspondents at quiet dinners where he could talk informally and off-the-record. He assiduously peddled anecdotes which he thought illustrated Halifaxian virtues.

"Humanizing" Halifax continued to be a Campbell enterprise as long as the earl remained in Washington. It reached its high point in 1944 when Campbell arranged an interview between the ambassador and Georgina Campbell (she is the current wife of Tommy Manville), an English girl who was writing for the Hobo News.

Halifax Calls Himself a Hobo

"If a hobo is a migratory worker, someone who roves about and lives away from home," Halifax said in the course of the interview, "certainly I'm a hobo." News magazines and columnists picked up the remark and it was reprinted in papers all over the country.

Although Campbell made friends right from the start, Washington correspondents did not become acutely aware of him until the United Nations' Hot Springs, Virginia, Food Conference in May and June, 1943.

For some reason which never was adequately explained, President Roosevelt wanted the conference held without benefit of publicity. When the correspondents arrived, they found The Homestead, where the delegates were ensconced, guarded by armed and helmeted military policemen. Newsmen were allowed to enter the hotel only under escort and only for certain formal occasions.

Until Campbell showed up, looking for all the world like a youngish Colonel Blimp on a stroll to his club, it seemed the reporters were going to have little to write about except the absence of news. But Campbell seated himself on the veranda of the Casino, the press headquarters, and allowed himself to be pumped about what was going on inside the hotel. The next day he arrived with Richard K. Law, the Parliamentary Undersecretary of State and head of the British delegation, in tow. Thereafter, he produced talkative members of his delegation with such regularity that he captured the conference headlines almost every day for a fortnight.

"British propose" became a recurrent first line in newspaper headlines. Although the American and British delegations actually were working in close harmony, the press reports—outlining detailed British plans—gave the impression that the British were calling the conference tune. Soon, Dean Acheson, then an Assistant Secretary of State, was holding daily briefing sessions such as Campbell had been arranging with the correspondents since the first day.

After Hot Springs, Campbell quickly became a figure of some note in Washington. Sensing, as Zoe Farmer puts it, that the best-liked Englishmen in America are those "who, one way or another, are slightly comical, exaggerated or mildly eccentric," Campbell became more British than ever.

Endowed by nature with a cherubic face, pinkish cheeks and large, round, blue eyes—and by the passing years with an almost bald head—Charlie allowed his mustache, which in New Orleans had been thin and drooping, to grow luxuriant. In New Orleans he always had gone bareheaded; in Washington he started wearing the diplomat's badge; a black Homburg.

His old New Orleans friends do not recall that Charlie talked with an English accent there. In fact his wife, Rachel, says he "wasn't so English—he was American, and a little French." But in Washington his manner of speech became progressively more British, his bearing more and more that of a Victorian Englishman—or, as someone has said, of a "benign, slightly sportive walrus." As time passed, he put on weight and acquired a slight paunch. His friends watched the change both with amusement and admiration.

"Letting the mustache grow was no accomplishment," says James Marlow of the Associated Press, an ex-Item man, "but the Blimp paunch took real effort."

Newspapermen took Campbell to their bosom. A raconteur of the Rabelaisian school, he seemed to have an endless supply of unprintable stories and limericks, and he never was happier than when surrounded by reporters at the Press Club bar.

Storytelling is an important part of the Campbell technique. He is expert at deflating an anti-British argument or illustrating a British virtue in this manner. When Henry Wallace went to England in 1948, many of the American newspapers were even more critical of the British for giving the former Vice-President an audience than they were of Wallace for his attacks on U.S. foreign policy. Campbell dismissed Press Club criticism with the observation that "this is just a case of reverse lend-Laski."

When the U.S. Treasury was putting pressure on the U.K. to devalue the pound, Campbell was asked if devaluation would "hurt Britain." He replied by saying he was reminded of the story of Saint Sebastian, the early Christian martyr who was left for dead with fourteen arrows piercing his flesh. "Do you think one more would hurt?" Campbell wanted to know.

Anglophobes Get Equal Attention

In his associations at the Press Club, Campbell has studiously paid as much attention to the Anglophobes as to those who take a kindly view toward Britain. He often is seen in friendly conversation with John O'Donnell of the New York Daily News, who is not famous for his love for the British. For many years, until his doctor ordered him to taper off, Campbell imbibed in spirits in a proud, professional sort of way. Once when O'Donnell, who is a close personal friend, had written a particularly vigorous anti-British column, Campbell was upbraided by a British correspondent for being seen at the Press Club in O'Donnell's company.

"But you don't understand," he said. "On secret orders direct from His Majesty, I'm trying to drink him to death."

In the beginning, Campbell had to spend about as much time educating the Washington correspondents as in teaching his embassy colleagues how to get along with them.

"We were all woefully short on information about Britain," says Sigrid Arne of the Associated Press. "A great many of us thought of Britons only as sissy cookie-pushers in striped pants . . . Charlie taught us, with great gentleness, the things we had to know about Britain."

Miss Arne recalls that at the UNRRA conferences in Atlantic City, at the Bretton Woods monetary conference, at San Francisco and elsewhere, Campbell was holding almost constant "school," explaining simply and concisely what the issues were, the historical background and implications of decisions reached. Many of the reporters who attended these conferences and covered such other stories as the British loan, the Atlantic Pact and the recent British dollar crisis declare solemnly that Campbell has exerted an important influence in the direction of more intelligent and meaningful reporting from Washington.

Memory Is Excellent

Campbell's mind is a remarkable storehouse for figures and minute detail. Lincoln White, a State Department press officer, recalls that when a list of correspondents accredited to one of the Moscow meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers had been compiled, he telephoned Campbell and read him the names. Later the same day, he and Campbell met at the Press Club and someone asked which reporters were making the trip.

"I was able to name about ten, but Charlie recited the entire list," White says. "I had been working on that list for several days; he had heard it read once over the telephone."

Reporters learned to depend on Campbell for all kinds of help. On a dull wartime day, Lee Carson, a vivacious reporter for the Hearst-owned International News Service, which had never taken a kind view toward Britain, went to him when she was hard up for a story.

"Why don't you write about reverse Lend-Lease?" he asked, reaching the while for a file on the subject. The file yielded an account of musical instruments provided by the British for an American band at an air base in England, another about how funeral expenses for American soldiers who died in Britain were paid by the British, and so on.

Miss Carson wrote not one but a series of articles, painting reverse Lend-Lease in glowing terms. This fact so startled the Ministry of Information that Campbell received a cable asking for an explanation of "this favorable if surprising I.N.S. feature."

Campbell modestly explained the matter by forwarding the ministry a photograph of the attractive Miss Carson.

At such events as the dollar-crisis talks between Secretary of the Treasury Snyder and Sir Stafford Cripps, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at the American-British-French foreign policy discussions which occurred in September, Campbell always is on hand to report personally on developments in closed-door sessions or to produce the British experts directly involved.

During the September talks, he arranged several "background" sessions with Sir Roger Makins, the Deputy Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, and other key Foreign Office officials, during which reporters learned firsthand the British position on a wide range of subjects: from the steps to be taken to relieve Britain's economic plight to Anglo-American attitudes toward the Communist regime in China. While the rule was that the officials could not be quoted directly, none of the information was off-the-record. In this manner, Campbell supplied raw materials for a great proportion of the Washington dispatches describing the three-power conversations.

While this kind of an operation does not always produce the spectacular results of the Hot Springs food conference, the feeling is generally shared among Washington correspondents that it—plus Campbell's day-to-day helpfulness—has, cumulatively, had far-reaching effect on the kind of treatment the British receive in the American press.

There was a time, however, when Campbell's value to His Majesty apparently was not fully appreciated. Soon after the end of the war, Campbell was

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relieved as First Secretary of the Embassy and reassigned as head of the Washington office of BIS. Word went around that this was a demotion and that certain striped-pants boys in Downing Street were "out to get Charlie."

Campbell denied that he had been demoted, pointing out that he still received a First Secretary's pay (about $10,000, or roughly the same as his counterparts in the American government) and the entertainment allowances for that grade. He minimized the difficulties, if such there were, that he had encountered in London.

It was well known, however, that some of the British diplomatic corps resented the way, on occasion, Campbell "threw his weight around." There was a case, for example, when Campbell asked Halifax to see the press on a Sunday (the ambassador having returned from a trip to England on Friday). Halifax set the conference down for 10:00 A.M., and Campbell told him flatly that the hour would not do.

"Not for you, not for Winston Churchill, not for anybody will these guys get up at ten o'clock on Sunday morning," he told the ambassador. Halifax obligingly changed the hour to 3:00 P.M., and the next morning the story received top-of-page-one treatment in the big Eastern papers. Some of the embassy people nevertheless thought Campbell had been exceedingly "cheeky."

Halifax and Campbell had forged a strong friendship, but—though he denied it and there was no sign of it in his work—it was common gossip that relations between Campbell and Lord Inverchapel, Halifax's successor, were not the most congenial. This gave added current to the rumors about the difficulties he was having holding his job.

Those who expressed concern about him, however, had overlooked one important point: at the many conferences where he was the chief British press officer, Campbell had made a vast number of friendships among Very Important People in the government. These included not only Conservatives but many of the men—among them Sir Oliver Franks, the present ambassador—who served in the wartime coalition and who were to assume positions of great responsibility in the new Labor government.

Campbell brought his Missouri-born wife and children, whom he had seen only two or three times a year since November, 1942, to Washington in 1947. They now live on Connecticut Avenue in an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged house with the living room on the second floor (English style) and a telephone extension on each of its four floors. Campbell shows every sign of becoming a permanent fixture. His superiors at the embassy and in London seem to regard him as a phenomenon not to be duplicated.

The President Shows Appreciation

No less a person than President Truman may have had a hand in the final decision to keep Campbell on the Washington scene. During a wartime trip to England, Charlie saw a sign on a London tram advertising a famous English beer: "If it's TRUMAN it's best." He sent a duplicate to Charles G. Ross, the White House press secretary. In a few days he received a warm letter from the President, who said he appreciated it especially because the American Trumans were descendants of Ben Truman of the brewery family.

Months later when Winston Churchill, then a private citizen, came to the United States for his famous Fulton, Missouri, speech calling upon the Western world to oppose Russian expansionism, President Truman personally requested that Campbell go along as Churchill's press representative.

Churchill is one of Campbell's great heroes and at heart he probably is a Tory himself. But even the most rabid supporters of the Attlee government vigorously attest to the fealty he has given the Labor regime. His toast on the night of the 1945 British election—a paraphrase of the famous one by Commodore Stephen Decatur, an American naval hero of 1812—still is widely quoted in Washington: "My country—may she always be right; but right or left, my country!"

Campbell approaches his work in the firm belief that Anglo-American solidarity is the most important thing in the world today.

"Our only enemy," he says, "is ignorance. In balance, we are going to come out ahead because we are good people—we are decent."

For this reason, Campbell often lays the whole record of a given situation before American correspondents, even though it may seem to show his government in a bad light. His theory is that the press—British and American—is entitled to as much information as possibly can be given it. He rarely asks his superiors whether he can give out specific information because, he says, bureaucrats "instinctively want to say no."

Campbell does an enormous amount of reading. It is his daily habit to read the four Washington newspapers, all of the London dailies and the Manchester Guardian in considerable detail. In addition, he takes "a quick look" at nine New York papers, including the Daily Worker and the Wall Street Journal, and the Baltimore and Philadelphia papers.

He carefully reads Editor & Publisher, the weekly American newspaper trade journal, and scans most of the important British and American national magazines. His librarian sees that new volumes of American and British history and biography reach him, and in between he dips into the classics. He has read Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire at least four times and in recent months he has reread Dickens' Oliver Twist and David Copperfield.

This monumental regimen is possible because he reads very rapidly and requires little sleep. He usually rises at 6:00 A.M., because "it is an excellent time of day to read," and gets in an average of two hours of reading before work. During the day, when he is not answering the telephone or chewing the fat at the Press Club, he usually can be found reading cables, newspapers, magazines or the teletype reports of United Press and Reuter's, the British press agency.

An Avid Reader

He usually gets home for dinner between eight and eight thirty in the evening, spending an hour or two with an armful of papers or magazines he has brought from the office. Then he retires with a book.

This would seem to leave time for little else but reading, but two or three evenings a week, as a rule, Campbell will attend a cocktail or dinner party—practically always a diplomatic or newspaper function—or entertain guests (visitors from England and American newspapermen, usually) in his home.

During the last year, the Campbells have been hosts to perhaps 800 people for cocktails or dinner, and Charlie has entertained perhaps another thousand at cocktail parties or dinners away from home. It might be said that Campbell's every waking hour is spent on the job, and when an important story is breaking his telephone rings on through the night as well.

Recently the Campbell family was planning a night at the movies. Everything was set except the matter of persuading Charlie, who practically never will consent to sit through a picture, to go along. It was twelve-year-old Morna, the youngest Campbell, who came up with the persuasive argument. "Tell him," she suggested, "that it will be good for Britain!" THE END

BUTCH

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DAVID BERGER

Scrambled Reasoning (or) the Foolish Case of Eggs

IT'S NO WONDER that other countries envy Americans as the richest people on earth. We not only have most of the world's gold buried at Fort Knox. We also have billions of eggs (in powdered form) buried in a Kansas cave and stacked by the barrelful in other storage areas.

What must make us seem particularly rich to outsiders is that we're not even planning to eat the eggs, any more than we're planning to spend the gold. Our government just buys them for us, for something like $100,000,000 a year, so that those of us who buy our eating eggs at a store may have the privilege of paying three times as much for them as we did in 1939.

The reason for this, of course, is to keep farm prices up. When farm prices are high the farmers are happy. So are the people who sell a lot of goods to farmers when farmers have money to spend. And when the farmers and those who depend on their trade are happy, they have a way of showing their joy by voting for the political party that has promised and delivered them the most prosperity.

We're all for happiness and prosperity. But we also have some warm, tender feelings about eggs, especially when they're 90 cents a gold-plated dozen. And one of those feelings is that they should be eaten.

Both the farmer and the hen go to a lot of trouble to produce an egg. The big poultry raiser feeds his hens well, keeps them warm in winter, protects them from disease, and occasionally, we seem to recall, beguiles them with soothing music. He also keeps the lights on at night. And the hens, going along with the gag, work overtime instead of knocking off for a little shut-eye at the time nature intended.

After all this effort it seems only fair that the egg should wind up on somebody's table in some form or other. Burying it in a Kansas cave seems an unnecessary exploitation of a fowl's thwarted urge for motherhood.

Powdered eggs may not be the tastiest form of victuals. But they are nourishing and perfectly usable in preparing a variety of dishes. It is foolish and wasteful not to have them used.

We aren't interested right now in the Brannan Plan or the Anderson bill or the Hope-Aiken Act or any other scheme of flexible or nonflexible price support. We just think those eggs ought to be eaten. And on behalf of all who feel the same way, we'd like to make this simple suggestion to Congress and the Department of Agriculture: give 'em away.

Collier's recently published an article, To the County Home to Die, which told a story of one county's appalling treatment of its aged indigents, including inadequate diet. Since taxpayers support county homes, jails and similar institutions, why can't they ask the federal government to give those establishments the unused food that the public has already paid for?

And aren't there countries where people are hungry enough to eat an egg in powdered form? Aren't there governments which would accept this food as a gift and pay the shipping charges? It's at least worth an inquiry.

Our government is running out of room to store its uneaten eggs. But it will go on buying them, at a cost of millions, to keep the prices up. At this rate it will have to start pouring them into sewers before long. Why not at least try the sensible solution of giving them away? With so much actual starvation in the world, the present experiment in an "economy of scarcity" makes us a little bilious.

Let's Put the Show on the Road

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME is the best show in football, and usually one of the best contests of any season. But comparatively few people have ever seen it because for years, with a very few exceptions, it has been played in Philadelphia. We think that's a bit of a gyp.

The usual reasons given for keeping the inter-service game in the same location are that Philadelphia is a convenient point between West Point and Annapolis, and that it would cost too much in money and lost study time to take both corps to a more distant point.

These are not insoluble difficulties. In a military budget totaling billions, the extra money that it would take to tour the teams and corpsmen is too insignificant to worry about. And as for lost time, we think that it would be worth the few days it would take to give the midshipmen and cadets a chance to see some of the country that they may have to help defend one day.

The Army-Navy game isn't just another college football game. The academies belong to all the people, and we believe that this game and the impressive spectacle that goes with it belong to them, too. We propose that the necessary money be appropriated or earmarked so that more Americans can have a look.

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